

GREAT TRADE ROUTE



Ford Madox Ford

GREAT TRADE ROUTE

WITH DRAWINGS BY
BIALA

*"A traveller! By my faith you have
great reason to be sad."*

AS YOU LIKE IT

London

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UNWIN BROTHERS LTD., WOKING

TO
JEAN NICOLAS LE SON

MY DEAR NICKIE,

It had been our intention to dedicate this volume to your parents in token of affection and esteem and in remembrance of many—though not half sufficient—days spent together at one point or another on the not inconsiderable portion of the Great Trade Route that extends between the Manche and the shores of the Mediterranean. But even to persons as unreflecting as ourselves hesitations will come. We said to ourselves: How will his dear Mother, who like every charming person—or so nearly every!—was born in Pennsylvania . . . how will she regard the ascription to herself of a work a considerable portion of which is taken up with fulminations against the Keystone State. . . . For we had to fulminate against something or we should seem all too sweet!

Or again: The last thing that we could desire to introduce into any work of ours would be any suspicion of a Political Philosophy. We are not Philosophers and—as you shall one day read—we regard all—but ALL!—Politicians with ABHORRENCE. Nevertheless we are sadly aware that—as all incorruptibility, whether white, pea-green, or scarlet—must at times put on corruptibility, some suspicion of a Political Philosophy—or Muddle—may have crept here and there into these pages. How then would your energetic and even militant Father, who is a supporter before all things of Order, Law and resounding Activities . . . how would he feel at finding his name on the very forehead of a volume adumbrating—if it adumbrates anything at all—a faint belief in the desirability of Quietist Anarchism? We didn't know; but we wondered.

In happy hour it occurred to you to throw your steam locomotive with energy and accurately at one of our knees. . . . At once, not *risu*, but *ictu*, *solvuntur tabulae*! There stood you, the valiant, golden-haired protagonist of the To Be, the shining hope of the Future. You confronted, with no uncertainty whether of aim or action—since your head scarcely overtopped the lowest of our knee-joints—us bemused giants of the Today who know, as you shall sufficiently discover, neither our destination nor the purpose of our journey. And, with a marvellous symbolism, you abashed us, the Past, by What? . . . By *scrapping your machine!*

Carrying forward by one further stage the process of thought of Cain (Tubal) who turned his swords into ploughshares, you indicated your determination to set out towards that happier time when every man shall have his own pack mule for purposes of transport and the fertilization of his own plot of ground . . . and, for purposes of travel and the enlargement of his personality, his own wings.

For we take it that your day shall see—and with your inheritance why shouldn't you be that actual discoverer of—the, to us, fabulous Gamma Rays that have been the desire of every human soul since—and even before—Icarus fell from the skies? Indeed, mayn't you yet come to regard the aeroplane, that we see as the pride and flail of our world, as being as clumsy a device as in our eyes is the obsolescent railway engine that, symbolically, you have scrapped?

You at any rate shall range far into the Future and shall see which, if any, of our adumbrations prophetic shall come true. Under the adoring and complacent eyes of your by then revered, but not too venerable, parents you may well attain to the *summum bonum* of the hopes both of the world known to the Ancients and of the day that shall be Tomorrow . . . to, that is to say, a little farm well tilled, a little wife well willed and a large whatever shall then be the equivalent of a purse filled always as full as your occasions shall demand. In that hope we venture to subscribe ourselves, since the past must ever be subject to the To Come,

Your humble, obliged and obedient servants,

F. M. F. AND B.

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P A R T O N E

V O Y A G E W E S T W A R D S

I

MEMPHIS TO MEMPHIS

Two subjects have, since my remotest childhood, occupied the part of my mind that day-dreams or that, without conscious volition, makes imagined scenes to rise up between oneself and the objects before one. A third—the conviction that green growing objects are necessary to the saving of the world as we know it—came later to me. It is only later in the book that I shall introduce that subject. For it is a long time since Mr. Wells told me that, for reasons of economy, you should never introduce your hero and heroine in your first chapter. They must be spaced out. So this book, having as it were two heroes and one heroine, will follow the rule set down by the author of *The Invisible Man*. For I suppose the rule to hold as good for a spiritual *ménage à trois* as for a simple English love-story.

It seems, then, as if I had been eight when I first thought at once of Memphis, Tennessee, and of Columbus. Memphis was on a map and Columbus was walking along the coast of the Italian Riviera between Genoa and San Remo. The latter spot I suddenly recognized ten or fifteen years ago as Diana Marino.

Those, then, are the geographic limits of this book—the cotton metropolis on the bank of the Mississippi and the pleasure city on the shore of the Mediterranean in Liguria. We start for the West from the East; take the oval route more or less along the fortieth North parallel, past the Cassiterides; cross the Western Ocean, Memphis bound. And, having descended for a little way the Father of the Waters, we shall return by the soft Madeiras and the frowning rocks of Gibraltar to the place from which we started.

Why, as a child, I had visions of Memphis, Tennessee, I shall tell you later. Why I should have thought of Columbus I don't know except that I suppose all children have to have bugbears and he was one of mine. He walked, a dusky

figure, very slowly, looking down at groups of bathers, on a sloping shore in a white blaze of light, above a tideless sea.

Had what I saw in that sort of vision been Dante it would have been less astonishing. I always disliked Columbus and wished that someone more decorative in motive could have made the discovery that he made—someone like Sir Lancelot or Gawain. But Dante I just simply detested because his figure was forced on my attention by my relatives and connections, the Rossettis, at an age when my sole diet consisted of rusks sopped in milk. So it is possible that my substitution of Columbus was merely unconscious mental self-protection. I had to think of Dante because, every five minutes of my childhood, an uncle by marriage or an aunt or one or other of five cousins would recall the disagreeable gentleman in a long gown and a queerly flapped cap. He was strolling along the seventh circle of Hell accompanied by the much more agreeable Duke Virgil of Mantua and kicking in the face a poor soul who had implored his assistance. And I think that my lifelong hatred of politics as a human pursuit—and you will hear enough of that when we come to make our swallow flight from New York to Geneva and back—my lifelong hatred, then, of politics came from the assurance that if Dante in his vision committed that frightfulness he was simply avenging himself on the memory of a political opponent.

The first thing that I knew about the discoverer of the Western Indies was that he complained a great deal about the insufficiency of his rewards—what *did* he do with his money? . . . And the second came from the early sight of a picture in the Grand Manner by Géricault or some other contemporary of Delacroix. It represented Columbus before Ferdinand and Isabella. The painter indicated, amongst a profusion of satins, ostrich feathers, and objects in gold, a confused wallow of the naked shoulders of caciques and their wives and children—his offerings from the Indies to his Most Christian sovereigns. To me, even at a tender age, that proceeding seemed rather questionable. I think I should have preferred to see Columbus, if not Ferdinand and

Isabella, offered to a cacique. . . . The performance with the egg that I always imagined must have been hard-boiled I did not hear of until I was, say, ten. It appeared then to be no great conjuring trick for an adult. I ranked it with



"NOR EVEN AS GETTING FURTHER THAN . . . MENTONE"

the feat of another gentleman who, having been told that the light in a certain shrine in Rimini or Pistoia had never been put out for two thousand years, blew it out and said: "I guess it's out *now*." But that was perhaps because I read both anecdotes at about the same time in one of those

American compilations of humorous tales that, enjoying no copyright in England, were cheap enough even for my minute weekly pocket-money.

At any rate the Italian Riviera was always somewhere present in my subconsciousness—with Columbus moving westward along the shore. I never thought of him as going back towards Genoa, nor even as getting further than Ventimiglia, Mentone, Monte Carlo, or at most Nice—all those places having been in his day appanages of the Republic of Genoa and reigned over by the Grimaldis.

Many years later I went adultly along that strip of territory. . . . Say twenty-five years later. . . . It seemed with extraordinary exactitude to resemble the landscape of my childish imaginings. The beach had the same slope, the houses the same coloration, and above all the light had the same still whiteness.

I went lately—what they used to call the war-clouds were now gathering under the breath of the sirocco which, the Arabs say, drives men to short but disastrous madness, and I thought that if I didn't go then I might, as a Briton, never enter Italy again—I went lately, then, really to settle my mind about San Remo.

Till that day, with its gathering clouds of war, I had merely shot through in trains going to Rome or Venice or Siena or Rapallo—where Columbus landed on his second return from America, after his voyage to Dominica, Guadeloupe, Antigua, and the Windward Islands. And, sitting in a modern restaurant, eating rather disastrous food, in a dimness contrived by awnings, with scrawny-necked Englishmen in tennis suits strolling possessively in the incredible sunlight outside, I said to the long-suffering New Yorker who attends my culinary rambles and to the little—but not so little as that—English girl whose holiday function is to see that I do not get run over . . . a function that resolves itself into watching me so nearly get run over that a votive picture by herself devoted to St. Christopher and representing myself actually under the wheel of a *camion* in the *rue des Marchands*, now adorns the chapel of Our Lady of Rejoicing, outside Costebelle on the Mount of Birds. . . .

I said to those amiable companions who liked the cooking even less than I did :

“Why, this is just like coming home !”

San Remo, then, an imagined city, had been always present at the back of my mind since the day when it had been completely destroyed—wiped out—by an earthquake when I was ten. Or I was perhaps eleven or twelve. At any rate I cannot remember the date of the earthquake, nor do I find it in any book of reference that I can get at without rising from my table. My good Larousse says :

“San Rémo, d’Italic (Ligurie) 25,000 h. Climat merveilleux. Conférence des Alliés 1920”;

and the admirable *Ploetz’ Manual of Universal History*:

“Apr. 18 (1920) Conference of Allied Premiers at San Remo. Discussion of Versailles Treaty, Turkish question, Russian and Adriatic problems. . . . Note to Germany insisting on disarmament, warning against treaty violations (!) and inviting Germany to send representatives to an economic conference. Great Britain made mandatory for Mesopotamia and Palestine. France mandatory for Syria. Armenian mandate offered to United States.”

And the *Statesman’s Yearbook* and the *World Almanac* say nothing about the earthquake. By getting up and fetching one geographer or another I could possibly find the date. I do not think I shall take the trouble. *Larousse*, and *Ploetz*, and the *Yearbook*, and the *Almanac* by their ignoring that phenomenon seem to prove that no one cares when the earthquake took place, and I find myself for once in agreement with that majority. In that way I shall never know whether I actually was or wasn’t in that catastrophe that so vividly impressed my childish years with the mutability of things human. . . .

At any rate I still hear the rather high-pitched voice of my uncle William Rossetti as, quite without inflection or emotion, he related to my grandfather his adventures on that day :

“I was awakened by your daughter Lucy digging her elbow into my back and saying : ‘William, get up, there is an earth-

quake.' . . . I replied: 'An earthquake is no concern of mine,' and prepared to resume my slumbers. I was again awakened by your daughter Lucy digging her elbow into my back—and I can assure you, Brown, that your daughter Lucy's elbow is no cushioned one—and saying: 'William, get up and warn the children that there is an earthquake.' . . . So I went into Olive's room and said 'Earthquake, earthquake,' and I went into Arthur's room and I said: 'Earthquake, earthquake,' and I went into Fordie's room and I said: 'Earthquake, earthquake,' and then I went and took a bath. And I can assure you that as I went along the corridor I saw several people who had scandalously little on them."

Whilst he took his bath the entire hotel had fallen about his ears, but he expressed annoyance that he should have been able only half to fill his bath, the water-pipes having been torn to pieces.

That catastrophe had completely wiped out that Ligurian city.

So I had always imagined that I had been there. Indeed, one of the most vivid things that I can remember is being in a shelter made by an inclined sail, beneath a palm tree, and surveying a glazed, one-story edifice resembling what to-day we call a sun parlour. From it emerges my uncle William looking singularly Moorish. He has a white, full bath-robe; his sensitive, brown, aquiline features are crowned by a white knotted towel for all the world like a turban. . . . Later he says in the course of a discussion of *The Divine Comedy* that after mature consideration—whilst the town was falling about his ears—he has arrived at the conclusion that the most beautiful words in the world in any language with which he is acquainted are:

Guardami ben', ben' son, ben' son' Beatrice. And I dare say he was right. . . .

Alas! alas! that memory was to be rudely disturbed. Three or four years later I mentioned the earthquake confidingly to my cousin Olive, who was even younger than I. She said:

"Earthquake in San Remo! . . . You were never there!"

Do you suppose we would take an unintellectual Philistine . . . yes, Philistine . . . to any place in Italy. Let alone San Remo!"

That seemed to settle the matter. . . . Any little waspish girl can always suppress any little boy a year older than herself; and as my cousin threatened to bring in my aunt to suppress me altogether I gave up thinking about that convulsion of the earth. I came, indeed, gradually to the conviction that I must simply have imagined palms and bathing pavilion and quotations from Dante.

Even as a little boy I knew that I had the trick of imagining things and that those things would be more real to me than the things that surrounded me. So that by the age of eleven I must have voyaged much further than Columbus, voyaging being the thing that most engrossed me at that day.

My nurse's grandson, Walter Atterbury, and I made the most astounding voyages on the Spanish Main—in the kitchen table turned upside down. I do not remember having actually discovered America . . . though, when I come to think of it, I may actually have been the man who first from Cristoforo's crosstrees cried: "Land ho!" . . .

Certainly I watched Captain Kidd bury his treasure and equally certainly I heard Nelson say; "Kiss me, Hardy," at the end of Trafalgar day. I heard it, you understand, more clearly than I now hear the wind in my olive trees.

. . . Why, there was in the cockpit of the *Victory* a piping bullfinch that was excited by the perpetual rumble of gunfire and piped hymn tune after hymn tune, returning always to the Doxology. Until, after the dim eyes of the hero closed for good, someone threw a cloth over his cage to silence him. . . . You did not know that detail, perhaps. No one else ever did but I. . . .

So to have been beneath a shelter formed by an inclined sail, beneath palm branches, seemed nothing singular to me. I was ready to admit even to myself that the experience had been nothing more than a vision, though, even at this moment of writing, the landscape—the bathing pavilion with its bluish windows and my uncle in his bathrobe

coming out of its door—these things are more visible than the picture of tulips on a white wall and the books that I see on shaking off the Columbus-San Remo mood and raising my head now from writing.

And then something queerer happened. . . . I was talking to my mother a little before her death about her sister who had eventually died on that corner of an Italian shore. And I mentioned as puzzling to me that I should still have the strong impression of having been in that earthquake when my cousin Olive declared so hotly that I had not. . . . My mother said with quick indignation :

"But Fordie, of course you were. Your father hid *The Times* from me for three whole days until we got the telegram saying you were safe. He had to pinch himself to get the money to send you with your aunt and cousins. He insisted on thinking that your aunt's conversation would help educate you." . . . My mother always resented that her sister and her sister's children should be regarded as genuises whilst she and hers were considered the most commonplace of beings.

That really seemed to settle the matter.* At any rate that stretch of Mediterranean sea-coast has always hypnotized my imagination. It is not one of the most striking regions of Italy. It is indeed not striking at all. Provence next door is infinitely more sympathetic. Nevertheless when, as happens once or twice a year to everybody, I feel the necessity to go to Italy, it is there I go. And the desire seems assuaged before I pass Genoa, and I seldom go further.

§

The second region much to possess my early imagination was, as I have said, oddly enough the country round Memphis, Tennessee.

We sailed, Walter Atterbury and I, almost exclusively in

* My friend, Mr. Richard Hughes, in his wonderful *High Wind in Jamaica*, tells a memorable earthquake story of a little girl. She was in such a convulsion in Jamaica and insisted for ever after on claiming it as her own special property, as if no one else had witnessed it. That may explain my own story.

the North Atlantic—North, that is to say, of the latitude of Funchal. We were often in Madeira and the Azores; never in the Canaries. I have never to this day been to the Canaries.



"IT IS NOT ONE OF THE MOST STRIKING REGIONS OF ITALY"

. . . From Madeira and the Azores we made for the Windward Islands.

Our craft was named for purposes of exploration the *Water-Witch*. For cutting-out expeditions she was the *Saucy Arethusa*, and for piracy the *Jolly Roger*. On her we sailed

infinite leagues on a Saturday and Sunday. Then Walter had a half and a whole holiday respectively. On those days we got as far as the Caribbees, the Saragossa Sea, Havana, Kingston, Jamaica. Then, as it seemed to become a necessity for man to combat Noble Savages, we began to desire to explore the mainland! That was where my Miss Hall came in.

Let me let you into a secret. *My* inner yearnings were always for the Mediterranean. I desired to be the crafty Ulysses, or in a lesser degree, even the pious Æneas. Or I could have done with being the young Cæsar—Caius Julius—when he was taken prisoner by pirates on his way to study in the Academy founded by Thales of Miletus. Or I wanted to be Jason or Cleopatra's galley-captain. Yes, I wanted the kitchen table to be, under my command, a lofty trireme with the spume threshing away beneath the azure sky. . . . Over the amethystine sea from the triple bank of oars.

But there came in class feeling.

From the earliest moments of my awareness of anything I was aware of Hector taking farewell of Andromache—Hector with the glorious helmet, his shield making a circle behind him, leaning on his great spear, already in the mood to depart but looking back at a rather dim Andromache, who bore a still dimmer baby. He was going to be dragged behind the accursed wheels of Achilles. . . . Alas that Tall Troy must fall!

In those days we were all for the Trojans as later we were, passionately, for Stonewall Jackson. . . . The glorious losers, the lost Causes. . . . We even felt a sneaking admiration for the Spaniards of the Armada, though in those days of muscular Protestantism we hardly dared to recognize that even to ourselves.

At any rate the first books that I ever really noticed were the ones about the Greeks and Romans by Dean Church—with the coloured designs by Flaxman. Those designs come back to me as the most beautiful pictures I ever saw—with always in the background the single, limpid, blue line of the sea. . . . And the Grecians ships, the high prows, the

drooping sails! They had anyhow to lie there for ten years, on the Mediterranean, before they could achieve their treacherous victory. . . . The beasts!

But, poor Walter Atterbury! Instead of having a beautiful nursery governess to bend over the pictures in Church's books with him and to read to him of the dreadful wrath of Achilles and the intolerable woes of Tall Troy, he had to go to the Board School and pick up what he could of Drake and Frobisher and Hawkins, who first sold slaves in Virginia. He regarded my Greeks and Trojans as rather namby-pamby beings. Almost never could I persuade him to sail East to the walls of Troy. Not even to take command at Lepanto.

A curly-headed boy with a wide smile, he overtopped me by a head and shoulders. He could do a double hand-spring and use a plane. He became eventually a very skilful and prosperous master joiner, so he must have been the first craftsman I ever knew intimately and member of a class that, as you shall see, I look to for the saving of the world. . . . But in those days he was my retainer and I knew that what I said went.

It went this way. He would have the kitchen table turned over and the sail bent between the two front legs and the Union Jack flying from the broom-handle. I would cry out:

"All aboard for the Isles of Greece. . . . The Isles of Greece; the Isles of Greece where Sappho sang. . . ."

His face would fall and he would say:

"Couldn't we make it the Spanish Main? . . . Or singe the King of Spain's beard? . . . Or be the pirates of Pernambuco?" . . . Thus early did the struggle begin that I have tried lifelong to wage on behalf of Sino-Helleno-Latin civilization of the Mediterranean as against the murder and rapine of us conquering Nordics.

Alas! It was astonishing how that boy's face could fall. At one moment it would be lit up with the expression of a lively dog waiting for you to throw the stick in your hand, all the gapped teeth showing. Then it would fall to the numbness of the negroid sufferer, the face of the statue of a

chained slave that I had seen somewhere. . . . Thus compassion would always have vanquished me even before Authority came to my aid.

Nurse Atterbury would say :

"Of course you must go to the Isles of Greece, Watty. You must always obey Master Fordie. He is the Master's son."

A warm feeling of condescension would go all through me. . . . Was it not good of me to play at all with a member of a lower class? Nay, a member of another race . . . a race more outside the Pale than even a French Froggie. . . . Wasn't it a fact that we of the Great Public School founded by King Alfred waged unceasing war with the boys of the Board School, whereas if French or German boys came on a visit we were hospitable and kind to them and showed them round the town and shared our pocket-moneys? . . . It seems to me that even then you had symptoms of the passing of Nationalism into World Civil War that on our return from Memphis we shall sit at Monte Carlo and find to be the case.

Yes, I would feel like one of the Princes in the Tower giving his hand to be kissed by a kneeling serf.

But my mother would take me aside and say :

"Of course, Fordie, you must go to the Spanish Main. Poor Walter has only these times to play in. He hasn't any Miss Hall to make learning easy for him. You should always be considerate of your inferiors."

So it was Westward Ho, with me feeling every sort of prig and insisting nevertheless on having the boatswain's whistle and the Admiral's cocked hat and the station on the crow's nest so that I could cry Land Ho! when the Western Land appeared. Only Thackeray has explained what I saw from there.

"So up he went to the fore-to'-galland mast and down he went
on bended knee;

But he scarce had got to the Twelfth Commandment when up
he jumped: There's land I see:

Jerusalem and Madagascar and North and South Amerikee
And the British Fleet a-riding at anchor under Admiral Napier,
K.C.B."

All that. . . . Oh, all that!

I could see all that from my crow's nest. . . . From Jerusalem to Gettysburg in one glance. . . . And I saw . . . actually saw . . . that spread of sky in those remote days. . . . As I see it still. . . .

With me these visions are extraordinarily vivid and persistent. There are times when I see beneath me more than a whole hemisphere stretch out from Cathay to Tennessee, shimmering in a gentle sunlight. . . . I sit thinking of nothing in particular in my New York room. . . . And look suddenly right through the opposite side of lower Fifth Avenue. . . . Yes; through the front of the French Cinema, and Mr. Carl van Doren's apartment, and Mr. Gorham Munson's and Dauber and Pine's and Macmillan's. The track goes level until it reaches Altoona and the Horse Shoe Bend. Then from the Ridge it broadens out and broadens and broadens, stretching over the smouldering cities that rise, infinitely little where the straight lines of the railways intersect at right-angles. . . . All those towered silhouettes rise greyish silver against the pale silver light! Till the sight tumbles over the edge of the world.

But *that* vision goes beyond the great oval sweep that is my Great Trade Route one and indivisible. To see that I must place myself in Cathay, or at its Western limit. . . . That last is Memphis, Tennessee. But not the Memphis, Tennessee, that you mean. Ah, no, it is the Memphis, Tennessee, of my childhood's imagination. It had immense red-sandstone temple pillars, towering up into the limpid sky; the lotus flower painted below the capitals, the Father of Waters no eye ever saw flowing beside them. And palm trees and the ibis and the hippopotamus for ever on its sands. . . .

Those, then, are the limits of my Great Trade Route: Cathay with the mandarins in flowered silks and jewelled stairs and gilded junks; and a Memphis, Tennessee, of a Golden Age with red pillars and ibis and hippopotamus. The Great Route along which went all beauty, all light; all civilization unites them with its oval course, running there and back again through the sea of Jason and Ulysses. . . . I wonder what is the plural of hippopotamus? . . .

I sat the other day in Memphis, Tennessee . . . not the Memphis, Tennessee, that continuously haunted my childhood's imaginations . . . but in the capital of Cotton where rivers of coke are swallowed in the Zoological Gardens every Sunday. . . .

Yes, I too, who dreamed of Memphis in my childhood, have sat there and sucked coca-cola through a straw in a light rain. (I know the Memphites will tell you that it never rains in their city—or never so as to be inconvenient. But I have seen the rain-clouds drift past and obscure the trees of their avenues as, as coincidence will have it, they are at this moment drifting past and obscuring the Island of St. Mandrier and the very gum trees at the bottom of my garden.)

Well, then, in the Memphis that you can reach after consulting time-tables, if you go to the Zoological Gardens you will see a Fragment. It is beneath a sheltering roof—which would go to show that when it is matter of treasured possessions the Memphites—so Larousse tells me I must call them—are not so sanguine of their climate.

So beneath that roof, to shelter it from the rain and to be a symbol of the Union and Indivisibility of the culture that flows perpetually between the Blue Nile and the yellow Father of Waters, is a large red sandstone fragment of the other Memphis. . . . That one was founded by the Emperor Menes on the banks of the Nile and had once 700,000 inhabitants. Alas! it is now a village called Mit Ramineh, housing 3,200 souls who support themselves by exporting hippopotammon to other lands. . . . And that, I am told, might be the fate—hippopotammon and all—of Memphis on the Mississippi if Mr. Roosevelt had not come to the rescue of cotton.

For, believe it or no, that substitute for the Cleopatra's Needles of the Place de la Concorde and the Thames Embankment—that Memphite memorial—would not be there but for hippopotammon, the “o” being long to represent the Greek omega. . . . The amiable and patient Tennessean who conducted me in the rain through those passages and has with amiability and patience before that

conducted me professionally through several passages of transatlantic life and affairs. . . . That amiable and patient lady and I, after inspecting the hippopotamus tanks, came to the conclusion that the plural of those ruminants could be nothing else than the above version—for if “hippopotamus” means “river-horse” its plural must be “horses of rivers.”

. . . It was queer but inevitable that there, at the Western extremity of my travels, both real and imagined, I should be fated to talk about the Isles of Greece. For it is to be understood that, having once arrived at the subject of the language of Hellas, we should not leave it without some discussion, shallow on my part and much more profound on that of the lady who as a true daughter of the Southern tradition is a real, as opposed to my dilettante, Classicist—some discussion of the Isles of Greece where Sappho sang and the Greek Anthology had its origin. . . .

You will say that that is a coincidence. It is. My family, when it is in the mood not to give honour to its prophet, continually reproaches me with the part that I let coincidence play in my novels. But I can’t help it. Coincidence is so continually creeping into my own life that if I left it out of my projections of the life of others I should be untrue to my art. . . .

Just consider: The other day in the Street of the Merchants, my foot slipped and I fell head and shoulders between the front and hind wheels of a municipal lorry that was going slowly along at my side. I had just been telling the little English girl whose province it was to keep me from being run over—I had just been telling her that I was not very happy about the prospects of this book because amongst other things I knew next to nothing about the development of transatlantic traffic. That was a little lugubrious for the author of a proposed book whose main topic is the transference of the centre of at least material civilization from the Mediterranean to the Northern Atlantic. That young lady had just said:

“You had better buy a book about it on the Quay of Cronstadt. There are plenty of books on the Quay of

Cronstadt." And I was thinking that it was very unlikely that I should find a book about Atlantic shipping lines on that dock that is filled by the tepid tides of the Mediterranean. . . . And then I reclined beneath that *camion*.

I saw suddenly the whitewashed interior of the great chapel on the Mount of Birds—the walls completely covered with votive pictures representing escapes from every kind of vehicle, from ploughs and fours-in-hand to steam-rollers and autobuses. In each case the subject of the picture in the moment of the accident had prayed to St. Christopher who presides over the fortunes of those who travel, or are assailed, by wheels of all kinds. My left shoulder had struck the inner side of the front wheel of that lorry; my right arm in its white duck awaited the gradual approach of the right wheel. The loose fabric of the sleeve was already pinned down by the wheel. At this moment it still bears the imprint of the tyre. I said :

"St. Christopher; now's your chance . . ." and remain a little hazy about what immediately followed. I must have torn my sleeve from under the wheel, for there is the tear in the sleeve. And obviously the lorry must have stopped dead, for there is no bruise on my arm, nor indeed was there any bruise anywhere.

At any rate, there again I stood up, and was being brushed down and agitatedly questioned by the municipal chauffeur in a white tunic and with a face far whiter than his tunic. I guess he was the fellow who really got it in the neck.

A little crowd naturally collected. And there still stood the little English girl perfectly rigid and as white as the chauffeur, but as correct as little English girls must always be, carrying a basket of fruit. A policeman strolled up and, when he found that no claim for damages was to be made against the municipality who employed him, took no further interest in the matter. A number of people asked me if I was all right and I said I was all right. They all shook their heads and remarked that it was the after-effects that would be the worst. The little English girl said hoarsely that I had better go and buy my book about the Atlantic. She was rather severe with me for having collected a crowd—which

is the proper attitude for little English girls to pretend to on such occasions. . . . I said that, on the contrary, she had better go and buy herself her espadrilles. . . . Then the young espadrille-seller pressed me to sit down in her shop, but I, as is proper for the English, answered:

"Nonsense, my girl, it is nothing," though I should have liked to sit down . . . and went on and bought some cigarettes. And so to the *café* on the Quay, after the cigarette-merchant had assured me that the after-effects would be *much* worse. . . . At the *café* my favourite waiter brushed my torn sleeve and assured me that the after-effects would be infinitely more serious. . . . "*In . . . FI . . . ni . . . ment.*"

And I said I'd have a *demi-panaché*—which is a pint of half beer half lemonade. It much resembles the English shandygaff and is now the favourite beverage of the wine-growing Southerner—I suppose because it is much more expensive than wine.

So I sat looking at the beautiful statue, by Puget, of the tutelary deity of DISCOVERERS which is just beside the *café*. On its base are inscribed the names of all the Discoverers there ever were, from Dampier and Drake and Captain Cook to Prince Henry the Navigator and Magellan—and of course Columbus. And naturally of all the French Discoverers from Champlain to du Chaillu. . . . And I said to the little English girl who arrived with her espadrilles and ordered a *demi-panaché* like any other Toulonnaise. . . . I said, referring to the tutelary deity of Discoverers :

"If that fellow was half a deity he'd find me a book about transatlantic voyages!" And she said shockedly:

"*Mon père, comment est ce possible que tu dises de telles bêtises?*" because, although she got the best of her education at the local *lycée*—which passes for the best in France and so of the world—she has to be shocked where little English girls are shocked . . . thus combining the bests of two races and making an epitome of what is really civilized along the Great Route we are to travel.

I replied stoutly that that was what He would do if He were really a Deity. . . . And it occurred to me suddenly—

one more coincidence!—that his attitude was exactly that of the cacique in a coloured picture of a *Life of Columbus* that I had won in a prize for French Composition at school.

. . . Yes, that cacique—what a blessed word!—mostly in flesh colour, but with a leopard skin about his waist, held his hand over the head of a rather shaded Columbus in dull purple. . . . I used to think it was in blessing; but perhaps he was really ordering Columbus to go away. Certainly the uplifted hand of the Deity on the Quay, pointing seawards, incites those emulous of Admiral Byrd to further voyages . . . or at any rate to get out of here. . . .

I don't have to go on, do I? . . . We *are* on the Great Trade Route, where life goes slumbrously forward between the gardens and the sea and where all coincidences come true and all good things . . .

So naturally the first book on which I laid my hand in the tray of the second-hand bookseller beside the café—for one and fourpence—was a book I needed. This was my friend Admiral X's *L'Epopee de l'Atlantique*, a history of all the great shipping lines that have ever crossed from the Old World to the New, with their gradual developments, from those in which Columbus or Charles Dickens crossed to the vessel lately used by Colette and the wife of the President of the French Republic. And, if he lays most stress on the Line which, beginning with the *Provence* of 680 tons has reached its momentary apotheosis in the *Normandie*—a vessel that, according to the most eminent authorities, almost exactly reproduces the internal cubic capacity of an earlier one that once contained specimens of all the creatures of the earth. . . . And shan't we later have to occupy ourselves with the fates of those who descended from that ship onto the shores of this very sea? . . . Well, then, if that is what the gallant Admiral does, why shouldn't he? There are—and that too we shall later see!—worse Lines. . . . But French admirals on active service are not allowed to publish books on shipping, so he has to be "Admiral X. . . ." That is a pity, because the book* is lively and scholarly and enter-

* *L'Epopee de l'Atlantique*, par l'Amiral X. . . .

taining, and it is better to be known as having written such a book than as commanding any collection of obsolescent steam-boilers painted horizon grey. . . .

I don't need to pile up the agony by saying that the first book on which the little English girl put her hand was a life of Sir Walter Raleigh*—very lively and scholarly too and the only one in French. . . . And then the lives of explorers pell-mell. . . .

As a result the little English girl painted the votive picture for the oratory on the Mount of Birds; the patient New Yorker not being very expert in saints and not knowing how to recognize the Christ-bearer put up a candle to some saint, whom I imagine to have been St. Roque, in the Cathedral. . . . I would not myself put up thanksgiving offerings to a Saint who had benefited me, because he could not be expected to know what sort of person I was. But I like friends and relatives to do so because it shows that one cannot be as unbearable as all that or they would not be thankful for one's prolonged existence. . . .

And Mme. M. . . . and the Vicomte P. . . . and the *boulanger* who forgets to deliver bread because he is shell-shocked, and Georgette the *femme de ménage*, who before *la Crise* was chief buyer of etchings and lithographs for the Grands Magasins du Louvre, and all the village all agreed that I must have escaped owing to the intercession of one of my deceased parents or relatives. . . . I don't know why they all ignore St. Christopher, who is my favourite Saint. Weren't the orginal Welch Fords ferrymen, like him, only at Llandaff . . . whence the name? And isn't the central figure of four of my books called Christopher? Whereas most of my relatives deceased, when they think of me, probably do it in order to change their positions beneath their marble epitaphs.

§

So backwards and forwards and backwards and forwards from Jerusalem on the shores of the Mediterranean to the shores of Ulysses S. Grant and Robert E. Lee—go my

* *Sir Walter Raleigh*, par Camille Lemonnier.

coincidences, and backwards and forwards in time between my ninth year and . . . You'll have to look that up in *Who's Who*.

Why, even the very shoes . . . the treacherous shoes with the smooth, uncorrugated soles that slip on the slightest moisture of tiled floors or asphalted pavements and so precipitated me under those truck wheels . . . those very shoes I bought not two months ago in, not Memphis, but Clarksville, Tennessee. Wasn't that accident, then, a manifestation of the wrath of the State of Cotton? She knew that I was going to write about her weather and reached from one confine of my life's journeyings to the other here on the Mediterranean to stop my pen for ever. It must be that. More than anything else people hate others to say things against their weathers!

That was the second time—or indeed the fourth—that Tennessee has had a wipe at me. . . . It was a few years ago. We had just got out of Virginia through the beautiful Shenandoah Valley onto the Tennessee upland road. We were doing seventy-eight, a dauntless lady driving Mr. Loeb's large open Buick. The car had occasion to lunge into the left-hand ditch, to swerve on its two left wheels across the road, inclining at a very acute angle, taking, I should say, eight hours to cross, and to crash into the right-hand ditch.

That ambushment of Destiny had been caused by a negro's flivver, doing forty and swerving right across our seventy-eight. And that reaching out of the finger of annihilation did have its after-effects. I shiver now, thinking of it, I suppose because, instead of applying to St. Christopher whilst it happened, I was thinking of my home in the rue Vaugirard and said to myself:

"Well, I've had a good life . . ." imagining with complete composure that, as they used to say, my last hour had struck. . . . Being indeed sure of it! So that it was rather a bump, after the car had settled in the ditch, to have to return to the problems of life, the most immediate of which was to get a lorryful of men that was passing to haul us out of the ditch. . . . Before that, that morning, in the thick mists

of a bottom before the sun had reached it, we had run into a cow and afterwards on the same day the car caught fire. So it was evident that that State did not want me to talk about its weather—though at the moment of the accident it was one of those divine, still October days, the rolling country with its smooth downs and coppices of tall timber looking more like England round Arundel than was reasonable. For after all one does not go to one's journey's end right across the world to find the familiar landscape of one's childhood. . . . Even sheep, their bodies cutting clear shadows on the turf beside them, all up the down-sides, for all the world as they do on Goodwood Down. . . . Just another coincidence, I suppose, knotting the ends of one's life for ever together.

Incessantly! . . . I have said that it was raining gently whilst we sat in the Zoological Gardens at Memphis. . . . Well, see how history repeats itself. . . . Very early in life, as I have hinted, the distinction between gentle and simple had forced itself in on me . . . the fact that between myself and the Walter Atterburys of this world was an uncrossable chasm. I was the Master's son and he the descendant of respectable artisans and domestic servants. So that we twain could never meet—though in private we could play together on the inverted kitchen table, after his mother had scrubbed him three times and cleaned his nails. . . . But that we should be seen in public together! That was unthinkable. The dear and beautiful friend of my parents, Mrs. Graham Bennett, once seeing me and Walter Atterbury standing together outside a grocery store, stopped, turned pale, and said :

"My dearest Fordie. . . . *Ought* you to be doing it? . . . With quite a *common* little boy!" when my grandmother came out of the store with a bag of stale buns, another of monkey nuts. That made it all right. . . .

Well, sitting drinking coca-cola in the light rain with the humbler sort of Memphites streaming desultorily by, I stiffened and started. A little white girl, obviously of comfortable circumstances, with the curious, naive carriage of the neck that showed she had just put her hair up, was

wandering desultorily past us . . . between two little coloured girls of the same age. . . .

I gasped and said to my companion:

"*Ought* she to be doing it? . . . With little coloured girls? . . ."

That lady, who of course knew more about it than I, said:

"It's rather . . . extraordinary. . . ."

And then an obvious grandmother, in a poke bonnet, a plaid shawl, and the air of having a crinoline beneath her stiff, black silk skirt, came out from behind the refreshment-room with bags of stale cake and pea-nuts. . . . And there was coincidence. . . . In the England of my day a little gentleman could no more walk on the street with a little common boy than a little white girl could in the South with a little Negress. . . . But, if one was being taken on one's Monthly Sunday visit to the Zoo, one's mother or grandmother might, if they had been *very* good, ask a little common boy or a little coloured girl to accompany us. . . . She *just* might!

I have omitted to say why Memphis, Tennessee, that you won't find on any map, should bulk so largely on mine when I was a child. . . .

Miss Hall, the governess who read to me about the Isles of Greece and the Death of Hector, was the most beautiful creature I have ever seen. She had bright, dark eyes, red cheeks, a gay laugh. She was very tall and she wore a brown fur jacket and a great black felt hat, its crown encircled by a black ostrich feather. Mystery hung about her. I had heard my mother whisper to Nurse Atterbury that Miss Hall was not to be treated like an Ordinary Governess. They must serve her tea in her own room if she wished; she must rest in the afternoons; she was *delicate*. . . . Ordinary Governesses cannot afford to be delicate. . . . I would hear Nurse Atterbury whispering the most remarkable surmises to her daughter Lizzie, the cook. . . .

Well, my grandmother Brown had a sister who married, if you please, a Royal Academician called McGrowder. . . . That was not the name, but it was something like that. . . .

McGrowder, R.A. . . . That was blow enough to my unorthodox grandfather who was called the father of the pre-Raphaelites and would have died rather than take an Academician by the hand. . . . It was almost as much of a blow to my father, who knew how dreadful a thing it must be to Ford Madox Brown to have a Royal Academician for a brother-in-law. So my father and grandfather went about with grim faces. . . .

And then McGrowder, R.A., went to the Bad. . . . Through Drink. . . . And had to be exported to Canada with all his family, where they lived on small allowances from my father and grandfather . . . but my mother and grandmother never tired of grieving at the separation from their sister and cousins.

So Judith Hall was my mother's cousin and my grandmother's niece. She had been exported to the neighbourhood of the Great Lakes when she had been about sixteen and my female elders had never ceased to cry about it. So when she would be about twenty they brought her back unknown to their lords and masters, ostensibly to be my governess, but really that she might be courted by the fine, upstanding Herefordshire farmer whom she eventually married.

She was no sooner in the house than my father seized upon her and ordered her to give me—at eight—a sound classical education and loaded her with books about the Greeks and Romans. She could not get out of it because every evening he cross-questioned me as to what we had read during the day. . . . And I dare say that it was the bliss of being read to by Miss Hall and shown pictures of Hector and Lysander in their great, plumed helmets that has always made the Mediterranean the sea of my desires and the Sino-Hellenic-Latin civilizations the only ones worth consideration.*

* Judith Hall as a name may strike you as suspicious. My grandmother's maiden name was Hill—a Hill of Ledbury in Herefordshire where her people had farmed for centuries, just this side of Wales. But her mother's name was Hall . . . Judith Hall of somewhere in Warwickshire. And didn't we insist on it! . . . After all, why shouldn't I be descended from Shakespeare as well as from John Ford, who wrote '*Tis Pity She's a Whore?* Someone must be . . .

So Judith Hall read to me from Guhl and Kohner's *Lives of the Greeks and Romans*—which my father had translated. It was an elephantine and delightful illustrated work, and at the age of eight or nine I must have known as much about classical interiors as Mommsen—their couches and chitons and body-scrapers and unguents and cosmetics and dentists' instruments and glass-ware. . . . So that was why the first novel I ever wrote was concerned with the young Cæsar (Caius Julius) in the hands of the pirates of the Ægean. And I bet that if it came to matters of clothing and trappings and domestic habits not the most famous scholar of the University of Göttingen would have found anything wrong with that book. So that when I meet even now a Germano-sound Classical wallah with all his notions I feel like a real Roman who should be confronted with a modern reconstitution of the life he had lived. Anyhow, my Classics is a thing of desires and delights. . . .

In the afternoons Miss Hall "rested," which meant going to walk in Regent's Park in a crinoline with her Herefordshire farmer, who had a high nose and much resembled a late cowboy of the films whose name I have forgotten. (The patient New Yorker interpolates that it was William S. Hart.) And of course they would be chaperoned by my mother or my grandmother, neither of whom ever wore a crinoline. While, then, Miss Hall "rested" I sailed Westward with my retainer . . . and looked backwards with as acute a longing as was ever felt by companions of Columbus or Raleigh or Hudson . . . sheer longing for soft blue seas, hills covered with cyclamen . . . and for non-Nordic languor.

So that my childish vision from Memphis—my Memphis with the red sandstone columns and the lotus flowers—was and remained a yataghan-shaped trail over the Atlantic. Narrow at the hilt, at Norfolk, Va., it broadened out in the blade until the Northern point would be at Antwerp and the Southern at Funchal off Africa, whilst a projection of the blade entered the Mediterranean and stopped at about Jerusalem. . . .

That was the tract of sea that, afternoon after afternoon, I sailed without ever at first doing more than touch on the

mainland that Columbus found, but that is named after Vespucci. Then, one morning, being bored stiff with the sea and seafaring, I wondered whether one would not be able to land on the new continent. I asked Miss Hall what happened behind Jamaica and Cuba and the Saragossa Sea. . . . What towns there were, and did the buffalo there still range the plains?

She produced a big atlas and opened it at a sectional map that included Jamaica and Cuba and ended just at the Western extremity of the State of Tennessee. There I saw a round spot, representing a town, with beside it the descending blue wriggle of a river. I plumped the end of my index finger on it and asked: "There, what's that?"

Again the divine smile and the voice saying:

"That's Memphis. . . . I once sang there." . . . I don't know how she had come to sing there. I fancy she went with some choir from Ontario. . . . Or perhaps McGrowder, R.A., had tried the South before Canada.

Anyhow, contentment settled on me. There, it seemed to me, at the end of my Western voyages, was Memphis. . . . Who could doubt that there I should find the columns and the lotus flowers and the Nile and the hippopotamus? . . . As if, at the end of my journey, I should have done that in which failed Columbus and Hudson and Willoughby and Barentz. . . . I should have found through the Old Dominion the passage to gorgeous and perfumed Memphis. . . . The East. . . . Miss Hall had no doubt sung there. . . . In an Egyptian skirt, with a coronal of asps and lotus, and a great, crinkled mane of hair . . . always in profile . . . to Pharaoh and Cleopatra on their triremes. . . .

That was how it was. . . .

I have forgotten to say how the hippopotamus makes possible the Zoological Gardens of Memphis, Tennessee. . . . It is because the tranquil females of that species who slumber eternally in the Memphite tanks so liberally reward the affections of their spouses—so liberally and with such regularity that the Gardens Authority is able to support itself by the sale of the young ones. . . . And the old ones came originally from the Nile.

II

LITTLE EPILOGUE TO CHAPTER I

WE are about to join a caravan of Easterners and progress along the Great Route.

I have got up suddenly from my writing-table and gone out into the sunshine over the Mediterranean and shout:

"New Yorker, ahoy! Biala! Little English girl! We are now going to Memphis, Tennessee, and back."

The patient inhabitant of Manhattan who has not been back for five years says from under an orange tree:

"Oh, hell! I shall never get my receipt for *jambon à la crème de morilles* worked out."

This excessively lean, frugal, at-table-sardonic companion of my gastronomic wanderings has not been back to Manhattan in five years precisely because you cannot there get the mushrooms called *morilles*.

"Oh, hell!" groans Biala from the studio. "I shall never get my *Bull Fight at Nîmes* finished."

"Hurray!" calls the little English girl, dropping her Latin classic from the top of the largest fig tree. "Now I can escape from *De Bello Gallico*."

§

We are going by way of Dijon and Paris and Antwerp to New York; we are going by way of Flemington, N.J., Paoli, Pa., Lexington, Va., and Chattanooga, to Memphis, Tennessee. We are returning down the Mississippi by way of Natchez and Baton Rouge, with, as it were, sideslips into the other States of the South, to the Azores, Madeira, Gibraltar, Malaga, Genoa, the Ligurian coast, and lastly to Monte Carlo and the place with the terrace over the Mediterranean from which we are setting out. . . . Then—it would be perhaps better to interject "if we are spared"—we shall begin all over again and go by Marseilles and the Straits of Gibraltar and so to the Saragossa Sea and the United States Department of Hygiene in Porto Rico to Key West, where

Mr. Hemingway lives, and so up the coast by sea to New York. And from New York to Havre and Paris and Dijon and Provence. But that latter oval itinerary will not come into this book. Perhaps it will come into none.

I seem to have been doing nothing else than travel this round all my life . . . and to have been reflecting on what I have seen. And this oval course is the prolongation of the Great Trade Route that ran from China to the Scilly Isles.

§

I have written so much on the ancient Great Trade Route proper that the reader may have come across some of those writings. In case he have not I had better put down what to me it means. To me, in the first place, it means a frame of mind to which, unless we return, our Occidental civilization is doomed.

Less mysteriously, however, it was a broad swathe of territory running from east to west for the most part on the 40th parallel N. For, singular as it may seem, on the planisphere, Pekin and Washington and Samarkand and Constantinople are all exactly in line with one another. The route started then in Pekin, ran level to Constantinople, turned a little North above Greece to reach Venice and Genoa and to skirt the Mediterranean as far as the mouth of the Rhône. It turned north up that stream passing Lyons and then descended the Seine passing Paris. It left Paris still going North and reached, the shores of the Channel at Calais. It crossed in dug-outs and rafts to somewhere about Rye, West of Dungeness on the English South Coast, followed the coast, and reached according to legend and worked-out history, the country of King Arthur and the Land's End. As they could go no further the Merchants and civilizers of the Great Route there turned back and returned to Pekin.

They had started from the site of that city laden with manufactured products of their looms and craftsmen, with fruits, spices, tools, jewels, treasure chests. The inhabitants of the countries and cities by which they passed laid out tabu grounds on which the Merchants bartered their

goods for such indigenous products as they needed, and on their journeys between such bartering-places they were protected by the strictest of tabus upheld by the native chiefs, headmen, priests, or elders. The tabu still exists in Polynesia. The word itself is Polynesian, but in the days of the ancient Great Route the principle was of world-wide observance.

In consequence you had running all across the Old World the age called Golden, since all the desirable things of the life of that day were tabu. Thus there was neither occasion nor necessity for theft, murder for possession, chicanery, or any of the legalized crime by which to-day we possess ourselves of the goods, gear, and specie of our neighbours. The Sacred Merchants were at once civilizers, gift bringers, educators, and the trainers of priesthoods. How this all worked out you will read in the records of my meditations on the disappearance of the Merchants. . . . At odd places like Flemington, N.J., Paoli, Pa., Madeira, Monte Carlo, and elsewhere on the original route and its oval prolongation we shall suddenly sit down and think. Now and then we shall go outside the Route itself to places like Geneva or New York so as to get it better into perspective.

What is certain is that our civilization—I am not talking of our ability to evolve and make others work machines—our civilization was born on the Great Route and, in so far as our civilization has beauties and virtues, it derives them from the Merchants and their pupils. You can put it in that in so far as we are civilized beings—beings fitted to live the one beside the other without friction—it is because of the workings in our minds of that Chinese-Greek-Latin civilization's Mediterranean leaven. Where we Nordics are predatory, bloodthirsty, blind, reckless, and apt to go berserker, it is because we have in our veins the blood of peoples that, after or towards the end of the Age of the Sacred Merchants, were born, multiplied, and overpeopled the forests and heaths to the North of the Great Route.

To get working ideas of things in the mind it is necessary to imagine a sort of pattern or map of things ascertained. From that we may make mental excursions in hypotheses

into the realm of the unascertained. If those hypotheses in the course of further investigation are confirmed by data, they take their part in the pattern.

Let us then imagine as the basis of our original Route a sort of Mason and Dixon Line running in a great swathe round the world on or about the fortieth North parallel of latitude—the latitude of Washington, Constantinople, Samarkand, and Pekin. Let it be a fairly broad swathe extending, as far as we are immediately concerned, as far South as Madeira in the Old World and Florida in the New—and as far North, irregularly, as Turin, Geneva, Paris, and a thin strip along the South Coast of England and as far North as New York City in the new one.

It is more than anything a swathe of equable climate rather than a geographical delimitation, a swathe of fertile land rather than a matter of races. It is above all a belt of the world in which men tend to be distinguished by equanimity of mind, frugality, and moderation rather than by huge appetites, crowd massacres, and efficiency. It is, in short, the tract of land that produced Jesus—or if you prefer it, the Rabbi Hillel—rather than that which produced Calvin.

Or to drive the matter home, it is the part of the world for whose inhabitants the life motto is: “*Sit comes non dux voluptas.*”

LET COMFORT BE YOUR COMPANION NOT YOUR LEADER

Still further, it is the territory of the Small rather than the Mass producer. Except in Pennsylvania and to the North of it we shall see in our wanderings almost no factory chimneys. Certainly we shall see no fly-wheels.

§

At some point, then, in the history of man that great belt ran leisurely and quiet, round the world, beneath the sun. It contained all the sons of Noah . . . all mankind! It lived easily; its lands were fertile; its climate sweet; its rivers and seas full of fish. There were not any peoples so crowded that the streams could be depopulated; its trees gave easy fruits in abundance; the earth was not yet so

ill-treated that the million pests of the gardener could flourish; the little hills were full of game; the vine and the olive let down their berries. Weapons were unknown except for the slings and long crooks of the shepherds. With them they could hurl stones or clods of earth against the foxes that beset their lamb flocks and vines.

This is not the dream of a sentimentalist nor a Utopian conception of the future. It is a scientific deduction of a state of mankind that it would be perfectly practicable to reconstitute. You have only got to get into your head the Mediterranean conception of the Small as against the Nordic Mass-Producer and it would be half-way there. . . . The conception as an ideal!

Let us set about that job on our wanderings—you and I and the patient New Yorker and the little English girl and the caravan that we shall pick up with. . . . The Fuehrer and the lady who evolved the correct plural for hippopotamus, and Biala to make drawings and some poets and craftsmen. More difficult movements have been carried to success with smaller help.

§

For myself I don't care much. I have managed to live that sort of life for most of my time; going round and round the Route; stopping here and there to plant some things; making a rough table or a chair now and then; practically never overcrowded. Even in New York I have been growing things. . . . I always grow things in New York . . . as you shall sufficiently here see. . . .

And, right here, let me make this note.

If you set out to save civilization on the lines here indicated later you will be met at once by the objection that people do not like growing things. . . . There can be no greater mistake. The one thing that all men like is obtaining something for nothing . . . and there is no greater thrill of satisfaction than seeing, pushing through the earth, the first shoots from the seeds you have sown. . . . Ask any child. . . . Ask, indeed, any schoolmaster whose demesne provides garden plots for the children under his

care. . . . You will find that he will say that, cut whatever other class they may, his children will be always ready for tuition in the use of spade and hoe and dibble.

Every child, in fact, ought to be taught reading and writing and to lisp Latin as soon as it can lisp anything. . . . But just as imperatively every child should be given the opportunity to express itself in Earth. It is, like swimming, a primitive art, the knowledge of which, once gained, will never leave you—and never lose for you its fascination. . . . And no State can be called civilized that, along with bread and circuses, does not accord to all its subjects the sacred right to dig . . . and the land in which to do it.

For myself I find no consolation without that. You shall see how in Gotham I found peace just by growing mustard and cress in an allotment made of a cracked soup bowl. . . . So that the necessary waterings should not sour the window-box earth. If I have not got something growing somewhere I cannot sleep.

§

It is that one must get into one's head. Then it will be all right.

§

I don't care, then. I am no sort of politician. I believe the politician must be got rid of before we can go any further. . . . But you shall see, when we get to Geneva, what I think of politicians. . . . And later how I suggest that you should deal with them. For me, I have never tried to exercise any influence—not temporal nor even spiritual—on my fellow-men. It has never seemed my job. My job has been to move round and observe things. Then to "render" them. Rendering is the reproduction by one art or another of the impressions made upon one by one's observations. I have practically never commented . . . beyond saying from time to time that if swamps, forests, and tracks of heath become over-populated—and they always become over-populated—they must in the end send out ravaging hordes into the countries to the South of them. So it was

in the days of Brennus—so it was in the days of Grant and Sherman. The result of over-population North of the 40th Northern parallel is always a March through Georgia.

That is a deduction; it is not a political sentiment. It is happening at the moment when I am writing. Unless we—you and I—get to work pretty soon it will happen once more. Then it will never happen again. Our world will have no more populations.

§

Let us set out then. . . . We must stop off in Dijon, says the patient New Yorker, we must have one decent meal. We may never have another.

The patient New Yorker has a theory, evolved after a great deal of study, that the plight in which the world finds itself is due to the food that the greater part of the world consumes to-day. The greater part of the inhabitants of the great oval whose rim we are to follow never taste real food from their cradles to their graves. They never taste vegetables fresh from the beds, fruit fresh from the trees, bread from wheat not manured by chemicals, meats not rendered unassimilable by refrigeration and again by chemicals. All these thrown together by totally incompetent and careless cooks so that they have none of the appetizing qualities that ensure good digestion. So their brains are for ever starved of good blood, their minds are incapable of reflection, courage, or stability. And so, refrigeration and preservatives having done their work in glutting with inedibilia the markets of the world, prices fluctuate like frightened chickens in a run and at last fall to rock bottom. And, carrying on its back a screaming Mass Production, the bronze bull that is the Machine Age charges the brazen wall called Crisis.

And the brains of the petrified statesmen are fed with the same fluid as that of their flocks.

That seems sound.

§

But our pack mules are at the door at the bottom of the garden. We must set out.



"OUR PACK MULES ARE AT THE DOOR"

Before we start I should like to make this note. It will be my ambition to make the reader have a sense of seeing all the great oval at once, and to be inspired by the feeling of its oneness. So when we are, let us say, seated in an apartment on Lower Fifth Avenue we shall suddenly find ourselves on the shores of the Lake of Geneva; and whilst proceeding in an autobus through the Piedmont section of Virginia we shall simultaneously be looking over the Mediterranean.

This will not mean that the author has gone mad at the wheel or that the pack mules are running away with us. When I was an officer of His Britannic Majesty's army I used to make experiments, as far as was permitted by King's Regs., with the men under my command. And I found that a sudden digression from the subject in hand would very much reawaken group attentions that were beginning to wander. I would be lecturing on the Ross rifle—which was a beast of a thing—or on the Causes of the War or on any other department of the rag-bag of knowledge that we had to inflict on the unfortunates committed to our charge. And I found that if, suddenly, in the midst of a tiresome description of how to sight with the absurd gadget that was stuck on the nose of that rifle or an even more tiresome disquisition on the economic situation of the Central Empires, I suddenly introduced a digression as to the best way those troops could spend their money when next on leave in Rouen or as to my first ride in an automobile, those Tommies returned with a refreshed mind to the consideration of how to get their bead-sight on VI o'clock of the dummy provided for aiming at or to that of the depressed condition of thirteen Rhenish-Westphalian basic trades at the beginning of 1914.

The physical effects are almost more striking. If you are in charge of a company engaged on what is called "jerks" and you find that their actions are becoming slack—which means that their minds are flagging—you should suddenly turn the men in another direction. The comparative bliss of being able to take their eyes off the blank barrack walls and to gaze instead at gasometers makes them at once move precisely. Or again, frequently when marching men along

the desperately straight long roads of France, I have suddenly right-wheeled them through a field gate and made them form platoon in a field full of cows and scramble through or over a hedge at the end of the field. The excitement of wondering whether the officer has gone mad, or whether the Enemy have suddenly turned up fifty miles behind the line, and the comparative bliss of looking at a bit of grass and some cows instead of the long asphalt perspective of the road and the napes of the necks of the files in front of them will, in spite of the fact that their journey has actually been prolonged, make them fall in on the road again with comparative cheerfulness and march much better for a long time.

§

I make this digression not merely to hearten you for the long, ill-nourished journey that is before you. I shall have occasion several times in the course of it to offer variations on an original theme that runs if you take a sword and dror it and go stick a feller thru govnmnt ain't no answer for it . . . and the rest. And I should like you to believe that when I repeat those sentiments I know what I am talking about . . . *quaequ'ipse miserrima vidi.*

And, all these latter things being matters of the technique of writing, that in turn being a matter of raising and holding attention of bodies of men, I have made this Preface the second chapter of the book because people never will read prefaces if they know that that is what they are.

III

VOYAGE OUTWARDS

THE brother of the eminent vaudeville artist asks :

"Are you an Anarchist? A Polygamist? Do you entertain designs against the Government of the United States? Is your health good? Have you any physical defects? Have you ever been in prison?"

We say :

"Do you assure us that this Line is not Nazi-German?"

The brother :

"No. It is Jewish owned, registered in Antwerp. I would not be agent for a Nazi Line. That's no good. I have not booked a passage for any German Line in eight months."

This little beady-eyed brother of a vaudeville artist is obviously himself a Jew. This upper-floor office, looking onto the Place de l'Opéra, is dotted with flat-topped, shining desks. Beside each sits a would-be tourist; at each a little beady-eyed man. So we resemble patients deprecating the fierce attacks of dentists. This seems a respectable firm. It is well known. It is difficult to discover the real ownership of steamship lines. But beady-eyed races do not as a rule perjure themselves for the sake of blond Aryans, to their own racial disadvantage.

Good. . . . Our French notes pass across the table. We are neither Anarchists nor Polygamists. We entertain no designs subversive of the Government of the United States. I am a fine figure of a man. Otherwise we are all Jews of assorted sizes, from the also fine, shining figure who is the leader of our party, to twins in six-month cradles.

§

. . . Night has fallen on Antwerp. Our Leader is beset by brigands between the railway exit and the bus of the Steamship Line. . . . Jewish, registered in Antwerp. The Leader has sixty-four pieces of luggage—a library of three thousand volumes, a portable milk-sterilizer; electric cookers; twins;

cradles; typewriters. . . . Yes, under each arm a cradle. The huge brigands beset his form, tall in the moist darkness. This is the most Northerly point attained by the Great Trade Route. The brigands demand in raucous voices . . . baksheesh. Flemish baksheesh.

. . . He staggers. He is almost down. Enhanced with cradles he suggests a huge crust of bread beset by carp upon the surface of a Flemish duck-pond.

. . . He is lost. We shall have no Fuehrer! I am sitting in a dark bus beside the for-six-years expatriated Brooklyn-Roman matron, the mother of the twins, with their attendants, admirers, furs, wraps, milk-bottles. Dimly illuminated fragments of Flanders surround us. The Brooklyn matron maintains a shining Roman calm. The *Pax Romana*. In spite of the fact that her shining spouse has disappeared beneath the waves.

. . . It is time I become a hero. I roar from a deep chest:
“*Gij hebt nix te bekommen. . . . Het maatschappij betaalt!*”

. . . Those brigands scatter semicircularly as if a bomb had fallen amongst them. From a distant horse-shoe of their dim forms enormous Flemish obscenities bellow out, as if they vomited. I learned Flemish on the Fields of Flanders. Where the poppies grow. Only there were no poppies then. I give it them back. You would blush to hear and understand what I say.

The Leader has re-emerged. He tries to regain the Brooklyn matron, formerly expatriate, buried in furs. He has a cradle under each arm. The door of the bus is thus insufficiently wide. He has only found sixty-two pieces of baggage. You would have thought he would not have forgotten the cradles under his arms.

§

Antwerp surely is a big city. Crowds. Darkness. Flemish brick. It might be Grimsby . . . Or Salem, Mass. At last, great broad dock streets. With arc-lights spitting and pavements like billiard-tables. Let us stop the bus. We have no cigarettes. No one has any cigarettes. You can get French cigarettes here. But Belgian cigarettes are just the

same. Only cheaper. They will have Belgian cigarettes on the boat. It's a Belgian boat. Registered in Antwerp. A timid voice says from the dim rear: Still I don't feel certain it isn't a Nazi boat. . . . That speaker is suppressed with all the weight of opinion of the car-load. An English, aged voice quavers: They assured *me* she was British built and registered in Montreal. . . . The Vice-President of Haiti exclaims in succulent French: But she's United States owned. Do you think I would travel in a damn Boche ship?

§

. . . It is too wet-dark to see what ensign the ship flies. The fresh, black, sea air! We scatter into bright, white corridors. Où se trouvent les cabines 54! . . . 47? . . . 102? . . . Versteh' nicht! . . . Hebt gii ke vlamsk cigaretten? . . . Versteh' nicht. . . . Damn it all, haven't you any Belgian cigarettes? . . . Doand spik EEnglisch. . . . Wo sind Kajuete vier und fuszig? Sieben und vierzig? Hundert zwei? . . . Vee hef Gammuls, luggy Streigs, TChesterfeeulds. . . . Oh, hell. . . . That tall, white ramrod of a steward. . . .

. . . That tall, white ramrod with cropped hair must be one of the exiled Intelligentzia. . . . This is a Jewish boat, registered in Antwerp!

. . . She creeps out of Antwerp through thin canals. Beneath the spitting arc-lights. As bright as day. Clean, impressive docks. Here's the sea.

§

. . . In the shafts of sunlight that shoot down the companion our fine figure of a Fuehrer sways gracefully; shining. In English tweed and the morning. His attention is claimed by three framed sheets of printed matter set into the outer wall of the breakfast-room. We too sway, gracefully descending the companion—but not so shinningly. Perhaps it is not a companion on a Belgian boat. . . . A broad, mahogany staircase, opening above into two wings. It is as if we were on a stage, swinging agreeably as the ship swings. The Fuehrer disappears into the solar halo, on to the deck. We

go on down, like figures in the *Merry Widow* Waltz, pace by pace. With precision and dignity. My companion has no German.

§

. . . But these framed, printed announcements must be obsolete! Like the wall-brasses up above, stating that the ship was Clyde-built in the year 1904. Left-overs, the one and the other. From some forgotten age.

. . . They state that the vessel belongs to the Port of Hamburg. . . . They mean "belonged," of course. . . . The Hamburger Something Gesellschaft are the owners. "Were," it should be. . . . Captain So-and-So. Burthen, so-and-so many tons. . . . It is certified that she was inspected at Hamburg and found in every way to conform to the Imperial German Sea-Laws. . . . This year!

. . . Our Fuehrer and I sit side by side at the sunlit naperies of the breakfast-table. It is very fortunate that we are side by side. Our eyes need not meet.

. . . The lady on my left asks the aged grey steward, in French, something about the menu. He does not understand. She repeats herself in good, New York English. He does not understand. She uses Yiddish. He appears lit up within: he takes her language to be the dialect of Strasbourg. He utters a flood of words only dimly understood by the lady. He runs away. He returns with scrambled eggs. The lady had wanted them poached. The dialect of Strasbourg is to Yiddish as poached to scrambled eggs. The ship sways to just the rhythm of one's breath. The North Foreland glides by. . . . Eventually a grey hillside with clumps of coppices on the shoulder. I used to own that spot once. Slowly it glides by too. *Tempi passati; tempi passati*, Conrad used to groan after he had left that place and mood.

§

. . . The aged steward explains that he does not understand the Strasbourg dialect very well. He is very apologetic. He was in Strasbourg only during the war. Thirty years long he was in the Kaiserliche Marine. They drafted him

into the Brandenburgers in garrison at Strasbourg. In time for the first Battle of the Somme. We had the Second Brandenburgers—the famous Cockchafers—over against us at Pont de Nieppe, by Armentières. . . . A mild, aged man, like the White Knight, with a grey face and tender feet. Gentle! Like a mother. . . . Yet of the famous Brandenburgers.

. . . A still, green field in the Indian summer weather, with apple trees over behind their trenches. A quiet sector, the Brandenburgers climbing the trees to shake down the apples. He must have seen us against the level sun.

. . . The lady is relieved. That aged fellow has proved to her that this is a Jewish boat. She had been worried.

§

. . . "We shall put up against a wall—and shoot—all Jews, all Catholics, all Communists, all the . . . Ahem!"

. . . The Nazi Professor, slim and dark, speaks in the smoking-room after midnight. . . . "Up against a wall. . . . All that Vermin!"

. . . He is very intoxicated. He peers up against my face. He is going to Harvard to assist a colleague at the University. In Philosophy.

. . . Lean, with disordered black hair and sparkling eyes.

. . . He withdraws his face two feet. His Government, he sputters, lacks tact in international handlings. They produce false impressions. They desire nothing but Peace. Peace always. Deepest Peace. All these marchings in uniforms are only for Youth. Youth insists on marchings in uniforms and commands from the full chest. That is the proper expression of life for the young, adult male. There is no other proper expression for the young, adult male and no use in the world for anything but adult Youth. Youth must be taught that. The world over. In Harvard as in Heidelberg.

. . . He elevates his full glass of brandy, swaying on his feet. I had imagined people like that to be fabulous monsters. He gives a toast. The brandy has disappeared into him.

. . . To Peace. Peace. Nothing but Peace. Then we shall

be strong. Invincible. We are sailing the world over in a proud Nazi ship. With a Nazi cell. And two Nazi detectives to listen for treason among the passengers. The relatives of passengers speaking treason had better beware at home. The Nazi arm is long.

. . . He gesticulates wildly, his glass above his head, in a roll of the boat. . . . "Up against the wall. . . . Alle Juden! . . . Alle Kaetzer . . . Alle Communisten. . . . Alle . . . alle. . . ." His wild eyes are gibbous; he shakes back his black locks, plastered to his forehead with sweat.

. . . "Alle Französische Affen. . . . All the French Monkeys. . . . Up against the wall." . . . And smashes his glass onto the linoleum floor. No less noble toast shall ever be drunk from it. . . . In the morning he sends a Dutch Professor to apologize for him. I don't know what he wants to apologize to me for. I am given to understand that a Nazi "cell" is not a cage. It is a political unit; a cell in the Imperial hive. All the ship's officers, stewardesses, stewards, crew, cooks, dish-washers must belong to it. Not a cage.

§

. . . I assert, in the pale morning sunlight, on the motionless deck, that the English-like, red brick, red-tiled cottage close at hand, beneath us is on Sandy Hook. All the other passengers—none of whom have passed the place half as often as I, coming from the East—all the others, then, assert that it is something else. It is Fire Island, Governor's Island, Staten Island, the Shore of the Sound. I know it is Sandy Hook. For twenty-nine years, which is pretty nearly its age, it has annoyed me, that cottage. A generation ago when I first saw it it shocked me, though I do not remember what was there before. Wooden shacks, I think, with a wharf. I always wanted to see something American on that flat strip of green land, beneath a gently rising ridge. Not a Cockney commuter's villa such as I could see thousands of in Bedford Park, London, W. . . . as you might say, the Oranges. . . . Not out of patriotism. I am not American except, as you might say, a little from the lips inwards.

No, that annoyance was the product of the Traveller's mind. I felt—and feel—like the lady who, visiting the harem of the Sultan of Morocco, was shown first, as its chiefest treasure, an empty Odol can.

§

. . . Ought not one to be greeted by a white Colonial Mansion, with tall white pillars supporting a classical charpente? But encased in shining and transparent cellophane to unite the old glory that was Man's to the New Deal of the Machine.

. . . Of course later there is the chewing-gum sign. Certainly that sufficiently separates the Old World from the New. . . . Also there used to be. . . . I imagine She is still there. . . . We could not see Her, however, for the scarlet swastika-banner that at that point broke from our forward flagstaff. No doubt, by moving one's position, one could have seen Her. . . .

. . . So we went gliding into Weehawken Dock beneath that proud symbol of Jews, Catholics, Communists, and—but here you whisper—all the French, set up against the Great Wall that would appear to be the symbol of human regeneration. For apparently, if you wish to picture Utopias, “Set 'em up against a wall” is the first command you must give.

§

The ordeal of entering America is not so formidable. The grey-white official, sitting at one of our shining dinner-tables, says: “Coming to America for pleasure, Mr. Ford. . . . Hope you get it.” The grey-white Customs official says: “What is *eau de vie de marc*, Mr. Ford? A sort of brandy? That will be all right, Mr. Ford.” The beady-eyed brother of the vaudeville artist had already extracted from me in Paris the assurance that I was neither Anarchist, Polygamist, nor suffering from disease, and entertained no designs against the Brain Trust. So presumably America was safe from me and I might plunge ankle-deep into the mud of Weehawken. . . . There are other frontiers where

you seem to die a hundred deaths before a thousand walls. . . . I wonder why all the dockside guardians of this land have grey-white faces and manners of gentle disillusionment. They cannot all be one family. This is not the South.

§

Skidding in the brown mud that separates the landing-stage from the Nazi Company's bus you see suddenly America; not the tempestuous and tormented wall that, across the grey river, rages up against the greyer heavens and is called Manhattan. This is a dark bluff, seen through whirling snow-flakes. Dark olive green, cluttered with frame houses that all appear a little cock-eyed—lead-white boxes dropped at incongruous angles, as if the builders had possessed neither spirit-level nor plumb-line. That is the America that has inspired a thousand million hopes from Pekin to Polperro. You observe that I am recapturing a little of the spirit of my boyhood and the inverted kitchen table . . . and of Pocahontas rather than of Columbus.

. . . For don't believe that in our hot, European youths *we* set out to find the gold-paved streets of the city that is not America. In that we differed from all the navigators of Hakluyt who were all mercenaries and make me a little tired. There was not any real romance about Columbus or Raleigh or Hudson. They endured hardships and made their wretched crews endure hardships even worse—for they always had private caches of provisions in their cabins—they endured hardships with the hard eyes of company promoters speculating in specie or in black ivory. But we were not mercenaries. We set out on inverted kitchen-table-hardships in the pure spirit of Romance and never did we make our crews endure more than we had to ourselves. After Hudson had been manacled, but before he was set adrift, bags of biscuit and bottles of wine were found hidden in his quarters and he prolonged his miserable voyages in order to make, on the side, a little money by inefficiently slaughtering sea-lions in order to sell their pelts in Amsterdam. As far as I can remember he only managed to kill one sea-lion, but he let in the thousand followers who incarna-

dined the seas with the blood of those innocent and inoffensive beasts.

. . . But don't believe that I ever refused to interrupt a voyage on the Spanish Main. I always let my crew—Walter Atterbury—go and get a drink from the tap over the sink. No, it was not the gold of the Aztecs for which we longed: it was really Weehawken with frame houses which we mistook for log cabins and, over the bluff behind them, teepees with scarlet totems and mustangs and the feathers of eagles in braided hair. You did not know that those things were behind Weehawken. Ah, but they are—at just about the place where the Pulaski Speedway begins its course among dismantled boilers. . . . And also there, in addition to Pocahontas, were Sam Slick and Artemus Ward and O. P. Q. Philander Smiff and John P. Robinson and Tennessee's Partner and Mliss and the Betsey and I who were out and the One Hoss Shay. . . . What do you know about all those? . . . Ah, but they were the land of Freedom—of Bird o' Freedom Sawin—that we used to see from near the kitchen sink on our voyages West.

§

Not many people will come to Weehawken. New York is too centripetal and few know the way. I should not have known it myself but for the efforts of Mr. Hitler to establish a clandestine mercantile fleet. So the one friend we had to meet us had to return in five minutes. To go into Court. New York called too insistently. That Orpheus could not stomach those dimnesses while the gold-paved streets awaited him. So there were more partings than meetings. Our shining Fuehrer leaves, with the twins and the cradles and the matron of Roman calm. And the Dutch Professor and the tiny wife of the artist scurry past the open door of the bus, bound for Brooklyn. . . . Brooklyn. . . . Imagine! For even in Weehawken and a snow-flurry the New York spirit descends on us. Weehawken is all right because we happen to be there. . . . But Brooklyn! It's a foreign country. Un-American, that's what it is, I was once lost in

First Street, Brooklyn. . . . And badly frightened. I thought I should never get away.

§

. . . From behind us in the bus-dimnesses an English voice says: "My dear! They assured me that she was British owned and registered in *Montreal!*" That little, frail old lady is going to Montreal. A foreign city, but not so foreign as the territory across the East River. They have scarlet letter-boxes with G.R. in gold on them in Montreal. You used to go to Montreal to get liquored up. No one ever crossed Brooklyn Bridge for that purpose.

§

. . . The bus at last heaves its shoulders, slithering like a bison in and out of shell-holes. I did not know that the Enemy forces had so devastated this district. You would think we were back on the Baileul-Armentières Road in 1917. In those milder days you did not put them up against a wall. They fell backwards into the carefully prepared shell-holes and the slime covered them. . . . Far away and long ago! As far away as Brooklyn. As long ago as Pocahontas and Artemus Ward. Or as, to-morrow, will be the vexation that we felt at being on that non-Aryan-owned, Flemish-registered vessel from Hamburg. We live in to-day. Or we shall when we are across the river.

. . . For the moment the Past is too much with us. Architecturally. The foreground is a landscape of up-ended girder fences and of corduroy roads. We are rolled one against the other as thankeemarms jolted the first dwellers in Weehawken. Driving, top-hatted and with whisker-fringes above our stocks, we are, in our sulkies to the Ferry. Going from our cock-eyed frame-houses to market once a month in West Twenty-Third Street. Make it a century ago.

§

. . . Pre-1840. All this landscape is that. When you are on it the troglodytic, covered-in ferry frames the distant sky-line with the effect of calculated and artificial chiaro-

scuro; the silver-grey, fretted river with the snow-flakes falling into it to dissolve; the silver-grey water-front beyond it; turrets and spires dim behind the snow shower. All that, seen from the black shadows of our embarkation! Like a vignette on the title-page of a very early *Lady's Companion*. . . . Lady in a poke-bonnet with cherry-satin ribbons and crinoline. Jolting on a buck-board with Lord and Master, top-hatted, in a blue jean tail-coat, silver-mounted whip a-flourish.

§

. . . Even now that we are across the river and shouldering our way up Twenty-Third, the century-old atmosphere remains strong. Like a powerful perfume from a forgotten drawer. Below West Twenty-Third Street to West Fourteenth is Chelsea. . . . Below West Fourteenth Street to Washington Square is Greenwich Village. They call it the Village now, but when I was first here it was Greenwich, *tout court*. There was an old public-house, London, England, style, in the shadows of the L at the corner of West Eighth Street. With polished brass plates and tankards and, in the window, the portrait of a great, grey Tom Cat, labelled OLD TOM. Old Tom is the best brand of London gin.

. . . Yes, the perfume lingers. Years ago I was passing that sign with a lively Englishwoman. She said: "The wages of gin is breath." There were Prohibitionists before the Prohibition that is itself hardly a memory.

§

The aged, light-uniformed nigger drives away all the other porters of the Pennsylvania Hotel. He pounces on our baggage, chattering like a hen-wife who has scared hawks from her poultry. It is as if, with his accent, you caught the rustle of crinolines and the clitter of ice in juleps under the shadows of Colonial stoeps. The South! We shall be going South in March.

. . . Perhaps we ought never to have left those islands. The wet trodden snow crunches under the wheels of our taxi, overwhelmed with luggage and with the Dutch

Professor, his New England wife, my patient New Yorker who hates New York, and myself, all sardined inside.

§

. . . That touch of Africa. . . . I wish it had not so immediately greeted us. I am always a little depressed when I see negroes; they spoil even The South for me, with their constant presence. I hate to be reminded of Africa, that mournful continent, protected by an avenging Nemesis that cannot keep her from being despoiled but always pursues her despoilers with dire persecutions and disasters.

. . . Do you know what caused the Civil War, the late war, the Punic Wars that for generations ravaged Rome?

. . . Spoliations of Africa. And the next war? Every time I think of that continent a shiver goes down my spine—a goose walking over my grave. The taxi slithers down Seventh Avenue.

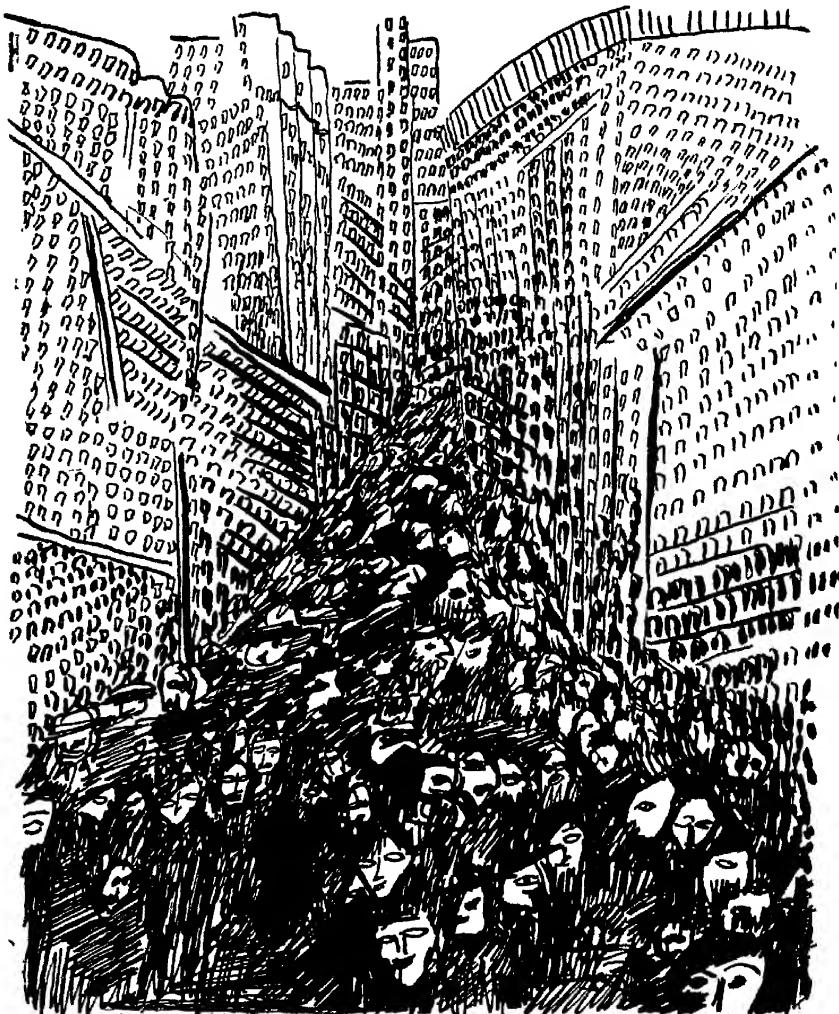
§

. . . Why do furriers always hang, in boom-times or during crises, in knots, in bunches, in assemblies at the corner of all Seventh Avenue Streets from the Pennsylvania down to Twenty-Third? They were there when we went away; they are there still. Chattering, gesticulating, waving arms abroad, gnashing teeth, hat brims pushing red ears forward. A few, motionless, thrust hands deep into trouser pockets, their heads hanging dejected. A few strikingly blond; mostly very dark or rufous. Wallachians, Croats, Ruthenians, Poles, White Russians, Hungarians. . . . Does their work do itself, manlike machines, functioning passionlessly, till the final, master's touch is needed? . . . I don't suppose so. . . . You hear from every group: "Put 'em up ergenster wall. . . . All the schwein employers."

§

. . . We swing between canyons of furriers into Sixth Avenue . . . Peire Vidal was a furrier's son and Peire Vidal was the greatest of the Troubadours, over there in the sunlight of the Narbonnais. I wonder if men in these crowds can

improvise sirventes to the plucking of the lute. I dares;
they can. You never can tell with these Wallachians, Mont



"I WONDER IF MEN IN THESE CROWDS CAN IMPROVISE SIRVENTES"

negrins, Slovaks, Ruthenians, Croats. But you can bet
your hat their sons will prefer to twiddle radio buttons. . . .
One up to the Technocrats.

§

. . . The very young visitor asks :

"And what are your impressions of New York, Mr. Ford?" his overcoat draped over my armchair, his hat beside him on the floor.

I say :

"It makes me shiver when I think of Africa, over there in the white sunlight. It's still there, you know, and I shiver when I think of disasters to come."

. . . He does not want my impressions of the climate; he wants me to talk about the skyscrapers. I say you can't have impressions of skyscrapers after you have been ten minutes in Manhattan, and when we came in this morning those glories of Gotham were obscured by the swastika. What could you say about skyscrapers except "Oo-er" if you happen to be from the East End of London? . . . I said :

"The last Partition of Africa took place—began to take place—in 1883. For thirty-one years the spoilers quarrelled about morselling out the quarry. Then they fought. . . ."

"Were you ever in New York before, Mr. Ford? If so was the Empire Building . . . ?"

. . . One does not notice skyscrapers in New York. You might in Chicago where they are rarer. Here they are just the goodly fruits of the earth. One doesn't have impressions. One has one's job and goes about it at the bottom of canyons. If you lived at the bottom of the Grand Canyon you would not be looking up at it all day and uttering the local equivalent of: OO-er! You might notice it if a special sunset was got up for your benefit. . . . On such an occasion Stephen Crane's Jimmie, Maggie's brother, said "wonderingly and quite reverently, 'Deh moon looks like hell, don't it?'"

. . . The young man said that his city editor had bidden him collect my impressions of skyscrapers. He insisted that it was my first visit to New York.

§

. . . Well, then : I was impressed when I first saw the Flat Iron, twenty-nine years ago. I was coming down Fifth

Avenue on a horse-bus. It was radiant and tall and white, like a Greek column. But I have not had any "impressions" in the last quarter-century. I haven't noticed the Empire State Building, not to mention—but I have noticed that it has a corner store to let that was to let when I was last here. I should be astonished if it let; but I am not astonished that the building is there. I should not be astonished if it weren't.

. . . Impressions are sensations that impinge and leave scars in the consciousness of the transient. But New York sensations flow over me as if I were a pebble in the bottom of a stream. I tell that young man that when I first struck this city his mother was still unborn. Compared to him or the average New Yorker who, as everyone knows, arrived here three weeks ago from Terre Haute or Rochford, Illinois, I am a Manhattan Methuselah.

He brings out boastfully:

"But *I've* been to Weehawken."

. . . I tell him that he can tell his readers from me that there will not be another war. Not ever. You could not get the men to fight and the big financiers got such cold feet over what happened to finance after the last war that they will never finance another. . . . And all Africa is parcelled out for good. There isn't a scrap left to fight over.

IV

VOYAGE OUTWARDS

. . . THE Sequoia pine, blackhaired Southern Professor of Physics, speaks from his Columbia Heights ceiling. He has not been able to understand one sentence in the speech over the radio of Miss Gertrude Stein. . . . Queer suddenly to run on the serious and professorial, puzzling over the words of our familiar Jertroodë Stang.g.g of the French painters and the white poodle in the Luxembourg Gardens. *Americans existing Americanly exist if they exist in existence Americanly outside Time.*

. . . We, more familiar with the diction of Jertroodë, assert that she means that Europeans are always handicapped by a sense that they come from the Past and are going towards a Future. Miss Stein's Americans Americanly existing live only in a to-day . . . of cellophane. The Professor, on reflection, agrees that that was what Miss Stein probably meant. To remember that there was ever a little charming, old, pre-1840 city here is as un-American as to realize that one day the bison will stamp and call over plains surrounding the detritus of Rockefeller Centre. The proper building really to meet you at Sandy Hook would not be a Colonial Mansion, even if you wrapped it in the detestable diaphanous material. It would be a wall on which should be displayed the latest daily dicta of Mr. Will Rogers, Mr. Huey Long, and Mr. Max Baer. (And so fast does time move in these pages that, though I wrote those names only a very few months ago, now that I start to recopy them two of those dictators are dead and the third K.O.) And against that wall the Immigration Officer could stand up anyone who would not undertake never to utter either the words *Respice finem* or *Fuerunt fortes ante Agamemnon.*

. . . I had better, the Professor tells me, watch my lips. This city has become race-conscious, politically conscious, foreigner-hyper-conscious. I'm not to forget that New York

does not want to be reminded that it ever was pre-1840. The Professor, indeed, was not certain that so to remind this city would not be to entertain designs against the human sovereignty of the United States—which I had promised not to do. There are walls for foreigners who remind the country of what it does not remember. During the late war, Frank Harris was prosecuted for quoting Washington's last Address to Congress. It is true that a speaker in Hyde Park, London, was fined ten shillings for quoting the Sermon on the Mount, which evened the matter out. But the cases are not exactly parallel in incidence; I must not think that there is any real bond between the two branches of Anglo-Saxondom. . . . It was, of course, the South speaking in the words of that Professor who came originally from Lexington, Va.

§

. . . We went back under the whirling shadows of the L. I am afraid of them; they once caused me to be deprived of many good bottles of wine. In '29 going to a magnate's dinner party—and expected to shine and applaud the liquor—in an open taxi, through these shadows, I was struck in the eye, something piercing my right eyeball. I did not shine. Worse, when the butler reverentially displayed beneath my agonized right eye the bottle of *Château Something or Other*, 1875, and I ought to have looked as reverential as the butler, I paid no attention. I was in too much agony. A surgeon subsequently extracted from my cornea a piece of iron filing. He said one should never ride in taxis on Sixth Avenue. The trains abrade the rails and shower out these small fragments of steel . . . Anyhow I was never asked to that house again. Perhaps the Crisis had something to do with it too.

. . . So, in spite of Professor Cox's warning, I am installed in the only pre-'40 apartment that I could find on Lower Fifth Avenue. I stretch out my legs from my dilapidated couch and feel as if my family, in reduced circumstances, had lived here since the Flood. My first visitor from above East Fifty-Ninth Street says that I have returned like a dog

to my vomit. . . . I don't really like people who use my own favourite quotations appropriately. I think that, when someone uses before me my one ewe lamb from Law's sermon on Contentment, which says that in all circumstances one should be content and ends: "So that if a man throw a stone at a dog and hit his unjust mother-in-law, he shall say: 'O Lord, it is not all that I had desired but, O Lord, it is enough'", I shall go out of business.

. . . My surroundings are incredibly mouldy; the radiator in the studio does not function at all; that in the living-room broils you. The refrigerator in the night makes sounds like the Yeth hounds passing overhead on Exmoor; the bath water appears to come through the refrigerator; I am warned that I had better not use the gas-stove for fear of explosions.

. . . The Hungarian landlord assures me that it will all be put right: "Yes, Mr. Ford; No, Mr. Ford." I know it will not. It will never all be put right. . . . But the buzzer shall sound from the front door; the patient New Yorker shall issue from the studio and say vindictively: "I told you what would happen if you came to this burg!" . . . But, O Lord, it is enough. I was born in rooms like these and if there were a kitchen table I should invert it and between its legs sail to . . . Oh, say Schenectady.

§

. . . The buzzer sounds shiningly. The Brooklyn matron wanders in exhaling radiance. . . . Isn't it all splendid after six years of the Boulevard St. Michael and the rue Guynemer? To be an ex-expatriate! Splendid plumbing; splendid shining packages; splendid Department Stores. Glorious! Splendid! Splendid extravagantly! Extravagantly splendid! Perish the Boul' Mich; *à bas* the Médici Fountain. What Left Bank could be more glorious than is Brooklyn with its view of Lower New York by night? Downtown! Lit up. . . . Shoals of lamplighters assaulting heaven.

. . . Our late Fuehrer, a tower of radiance, his hands in his tweed pants pockets, balances himself on his heels and, Apollo-like, emanates over my dimnesses a superhuman radiance. He smiles, enigmatically silent. Then the great

secret: The twins have gained two pounds a day since they have been in Brooklyn. Splendid! Splendid!

. . . How do you get to Brooklyn?

§

. . . I knew that little, damfool sonofabitch would put my address into his interview. He had been to Weehawken, or so he said, but he had not the sense not to do that. . . . It is 8.15 A.M.

§

. . . Telephone-bells have no personality. They say *dril, drill* like mechanical canaries. Always the same. But door-bells respond to the human jelly of the middle finger as the piano to the touch of the virtuoso. I can always tell what type of person is coming and of what type is his errand. . . . This blunt beginning, with a momentary faintness, finishing with a desperately refreshed bluntness—at 8.15 in the morning, that can only mean the blackmailer who has read your address only just now. . . .

. . . The worst sort of blackmailer. You can get rid of other sorts with gats—or cops if the police are not standing in with him. And *his* bell-ring is either tentative or overpowering. . . . This ringer is the blackmailer who will make you feel like a worm. . . . See how right as usual I am, my dear Watson. . . . This fellow does not know the floor. An interviewer only puts in the street number, never the floor. Real blackmailers always study the way in because they have to know the way out if they should be hurried. For those gentry at least *resipce finem* is a necessary admonition. And the telephone, the electric light, the milk-men, the grocer's emissary all have the floor on their schedules or get them from the telephone company.

§

. . . Open the door. The passage is like a crypt. Pre-1840; medieval even. Why don't I live in a shiny apartment-building with gilt-doored elevators and fresh liftmen dressed up like London bobbies? . . . Because I should die in one.

. . . The head of a dark fellow mounting the stair. Threateningly. Abyssinianly. Growing large, authoritatively on the stairs. Aquiline. . . . A mouldering Pharaoh.

. . . Funereal. All black. You would say a necrologist. But I'm not a corpse. . . . Pharaoh is pressing up against me in the dim crypt. He has something important to communicate. Something urgent. . . . He is going to suggest a red granite casket. He is Semitic and authoritative. He is in my sitting-room.

§

He sits rigid, just out of his gum-arabic and myrrh wrappings. He is—he was—the leader of the orchestra in X burg. Don't I know? The leader of the orchestra sits nearest the audience. To the right of the Conductor. But X burg is ruined. It had once very many wealthy families.

. . . Don't I know any of the clergy in X burg? One? He has frequently played to the guests of my friend after dinner. Sitting nearest the audience, well in view, he often had leading residents wait for him after the concert. They asked him to play for their guests. Have I no friends who would like him to play for their guests after dinner? He has been in New York since the beginning of the year. Heaven knows how he has lived. There used to be lessons. Now none. It is insufferable to have nothing to send back to the wife and children.

. . . With high nose, rigid, he sits still on the edge of the sofa. High forehead, shiny black overcoat, shiny black tie, shiny black eyes. Like a judge with the smile of Hamlet.

. . . There will be a thousand like this coming.

. . . He had thought that I had many friends. . . . But I'm in my bathrobe. No socks, no tie. Not a sou. The household is out marketing. I am destitute . . . a mere hoboe before this Pharaoh. How can he expect me to have friends? . . .

. . . And he could say that he was a violinist! He produced letters. This from Alfred Rhinelander, to all whom it may concern. . . . Name like Engelheimer is a real virtuoso. Hopes those concerned will give him hearing. . . . Another to Sinclair Lewis. Warmer in praise. More urgent.

. . . Perhaps Mr. Lewis would let him play to his guests. He had not been able to locate Mr. Lewis.

. . . Is it sporting of Providence so to harass me with dilemmas? I might give him Lewis's address.

§

. . . He has reached the stage when there is nothing for it but to sell his violin. That is the end. . . . Do I know Mr. Somebody of Liverpool? . . . Pharaoh was with the A.E.F. on the Argonne. He had been shipped back by way of Liverpool. He had played for Mr. Somebody's guests.

. . . He has not had much luck. Once he thought he had struck it. He played the TRILLO DEL DIAVOLO to wxKEYEW. They had given him a hearing. They engaged him to lead a little band of seven or eight. Three times a week for twenty minutes.

. . . The rehearsal was swell. Swell! When he came at six-thirty to take his turn he thought all the world had its eyes on him. He could tell me he would not have changed with Toscanini. The seven or eight men of his band were sitting waiting.

. . . A fellow hung on to the end of an immense cigar walked up to him: "Where's Your Union Ticket?" He had no ticket. The walking delegate walked up to the men. "You are warned that if you play with this man you will lose your union tickets for ever."

. . . I say shamefacedly that I have no money in the house

. . . He rises. Implacably. Like a dead Pharaoh, his eyes unseeing. I implore him, like a suitor begging boons of the High Gods, to come back at half-past two. I shall have a few dollars for him then. He is going to sell his violin. I say: Half-past *two*. He approaches, with the stiff motions of a condemnatory Robot, the doorway giving on to my crypt. He says expressionlessly: That will of course be the end.

. . . It is *not* decent of Providence.

§

. . . At the speak-easy the music is too loud, the lights too dim and it is very hot. Do you know what a Speak Easy

was? I thought not. Well, this place is so exactly like one of those haunts of pre-1840 New York that you could not tell the difference. There was once Prohibition. And Vizzavon's and Di Ajaccio's and Dragoni's. . . . You repeat those names and are met with a puzzled expression and a shake of the head. Old Chaffard has given up. His mind began to fail. . . . And you must not appear to know that anything happened before cellophane. You risk deportation. Or the wall.

§

. . . The walls here, once calcomined, are gaily decorated with green, pink, and blue representations of the terraces at Taormina. The Latin touch persistent in the arts of the Great Trade Route! Once it went from Pekin as far as the Cassiterides. It has reached here in this and similar cellars.

. . . The lights are too heavily shaded. You cannot see what you are eating. The plates are over-heated. The *maitre d'hôtel* does not know that a light Beaujolais, served with sea food, should be lightly chilled. He says with a glutinous accent that he does not know much about French red wines. But he does know that they should be served at chamber heat or warmer. He suggests a Jewish bottom registered in Antwerp.

§

. . . Beaujolais is the only red wine that can be served with fish. It is the wine of the spring. The world, over there, goes gay when its new-released growths appear. When it is served with fish it should be put for twenty minutes into an ice-pail. . . . Just think of Beaujolais—the place, with the little hills along the Saône, in the sun! below Mâcon and the Bourguignon.

. . . *Il ne faut pas*, says my chief mentor as to wines, you must not confound Burgundy and the Beaujolais. The Burgundy vine is called “*pinot*,” whilst the Beaujolais plant is the “*gamay*;” and these plants do not behave at all in the same manner. . . . That is why Beaujolais *may* be drunk cold on special occasions, or, even in periods of great

heat, whilst Burgundy must never impart the slightest chill to the tongue and must be drunk with richer meats and game.

. . . And do not believe that these rules should not be followed. The other day I had to dinner the sceptical sort of John Bull, American fashion, who edits the *American Mercury*. "A lot of tosh, all this," he exclaimed, or words to that effect, about right and wrong wines. "The only drink for a man is hard liquor, with or without a chaser. As to these beastly thin, foreign fluids, what does it matter what you eat with them?"

. . . We were about to eat a rather good *bœuf Bourguignonne* prepared by a chef whom I could trust. So I called for some good rye and suggested that we should take a mouthful or two of the stew and a shot of rye. We did and he said with bluff common sense: "What's the matter with that? 'S not very good. But nobody but a fool drinks whilst he's eating. Stops the kick, which is what you drink for."

. . . I called for a thin claret *maison* from California—not too good, but pure, thin wine. We ate some mouthfuls of the stew and drank. . . . He said: "What then? It's beastly, but what do you expect?"

. . . Then came a pretty good, genuine Burgundy. I said: "Now," after he had eaten a mouthful or two of that really succulent dish, "taste the wine. . . . You know how to taste wine." . . . He went through the proper ceremonial, gave a sort of gulp and brought out: "Well, it does make a difference. . . . By Jove, what a difference it does make!"

. . . To tell the truth one puts these things to the test with some trepidation. What would become of one's reputation if they failed? But I was myself amazed on this occasion. That tolerable stew came to life so that no god could have deserved a better dish, and few men.

. . . He said, more the John Bull than ever: "You're right. But you ought to be; it's what you're there for. All the same, I'd punish these fellows who are always introducing foreign things into the country."

. . . I asked if life was so pleasant that he could afford to do without any pleasure. . . . Any easily available pleasure.

. . . He said: "No, you can't. All the same, hard liquor is the only drink for a proper man. The only healthy drink."

. . . I said: "That's why the doctor has put you on the water waggon as far as hard liquor is concerned, for the rest of your life."

. . . He said that, all the same, he'd put those foreign fellows up against a wall. There had been too much alien corruption. He'd suffered from that disease himself, *dans le temps*.

. . . I said: "Yes, when you drank that red fluid you saw, like any other man, the sunlight on the vines of the Hospice at Beaune, and wished you were there again."

. . . "I did," he said, "and that's precisely why I'd put all those fellows up against it. Who wants to be corrupted? . . . Pack of rogues."

. . . I almost said: "Come, let us take a walk down Fleet Street." But I thought he might be hurt.

§

. . . In the speak-easy they play the *Boat Song on the Volga*. I wish they wouldn't. . . . I have omitted to say that the author of my *Petit Guide de L'Œnophile* prefaches his chapter on "Le Beaujolais, Nectar de la Région lyonnaise," with the verse:

"Bon Français, quand je bois mon verre
Plein de ce vin couleur de feu,
Je songe, en remerciant Dieu,
Qu'ils n'en ont pas en Angleterre."

As who should say, translated to the best of my ability:

"A good French man, I drink this wine,
As red as fire or scarlet flannel,
And think: Thank all the Powers Divine,
They've none like this across the Channel."

. . . They do not seem to have a great deal across the Herring Pond. At any rate *this* Beaujolais is provided with

a proper, but too ancient cork, and an authentic *Juliénas* label—but much too old. Beaujolais will not last more than eight years or so. . . . But this Beaujolais, costing a king's ransom, never saw the banks of the Rhône. It is probably familiar with the Pacific or perhaps with the neighbourhood of Newark, N.J.

. . . The orchestra continues to play the *Boat Song on the Volga*. The Brooklyn-Roman matron, more and more opulent, exclaims: Glorious! Splendid! Splendidly Glorious! The twins are gaining three pounds daily. You should see the view of Downtown New York from their Brooklyn windows. *Splendid!*

. . . The orchestra is playing very softly now. A dark hermaphrodite with saucer eyes sways like a Hollywood vamp up to our table. It sings the Wedding March from *Lohengrin*, alternately into the ears of the Roman matron and myself. He thus celebrates our approaching nuptials. Our late Fuehrer, the matron's shining spouse, beams across the table. . . . Splendid! Glorious! . . . Laughter and applause go down the long dim room. Paper streamers shoot towards us from the upper air but fall short. The triumphant matron with sparkling eyes says: What price the Boul' Mich now?

§

. . . The doorbell rings pot-valiantly. A well-charged man, my dear Watson, desires to come up. It is after midnight and I have the *grippe*. Once more I attend to the buzzer in bathrobe and slippers. It might be someone one wanted to see badly. The *Ile de France* docked an hour ago. We heard her hooters. Or, in that condition, it might be someone who needed to be looked after.

. . . A gangster sways along the dim crypt, leaning first on one wall then on the other. . . . The wages of gin is breath! Local colour at last. . . . I lean transversely across the doorway. I will defend my innocent household from the dreaded gat. I have a temperature of 103° Fahrenheit. . . . There are also Celsius and Centigrade. I am not acquainted with them. There is in the wall of the

Mairie at Tarascon a thermometer twenty feet high. I have studied it on hot days for hours, subtracting 32 and multiplying by three or four or forty. . . .

. . . This gangster is seven feet high. They heat this corridor too much. Yes, I will defend the innocent. I am innocent myself. The dim light gilds a scar on his forehead. He grins awfully. . . . I say I have a temperature of 103° Fahrenheit. Perhaps he will be afraid of infection.

. . . He says: "Give me your hand. I carry a shining sword."

. . . I jam myself more firmly, diagonally, across the door-space. Did you say *breath!* He sways over me. Kind sir, 103° Fahrenheit.

. . . He says: "The critics are treating you shamelessly. Shamefully." He has come to offer his shining sword in my service. Pin them up against a wall. . . . I say: Go away, another time, a hell of a temperature.

. . . It is an honour to grasp my hand. Shameless-shamefully. Mr. Swinnerton says I am hasty and coarse. Mr. Wells says I have no education. Mr. hic Priestley. . . .

I say who are all these people?

. . . He hics: . . . English novelists. Determined that not another English novelist shall *caser* himself here. If I will permit him to use his shining sword he will bring me the heads of a hundred English novelists every one of whom wants mine. . . . The scar on his forehead shines luridly.

§

. . . It is spring. We are descending a steep road into Sandgate High Street. H.G. says that he bought yesterday at Sandling Junction bookstall a copy of More's *Utopia*, in the new Temple Classics edition. He read it all the way up in the train. He says: You know, Fordie, there's something in these old classics after all. . . . I have a smattering of Latin, of medieval sources—*Urquellen*. Much less Greek. No geography. French too. . . . He knows the names of millions of minute bugs . . . streptococci and other items of that sort of stamp-collecting known as biology. But neither

think the other ought to be put up against a wall. In the name of the Utopias that we shall bring in.

. . . Apparently he is thrice armed. According to this gangster he has somewhere got his blow in fust!

§

. . . Alas! this is no gangster. I have always wanted to know one. But I saw my only specimen at Smith and Cape's house-warming. He walked with a limp, was five feet high, had written a book about gats and bootlegs, and with his young woman, who resembled a small, minor pre-Raphaelite model, discussed the merits of the castles of Sicily which they had just visited.

. . . But this fellow is only another returned ex-patriate. It is not local colour he exudes, except physically. My temperature must by now be 45° Centigrade. He says it is a great honour to grasp me by the hand. He has not yet succeeded in this feat, aiming innumerable times three inches too high. Of old Southern ancestry. Used to see me in the *Deux hic Magots*. Longed to grasp you by the hand. . . . A shining sword. . . . It goes on for a long time.

§

. . . Amidst a welkin-ringing of bells and hooters the scarlet, armoured police car glides to the sidewalk opposite the door of the luncheonette below. This will undoubtedly be local colour. As provided under the Loop. The patient New Yorker-who-has-not-read-Mallory says: "I wish you would close the window, I want to read you something."

. . . Two delightfully shining blue knights appear to fall sideways out of the armoured car. A heavier cop approaches them. They consult. The two disappear round the luncheonette front. . . . At last. . . .

"And when paper and ink was brought, then Sir Gawaine was set up weakly by Sir Arthur, for he was shiven a little before; and then he wrote thus as the French book makyth mention. . . .

"HAWKHEE HAWKHEE HAWKHEE. . . . BANG. . . .
BANG BANG, . . .

"‘Unto Sir Launcelot, flower of all noble knights that ever I heard of or saw by my day. . . .’"

"BANG . . . BANG . . . BANG. . . . HAWKHEE HAWKHEE
HAW . . . KHEE

‘send thee greeting and let thee have knowledge that this tenth day of May I was smitten upon the old wound that thou gavest me afore the city of Berwick and through the same wound that thou gavest me I am come to my death day. . . .’”

. . . They have not come out of the luncheonette, those two. The traffic streams up and down the Avenue. One would have thought that a hold-up in a Fifth Avenue luncheonette would have had the traffic stopped in its honour. . . . But of course they held up the big cafeteria on Broadway above Columbia Circle yesterday, and though an estimated twelve thousand people—though that is probably journalistic over-calculation—passed outside nothing was done about it.

HAWKHEE HAWKHEE haw . . . k . . . hee-e-e. Just a common fire, apparently.

"‘wherefore I beseech thee, Sir Launcelot, to return again unto this realm, and see my tomb and pray some prayer more or less for my soul. And at the date this letter was written, but two hours and a half afore my death, with my own hands and so subscribe with part of my heart’s blood. And I require thee, most famous knight, that thou wilt see my tomb. . . .’”

. . . I once saw a battered tin Lizzie on Seventh Avenue, at the end of West Eleventh Street near the Hospital. They said it belonged to a bookmaker who had been shot in it coming back from the races. It didn’t look like a bookmaker’s car. Hauptmann’s car, standing in the dismal snow in the yard of the courthouse at Flemington, looked much like that, filled with sawdust and indescribably shabby. You would think national heroes would have finer vehicles.

"‘*But I may not stand, my head works so,*’ said King Arthur,
‘Ah, Sir Launcelot, this day I have sore missed thee.’

"And in lifting the King Sir Lucan swooned with the lift that part of his guts fell out of his body and therewith the noble Knight’s heart brast."

. . . At a Christmas party in 1929, I think, I was standing with Elinor Wylie, to get air, at an open thirteen-story window in Tudor City. About four in the morning. The tiniest possible poppings sounded. Infinitely tiny, clear black figures ran over the snow. Ant-like silhouettes very far below. One fell. Elinor was of opinion that it was police chasing gangsters. But there was nothing about it in the papers next day. I suppose one never sees these things.

"Then Sir Bedivere departed. And went to the sword and took it up. And went to the waterside and there he bound the girdle about the hilts and then he threw the sword as far into the water as he might."

. . . The graceful figures of the young cops appear from round the corner of the luncheon shop. They are wiping their lips with the backs of their hands. CHOW MEIN 15 cts. Cops must lunch. . . . The last four knights did many battles upon the miscreant Turks and they died upon a Good Friday, for God's sake. And so the whole Round Table is dissolved. No, I suppose one never sees these things. These are vast cities and one's chance of seeing outrages is about that of winning the *Gros Lot* in the French State Lottery.

§

We were coming last night from the pictures in East Fourteenth Street. We had seen a Soviet film of the fabulous Red General who played havoc with the Whites. I will make the singular confession that it had made me feel good, if only in the movies, to see and hear a machine-gun at work and to see its effect on troops—marching, not up against a wall.

. . . We were going down University Place, in jammed crowds, flanked by jammed traffic, under the spray of light-signs.

. . . A taxi emerged from East Thirteenth Street, followed by a small crammed car. There was a too familiar unmistakable crack; something, much too familiarly, brushed the rim of my hat . . . from Clarksville, Tenn.

I grabbed by the arm the New Yorker, who had not finished Mallory, and dived under a stationary taxi at the sidewalk edge.

. . . That car following the taxi was covered with cops firing guns at everything. The taxi stopped just level with us; in its lighted interior sat a pallid mummy.

. . . The cops lugged him out. A large one mussed him up in the face; a larger one from behind; a little one had a try at his ear-hole. He swayed backwards and forwards, silently, without protest, like the toy soldiers, set into half bullets that we used to have as children.

"And there came an arm and hand above the water and met the sword and caught it, and so shook it twice and brandished it and then vanished away, the hand with the sword in the water. But ever in the barge the ladies and the queens wept and shrieked that it was pity to hear. . . ."

. . . "I'm not a writer," says the New Yorker who had said that aloud. "Hemingway's a good writer—for just the writing. You think him one of the best, don't you? But this seems to me better than Hemingway. Or isn't it?"

§

. . . *I detest Hemingway*, says the soft-voiced Communist.

He detests Hemingway, all blood-lusting writers, all bourgeois artists. They are nothing but the props of the Capitalist. He'd stand the whole lot of them up against a wall. Modern Art is all wrong. In its inspirations; in its methods. Healthy art can come from nothing but the study of conditions of your own day. Of the life around you.

I assert in my gentle voice that he could read those very words in a preface I wrote in 1906.

He says: "*You!*" with the infinite contempt you bestow on the completely senile.

"And," I continue gently, "I've written the same thing hundreds of times since."

He gets away, then, to a good start. A torrent of words in a gurgly, throaty, sweet voice. Blood, fire, extermination. Up against a wall. All artists, musicians, singers who are the

props of the capitalist system. Up against a wall, Matisse, Picasso; all the works of Renoir, Manet, Cézanne, Sisley. Turnt he machine-guns on the rotting canvases. . . . He rages up and down my shabby carpet between the dingy walls. One might have been back in the 'eighties with the Social Revolution, like the Fifth Avenue horse-buses, rolling along, just round the corner. In those days it was Kropotkin and Stepniak, and Bakunin, and a very young Lenin and Trotsky, and Engels and William Morris and George Bernard Shaw. All, except Kropotkin, clamouring for blood and the destruction of works of art. And Ravachol and Vaillant throwing bombs, really. . . . Times, of course, were much worse then. There was more real starvation and conditions all round, except for the comfortable, were mournfully insupportable.

. . . Yes, I must have listened to that sort of talk for very nearly two generations. But in those days there were the States to go to!

. . . He goes on with his spring torrents of soft vociferation. From time to time I put my one question. He listens like a man coming out of a dream—and continues his gluey blood talk.

. . . It produces finally on me the effect of a coffee-mill heard from three rooms away. I nod and a nostalgic image of the market-gardens to the North of Paris goes before my eyes.

"Yes," I exclaim suddenly. "What *about* the Small Producer?"

He spits over his shoulder:

"Blast you and all small spinach growers."

. . . These last few years I have been a man with an inspired mission. The only thing that can save the world is small production. . . . *La petite industrie.*

"Lenin didn't say that," I said, "I heard him. . . ."

The young man shrugged his shoulders violently and wagged an admonitory finger. . . .

"Listen. . . ." he exclaimed.

"For the matter of that," I got in, "Listen to *him*." He was going to be hoist with his own Mills bomb. And I read

from a pamphlet that he had cast beside me on my sofa—a yellow-covered pearl thrown on a swine's green day-bed:

"The small commodity producers cannot be crushed in the Soviet Republic. We must live in harmony with them; they can—and must—be re-moulded and re-educated. But this can only be done by very long, slow, cautious, educational work."

"That's Lenin," I said. "And you know as well as I do that only last month Stalin published a decree to the effect that every man working on a communal farm must be given two acres and a house—for his own. They've got to have the Small Producer like every other country that hopes to be saved."

The young man spits out with violence.

"Damn Stalin. . . . No, I don't mean exactly that. . . . As for Lenin, his task was a different one. He was the organizer of victory and his exterminations were finished. Ours haven't begun. Besides, damn your guts, isn't that what I'm doing? Re-moulding and educating *you*."

§

. . . Our Lady of the Seven Dolours is less pink than I thought She was and the Church of St. Philip Neri more grim in this Christmas Eve dusk. I last saw it some years ago, when I lived opposite. I had gone to see a wedding. Converted Jews, they were, the brilliant-cheeked bride, one of my publishers' secretaries; all in pink and pale blue, which on that Christmas Eve, no doubt, made the grim church seem gayer. I was put behind a pillar so that I could not see the altar and the church had been terribly hot. So I sat looking at the statue at the end of the aisle.

Suddenly she turned Her eyes on me and said:

"You will never see Christmas here again."

. . . That was ten years ago to the day, and as a matter of fact I have not celebrated Christmas in New York City since then. Perhaps She meant actually Christmas Day and actually the Church of St. Philip Neri. Or possibly, as my Toulon friends would interpret it for me, some deceased ancestor has interceded for me. . . . I remember that that

year someone hung on the railings of, I should think No. 8, a little higher up than the church, a black placard with the white inscription: "With God all things are possible."

. . . At any rate I hope I shall never spend another Christmas Day in New York City. It was a boon She offered me! My recollections of New York Christmases during Prohibition are too dreadful. I am thinking of all the deaths of friends that I have to attribute to them. And the lamentably warped children. . . .

§

. . . The tiny negro child on the drab opposite platform of the drab L dances a perpetual double-shuffle in between adult feet in the drab slush of the snow. Her teeth, in an unceasing, ecstatic half-smile, show white in the shape of a segment of orange peel; the white rings of her corneas surround pupils that gaze at the distant source of the drab sunlight falling from behind us. She revolves on herself, her shoulders continually shrugging themselves, her tiny jaws continually ruminant.

. . . Is it yards of molasses candy that she sees? Or last night's pictures? Or is it perhaps Douanier Rousseau's jungle with the leopards prowling as they prowl on the Royal standard of England, and the warm rain falling in crystal rods.

. . . I suppose my Communist friend would want to stand that picture up against a wall and riddle it with his machine-gun. . . . Presumably a Douanier is not a member of the Proletariat.

§

. . . I wish I had not seen that little negro girl. Or I wish it had been in the sunshine on Toulon Rade that I had seen her. Then she would have been African, and proud.

. . . It is disagreeable when going on a holiday to be brought back to a disagreeable train of thought.

§

. . . "General Iquiqui," the Eminent Technocrat roars, "the only European general in Mexico, stood the Catholics

up, five deep against the wall. Mexico is poor and bullets cost money. I shook him by the hand and said he was a fine fellow."

. . . It is Christmas Day at Mount Kisco. You see the promise of ten Christmas Eves ago, during the wedding of the converted Jews—(When I was last in Stanton, Va., banners across the Main Street invited one to a revival meeting that promised to be addressed by a converted actress and a reformed Jewess)—the promise has been kept. As it were in the night, by telephone. For we had had yesterday no idea of coming to Mount Kisco. Snow sifts down onto the lake; the woods are purple on a white ground.

. . . Dreiser, at his long Esherick-made table, turns up the ten of diamonds and lays it slowly on the knave of clubs.

. . . "There are thirty odd million Catholics in the United States. . . . *That's a problem,*" says Dreiser.

"Put 'em up against the wall," roars the Technocrat, striding up and down the room. "And all Waps with them."

"There are sixteen million Jews," shouts the Technocrat.

"*That's a problem,*" says Dreiser.

. . . He removes a pile headed by the knave of spades and lays them on the queen of hearts.

"Put 'em up against the wall," shouts the Technocrat. He is tall, lean, scrawny, and Adam's-appled like a cowboy desperado of the films. "We will let no one live here who has contacts outside the country."

. . . "There are twelve million negroes," says Dreiser. "*You'll admit that's a problem.*"

. . . ("Dreiser," whispers the lady of the house, "likes to have him here. He enjoys his talk.")

§

"All Polacks, all Wallachs, all Waps," shouts the Technocrat. "Up against the wall with them." . . . He is going to send the U.S. Army to massacre all the males of Belgium and sterilize all the females of France. The United States will order the British Fleet to blow every Italian town off

the face of the earth till there's not a beastly mouldering stone on a beastly mouldering stone on a Roman or medieval ruin and not an obscene fresco on an obscene church wall in the whole of the peninsula.

. . . He will have no subjects but disciplined North Europeans. He can tell the least drop of Meridional or Oriental blood. During the war he had seventy million men marched behind a sheet with their legs alone showing, from the knees down. He sifted out unerringly the Jews, Waps, Catholics, Armenians. . . . None of them. He will have none of them.

§

. . . "Shan't I be allowed to keep my old house?" the English Lady asks plaintively. "Or to go on selling old lace. . . ."

"If the house is economic," answers the Technocrat. "But it isn't. Your oil-heater uses and wastes seven times too much heat. We are going to raze Stuart Chase's mansion to the ground. It needs too many servants merely to keep it clean."

"Shall I have to live in a concrete cell in a hive of nine hundred thousand slaves? I shan't like it," weeps the English Lady.

"*That's* a problem," says Dreiser.

"Be thankful," hisses the Technocrat, "if we give you bare food. You cannot live without food every day. Remember that you are just a unit amongst seventy hundred million units just like you. I can tell by metabolism if a man has had an Armenian ancestor seven hundred years ago. Don't forget Science."

. . . "Science your grandmother," suddenly exclaims my patient New Yorker. "I am Jewish. Everything in the world that's admirable to-day is of Jewish origin. You only want to live among North European stock because you're incompetent and they are as incompetent as you. You are afraid of efficient races. You cannot make this country self-sufficing. You've no tin. You can't digest your food. You can't sow seeds in a soap-dish; you can't black your

own boots; you can't do anything that a man can do. That's why you want machines with others to work them."

. . . "That really *is* a prob——" says Dreiser. We can't hear "lem" because the Technocrat has got away again.

. . . "Tin, your grandmother," he shouts. "We have cellophane. You don't need metal containers. Cellophane can do all that cans can. Cellophane can do anything. The world owes US gratitude for cellophane alone. *Hoch, Cellophane!* . . . In two years we shall have Our great dam supplying All Power. We shall be the All Highest. Then all you Small Producers with your frescoes and laces and epics on toilet paper shall be set up against walls. We shall have bullets that will pierce a hundred men on end and Machines that will convert Jewish corpses into always more Power. The Machine alone shall survive and We the Masters who can make the Machine do everything. . . ." He waves his arms abroad . . . "Make the Machine do everything," he roars.

§

Next morning the engine of the Technocrat's Ford stalls on the little Ferry that leads to the English Lady's oil-heated house over on the Palisades. The winds are full of the protesting hoots of vehicles delayed behind us. We have to get out and stand in the icy blast. The Technocrat fumbles with tinny gadgets in the bowels of his Machine. Two small boys have to push it off the Ferry.

§

In the afternoon of New Year's Eve my comrade of the late trenches who has become second executive of a great publicity firm, a great, gentle man, his mild eyes beaming through his shining glasses, says mildly in his modest tones:

"For myself, I would put your friend Mr. Insull up against a wall along with all the heads of businesses in this country. They're utterly incompetent and venal. Rid of them we could get on without Communism which nobody wants."

. . . "It's a problem," I say. "Mr. Insull, and I dare say most of the others, aren't wicked. They wish no man ill.

They're admirable fathers; good friends. Charitable. Truthful."

. . . "God will have to look after him," says grimly that large, gentle being. "After he has been up against the wall. He is said to recognize His own. You remember the sergeant-major of the Dirty Half-Hundred who used to say that, when he stumbled over a dead Boche?"

"Someone else said it before," I said.

. . . It was queer to have that sudden reminder of the siege of Béziers and the cleric who first wrote those words to the Pope after they had butchered sixty thousand heretics. I don't suppose they were much less bloodthirsty than we are to-day. The idea of sixteen million Jews up against a wall had probably not occurred to them; they were not million-minded and sixty thousand seemed quite a successful butchery. But the idea would have pleased them, no doubt, if some Columbus could have put it into their heads.

§

Anyhow, God bless Béziers in the New Year's sunlight that will soon be creeping over it. And all the country of Peire Vidal. That is the best and fairest portion of the Great Route.

It sure is, says the Patient New Yorker.

§

A little later the Brooklyn matron sits reading the adventures of Inspector Maigret of the Sûreté as recorded by M. Georges Simenon. The radio sends out the New Year chimes from Big Ben, towering above Westminster, in London. The lights of downtown New York tower like stars of a vaudeville Elfin over the black water till they vanish at the top of the casement. I haven't the faintest idea how we shall get to the New Year's Party.

The twins slumber in their pink and blue cradles. The German nurse, thanks to whom they are now gaining four pounds a day, watches over them with the ecstatic gaze of an angel of the Nativity. The dark eldest daughter sits under the standard lamp puzzling out a cat's cradle. Our

ex-Fuehrer, as ecstatic as the German nurse, tiptoes across the room to hang some little garments on the radiator.

. . . "Dew and Manna. . . . Manna and Dew," he says, "Glorious. Splendid."

. . . Those are the names of the twins, called for the blessing that Jehovah bestowed on their ancestors in the wilderness.

. . . Twelve grave, enormous, metallic notes sound through the room—and then all the hooters of the Thames and all the taxi horns in London. The radio remarks: "A happy New Year to all mankind. National B.B.C. speaking."

. . . And surely, I said, this is the American Home. Nothing but peace and goodwill to all mankind. No wall; no malice. And dew and manna by the blessing of God. In London it is already next year! It won't be that for hours here.

§

. . . The Brooklyn matron glances up from her book across the darkly illuminated waters. Marvellous, simply marvellous, she says to the lights of downtown New York, aspiring. She returns her gaze to her book. Inspector Maigret, with his pipe going, is following a trail down the Boulevard St. Michel, crossing by the blown spray of the fountains of the rue Soufflot, in under the shadows of the deep Luxembourg trees, past the Médici fountain.

. . . She looks up with an agonized face.

"He hasn't any *right* to write about those streets," she says. "They're *my* streets!"

§

Damn it, *I* must have someone to put up against a wall. I'm not a proper man if I haven't.

. . . It was at the New Year's Party proper. How different these things are from parties in the time that we have forgotten . . . that did not exist! I went away from one, stealing away as if over corpses, the only soul erect by grace of long lines of hard-drinking ancestors, I suppose. And others, others, others; Heaven forgive the man who first

thought of that iniquity. He would be a good person to set up against a wall—that Columbus. But he's dead, I suppose, long ago, long ago. He had, probably, like Uncle Ned, no wool on deh top of his head—in the place where deh wool oughter grow. . . .

. . . Now we sit, a little company of intimates beneath a highly gilt-ornamented tree, and talk quietly, waiting for the New Year that is hastening across the Atlantic, outward bound along the Great Trade Route. . . .

. . . I can't remember that I ever wanted to kill anyone. I once shot a rat at the Pent. . . . At twenty yards, to the ingenuous astonishment of Conrad. But I didn't *want* to kill the rat. I have always felt that a rat had as much right to exist as I. It destroys my goods—but so does the graceful and applauded butterfly, one day's work of which, as I know each year to my cost, will result in the destruction of a whole small field's produce. I did, indeed, during the war, several times, with a specially sighted rifle, shoot at a German tin hat a quarter of a mile away above a mud parapet. But I never personally wanted to kill a German: not for my own gratification. It was a group impulse, or for the sake of France. . . . Why in hell must there be nations? I don't feel to belong to any nation. I feel mildly American in America but nothing anywhere else . . . except when England is playing for the Davis Cup against the United States. Then I feel pretty English—wherever I may happen to be. . . . England *ought* to have athletic records. She has so little else, poor dear . . . so little except her record of the 4/8/14 at 4 Ack Emma. . . . In this burg it would be 8/4/14.

. . . I live in Provence, but I can't become a Provençal because that, as things go, would be to become French, and I don't want to become French for reasons that would take too long to tell.

. . . No, I want to belong to a nation of Small Producers, with some local, but no national feeling at all. Without boundaries, or armed forces, or customs, or government. That would never want me to kill anyone out of a group feeling. Something like being a Provençal. I might want to

insult someone from the Gard if he said he could grow better marrows than we in the Var. But that would be as far as even local feeling would go . . . and of course I would not pretend that we could grow wine as good as the Côte du Rhône. Though we have our patches. There is one at la Valette and another in Calvaire. If you could drink their domain wines you might write home about them, if you lived at Tavel itself.

. . . And I want the whole world to be nothing but undefined nations of Small Producers without boundaries or custom houses or politicians. That would be a happy New Year to all mankind, National B.B.C. or anyone else speaking.

. . . No, I never wanted to kill anyone or anything, and I never shall.

. . . I suppose the Commandant over there on the slope of the mountain in Provence is eating my strawberries.

. . . Oh, *hell!* . . . A window is thrown open on to Twelfth Street. There are the syrens from the river, petards, bells in chimes, great bells tolling. They wire their champagne corks rather extravagantly in this country. . . . At least they don't cover the corks with cellophane . . . yet. The air shivers with all those sounds. Voices of people singing come up from the dark street. A guest pulls golden globes from the Christmas tree; another, the *cheveux d'ange*. They throw them down into the street. The singers haven't perhaps got any. . . . I suppose it is all right though I do not think it would be done in the best English circles.

. . . I believe that, if you offered me a million dollars, if, by pressing a button I would kill an unknown mandarin in the centre of China, I should press the button. . . . And yet I don't know. . . . The Chinese are a queer, old, likeable clan. It was they who started the Great Trade Route and first went from Pekin to Penzance, and their ancestor-worshipping religion does not ask you to kill anyone, only to hang paper lanterns on tombs in blue nights. . . .

. . . On the other hand, if I had a million dollars I would start a magazine and print all the real talent from here to Baton Rouge and back. . . . What a six months that would be!

. . . The sound of bells has died away; the voices of the motors have ceased; the singers departed; the taste of the champagne has died in the mouth. . . . We are for it!

§

. . . We hasten over the chilly pavements, a little chilled ourselves. We will have some hot whisky toddy, a hot cracker or two, a bit of store cheese, and a short read in a detective story in a hot bath. I am going to begin the year as I hope to continue it. And peace shall be all over the world this year. For how could it be otherwise when in one land you can hear the year coming in thousands of miles away? The nations are drawn so close together.

. . . But there is no hot water in bath or kitchen. The furnace-man is beginning the year as he hopes to continue in it. The whisky bottle is corked with some granitic substance. It turns the point of my corkscrew; my knife slips off it and enters my finger. The packet of cigarettes is covered with a shining substance, the cracker package and the pot of cheese. Also they turn back my fingernails and I cover them with blood. I hold my finger under the cold-water tap. There is no water. After half an hour of wrestling with corkscrews, chisels, claw hammers, and carving knives in a perfectly heatless apartment I crawl into bed. At this moment the dawn is smirching the night of Flanders.

. . . But do you think I can stay in bed? No, I must begin the year as I hope to continue in the same. If not in one way, then in another. . . . I am certain I saw a derelict souptureen in the kitchen.

. . . The Technocrat told me that his Government encouraged the incredibly extended use of that transparent calamity because in ten minutes a cellophane factory can be converted to manufacturing T.N.T. or some other high explosive.

. . . I wish—yes, the wish is coming now, that they would put up against a wall every man who ever had a hand in investing, promoting, insuring, or in any way assisting the sale or consumption of that shining substance—and every man whoever invented the packing, canning, doping,

selling of every imaginable kind of packet goods. Then there would be some peace because people would have digestible food and would not, with their dyspepsias—the Technocrat could not eat a dry wafer without puking for an hour—they would not imagine vain and blood-sprinkled things against their neighbours.

. . . Yes, there is the old grey, cracked soup-tureen. It can't be colder in the room so I open the window. With one of the two silver table-spoons I trowel soil from the window-boxes. The tureen is now an allotment. I scatter over it the mustard and cress seed from the Five and Ten in the Tottenham Court Road, London. I water them with water from one of the flower-vases. Next Thursday we shall astonish Mrs. Odela, who is an Anglo-maniac, with mustard-and-cress sandwiches at tea.

. . . I *am* beginning the year as I hope to continue in it. I am a Small Holder again. I am at home again beside my plot of ground. I shall place it on my bedside table so that first thing every morning I shall be able to see how the crop is coming on. . . . Just as, every dawn over there, I wander between my plots of melons and strawberries, and watch the light come in over the Mediterranean, at that other point of the circle of the Great Route. . . . The patient New Yorker opens the door of the studio and stands book in hand :

"Wherefore I beseech thee, Sir Launcelot. . . ."

Hawkhee, HAWKHEE . . . HAWK . . . HEE . . . HEE. There must be a fire in Washington Square. I knew a fire-fan who used to pay the central fire station five hundred a year to ring him up every time there was a big fire notification.

"To return again unto this realm and see my tomb and pray some prayer more or less for my soul. . . . And have knowledge that the tenth of May I was smitten upon the old wound that thou gavest me before the city of Berwick. . . . And so subscribed with part of my heart's blood. . . ."

"That *is* rather good writing, isn't it? I'm not a writer,

of course, but it seems to me to be better than anything I ever read . . . ‘Subscribed with part of my heart’s blood.’ ”

That poor patient New Yorker also is determined that the year shall continue as it now begins. You could not probably begin it much better. The *Morte d’Arthur* is some book. If more people read it we might have better years.

V

INTERLUDES FOR REFLECTIONS—I

I

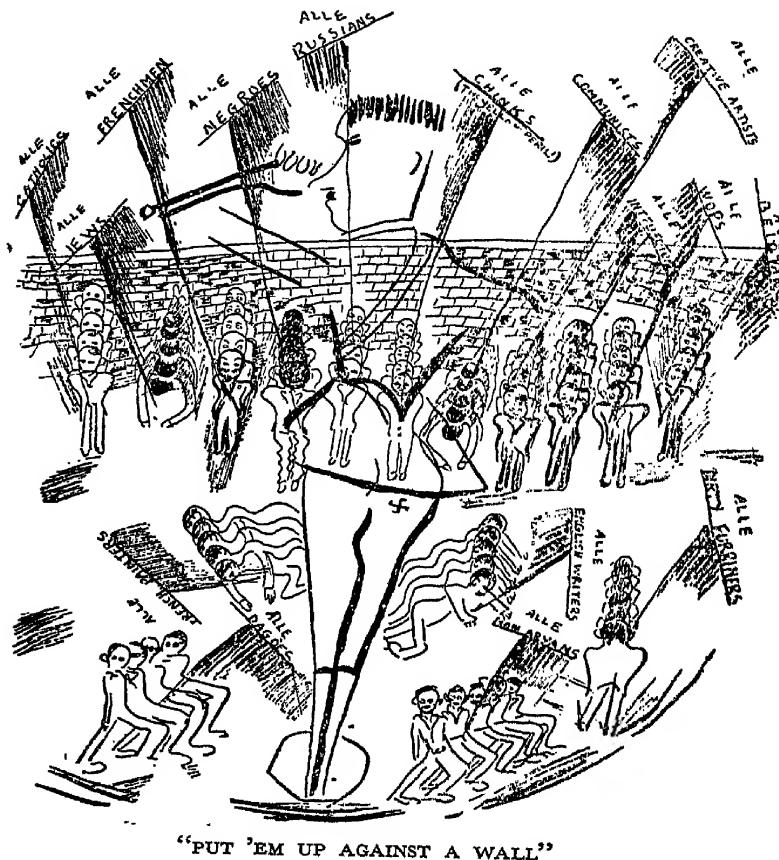
SOCIETIES OF NATIONS

THIS would be a good moment to get out of the crowd round the bandstand and reflect. Let us go somewhere outside our Great Route where there are, say, mountains and a lake and think about this matter of the Wall about which we have just heard such a great deal.

Under the window the fire-engines still say HAWKHEE . . . HAWK . . . HEE-E BANG . . . But, look . . . There are the red-brick sides of Trenton, N.J.; skip Pennsylvania; here is green shoe-shaped Delaware State. . . . It is broadening out. On the right, white columns and porticoes and friezes in profusion. That's Washington. On the left, Baltimore and the coast. You see: there's Key West as the vision broadens. . . . And the Morro of Havana. . . . Quick; there far away to the left are the Azores and to the right Funchal with the wheel-less ox-sleds. Don't forget them. . . . But we are in between Spain and Africa. . . . Are you breathless? . . . Yes, we are going—the sight is going—too fast to see the Balearic Islands except as a ribbon. . . . And here is the mouth of the Rhône. . . . And we may slacken, as the eagle, braking with its lower wing feathers, to go up that river to its source. Up the valley of the Dauphinois; above Grenoble where you eat well. . . .

Well, we are at the limits of the sphere of influence of the Great Trade Route with its Mediterranean civilization. . . . It is Calvin against Jesus; the Hyrcanians against Marcus Aurelius; Fafnir the Dragon against the doves and sparrows of Venus; Falstaff against Epictetus; gin against the juice of the grape; the Wall as against Civilization. . . . Any Septentrional you like against any one of the Mediterranean; Victoria against Napoleon III, if you like . . . as long as you keep the image of the Mason and Dixon

line that runs all round the world along the fortieth parallel, N., separating the lands of us Nordics from those where once the Merchants went . . . where there were no walls.



5

You put peoples up against walls when you desire their goods. You erect barriers between yourselves and others when you desire by pressing a button and killing a mandarin in China to obtain a million dollars. Then you call that protection. So you starve. All we peoples on the Great Route are one civilization. Get that and hold the thought, will you? Otherwise you will be marching through Georgia again.

We can't afford that even once more. It would finish us. The last one brought us where we are. It was the machine age against the Small Producer. The next one. . . . But there must not be a next one. I told that interviewer who had been to Weehawken that there was never going to be another war. . . . To-day the descendants of Q. Fabius Maximus, about whom Miss Hall used to tell me, are beginning a Ride . . . Southwards. . . . In his day they said: *Semper aliquid novi ex Africa.* . . . What new thing is coming out of Africa now? Even Boston has learned that it is better to leave African questions alone. . . . Where shall we be when the New Thing that is coming out of Africa shadows the world? Perhaps we shall be no more there. . . . And glad of it. . . .

§

Look, there is a cold lake. Metallic with the reflections of the eternal snows. Let us plane down to it and, sitting on its banks, consider how to get rid of Wall-fever.

§

It is a curious coincidence that the first Latin sentence we most of us learned was: BALBUS MURUM AEDIFICAT . . . Balbus is building a wall. You remember how it goes on? . . . "The boy will lose some time. . . . He came to irritate wasps." . . . You remember? Prophetic, wasn't it?

§

The North-Easter blows the spray in our faces; the waves beat on the concrete rocks of the breakwater where the gulls are assembled. The New Yorker shivers under furs only meant to resist the rigours of a Manhattan steam-heated apartment. Biala, with frozen fingers, has gone into the Council Chamber. . . . She hopes that if her fingers thaw she will be able to draw its horse-shoe perspectives.

The skies are a uniform, swiftly shifting grey; the autumn golds and wet greens of the mountains confront us beneath hastening veils; the eternal snows are veiled. We are beyond the edge of Beyond. This is the Lake of Geneva.

I say to the slightly impatient but still long-suffering sharer of my gastronomic adventures who is in a hurry to know what diplomats eat:

"I don't see, if Biala draws all the hotel signs you want, how it's going to help the idea of the book. . . . This chapter is about the Nations living at peace. . . ."

"The hotel signs . . ." the New Yorker begins and shivers.

I say coldly:

"You appear to be cold."

That unfortunate trans-Atlantic says: "Yes, it's undoubtedly cold."

For me, hardened by my London youth, to sit on a bench in a Nordic Nor'Easter in only the clothes I usually wear in Provence isn't disagreeable. It gives me a feeling of Nordic virtue; I resemble in that my Viking ancestors—whom I never had. And I explain to that Manhattanite that if one's youth has not been softened by central heating and calorific self-indulgence one can come straight from the sun of our Mediterranean slopes to these grey sprays on the edge of the civilized world and have one's train of thought in no way interrupted. Let us at least not move until we have determined what views shall here illustrate these pages. If we do move we shall meet, surely, Monsieur Herriot, or the Permanent Secretary, or the Chinese representative, or the *Christian Science Monitor* man with his charming-accented wife, and then we shall forget all about the illustrations. And have to begin the discussion all over again after midnight.

There is a gull that sits on the round ball of a flagstaff behind a white steam launch. All the other gulls crowd together on the breakwater, turning their breasts to the gale. But that one, contrary to the habits of its kind, makes continuously short excursions, swallow flights, round over the water, and returns to its ball. We have observed him several times. I say:

"That gull is surely a sort of Columbus. He's thought out that fool trick before any of his companions. One day he will have his Day. And Monument!"

The New Yorker says:

"I should have thought the view from the hotel corridor would have suited you. That vista of hotel signs. . . . The Hôtel de Belgique et de l'Univers; the Hôtel de la Grande Bretagne et de Panama; the Hôtels des Etats Unis et de Londres; the Grand Hôtel de la Paix. . . . It's fantastic and it also suggests your congeries of nations ideas. . . . I hate that seagull. It's really too damn cold. . . . Here comes that Peruvian with the awful wife. . . ."

I exclaim breathlessly, "Look, quick. There's Mont Blanc."

"I don't believe," that amiable trans-Atlantic says bitterly, "that there's any such thing. . . . You *would* come to this beastly burg that's just like any Middle Western railway junction. . . . And now those Peruvians will get us. . . ."

"You said yourself," I remonstrated, "that the *rizotto à moules de l'Océan* at the Globe in the rue du Purgatoire was one of the best things you have ever tasted. And the *jambon sauce à la crème* was pretty damn good. . . . And consider: where we are now walking once walked Calvin. . . ."

"It does not console me. . . ." says the New Yorker.

"And Jean Jacques Rousseau and Voltaire. And Gibbon wrote the *Decline and . . .*"

"Surely in Lausanne" says that pedantic being.

"It's all the same," I exclaim; "it shows what a sanctuary . . . what a refuge . . . what a cosmopolitan meeting-place . . ."

"*Damn* cosmopolitanism," says the New Yorker. "The Peruvians have got us. We can't decently miss them now . . ."

"Besides," I say, "you must not forget that Macchiavelli prophesied in his day that the inhabitants of these mountains would prove the modern Romans and overrun the whole civilized world. Yet from that day to this they have never taken up arms. . . ."

We were standing before a great rock carved out with figures of men wearing steel helmets and carrying rifles. Pushing umbrellas against the North-Easter, along the verge of the lake, the Peruvians were almost level with us. The inscription on the monument said:

"To the Glorious Dead of the Helvetic Confederation in the War of 1914." I thought the Swiss were neutrals! The patient New Yorker, with a face screwed to cordiality, exclaims:

"Bonjour, Madame de Sotomayor y Caravalhos di Borroméo; Bonjour, Monsieur."

Panting, the dark-bearded gentleman with a frozen nose pushed his umbrella to my windward side and stuttered; it was his stuttering that made him so insupportable:

"Et q-q-q-quelles s-ont v-v-v-os impressions d-d-e la S-s-soss-ss-iété des N-N-ations, monsieur?"

Enormous drops fell on us condensed by the trees above. I tried to describe for the benefit of these inhabitants of Peru what were my impressions of the League of Nations, and the spray beat all about our poor legs.

I say:

"As a chance it's perhaps a pretty poor chance. But it's the only chance there is to save our poor bloody civilization. If anyone wants to save it."

§

Twenty odd years ago I was in a landscape of mud hills and old, empty food cans and cartridge-cases and old iron and rats and thistles and a corpse or two. It was disagreeable, and at times it grew to be worrying. . . . An intense worry that filled in all the world and the Huns and Army Headquarters. And when we were in support I used to get a horse and, on one pretext or another, ride for miles in search of a plot of ground that man had left undefiled. I would pretend to be looking for ferrets to destroy the rats with which our lines were infested; or straw for the transport; or better billets for our H.Q. who were always grumbling at their billets. If I had been able, as Divisional Billeting Officer, to have placed them in Leopold's Palace of Laeken they would have grumbled that the famous collection of musical instruments contained no saxophone. For their jazz.

Actually I would be searching for a patch of undefiled earth, with untrampled, unurinated grass, and unbarraged hedges. I never found it. Beyond Steenewerck;

beyond Locre; beyond Dranoutre; beyond Bailleul, to the Channel itself; every hedge corner had its turf fire with Tommies crouching over it—deserters, I dare say: its tank-depot; its aerodrome; its dead and distended mule.

I don't want you to think that I was unduly dispirited. It is not the horrors of war but the atrocities of peace that are impelling me to write this book in favour of pacifism. I—and most of my comrades of the trenches—have had much worse times since then than we had when a constant life in the open air and hard muscular work kept us insensitized fatalists. For myself I would far rather go through again the whole war than repeat my experiences on my last voyage from Gotham to Monte Carlo.

But, in moments of dispirititude—caused for the most part by the unceasing demands, treacheries, frightfulnesses, bloodsuckings of the civilian population that we had left behind—I would begin to think if somewhere there was not some sanctuary into which one could creep and forget. I would think of the United States; but she was coming in. Of Brazil, Peru, Japan, Monte Carlo. . . . They were all in. Of the Enemy Nations. . . . Well no.

And then the idea of Switzerland would come to one. And it was as if one staggered back. . . . Heaven knows one wangled every possible soft job to get one out of the lines and I didn't differ from anyone else. If I could have been appointed O.C.—officer commanding—one of the dilapidated London buses in which were housed the Army's carrier pigeons, miles to the rear of the Line, I would have accepted the job with enthusiasm. And should have shone in the eyes of all my battalion as the perishing fine wangler I should have been.

Yet when I had the chance of a perfectly honourable position in Intelligence in Geneva I turned it down, even without a thought. . . . There rose up before me the perfectly banal streets, even as they are before me at this present . . . a sort of European Middle Western Main Street filled with wooden faces . . . and foreigners running on ignoble errands. And one would be just outside the limits of civilization.

§

Because that is what you feel when you are in Geneva or merely thinking of Geneva. If you look at it on the map you see that it is a little bit of dead wood, a peninsula jutting out into the last waters of Sino-Latin civilization. The light and warmth that came from China along the Great Trade Route threw their beams just so far and no farther; then the Nordic draughts seeped down.

It is too far from the sea. . . . An invincible horror has always filled me at the thought that I might be forced to live permanently in Switzerland and I have never until this moment been in Switzerland without finding myself steeped in almost insupportable misery. . . . And longing for the shores of the sea.

That is because, years ago—so long ago that I ought not to remember it instead of remembering it with read shuddering—I was seized upon by one German nerve-specialist after another and sent further and further towards Central Europe in one hydropathic establishment after another; at first on the Lower Rhine, then on the middle Rhine, then above Schaffhausen where the Rhine is like green slag-glass; and finally to a place called Mammern on the shores of Lake Constance. I all but died before I again saw the sea.

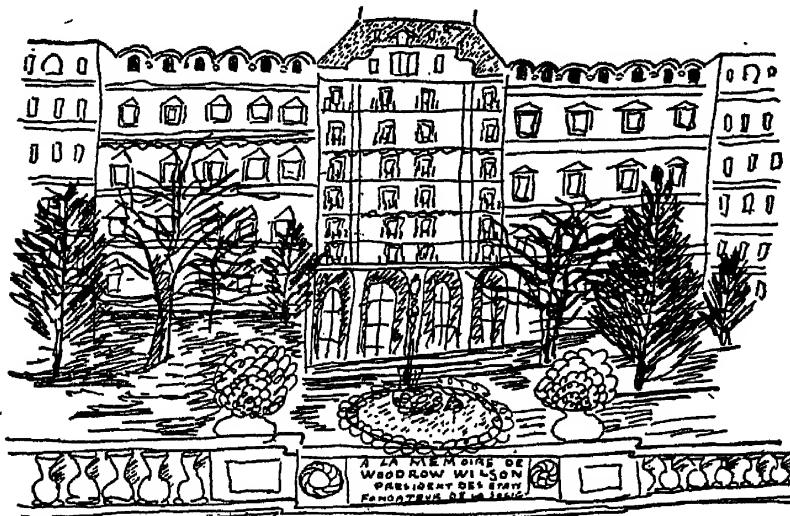
§

And seated, looking over this wind-tortured grey lake, that was never till to-day the centre for anything but the condensed milk and cuckoo-clock trade—and of course Calvinism—and that because of a yellow-stuccoed, de-throned HÔTEL DE MAJESTIC ET DE CHICAGO just behind my back is now the cynosure of a quite excited Universe . . . seated here in the wet, steel grey wind, I am visited by one of those fits of absence that, as I have said, may visit me in Manhattan as in London. . . .

I am looking, I imagine, due North. My sight must be going through the back of my head. . . . A great greyish swathe of visibility passes through the cheap Palace of the League; through the white, new railway station that looks

much more like a palace. It bears on its forehead, curiously enough, a bas-relief representing the Rape of Europa. Considering where we are that must have been imagined by a sculptor with a sinister sense of the grim side of humour. . . . The fantastic bull galloping away with, on its back, the unfortunate League in the guise of a screaming, buxom female. . . .

And so that optical delusion pierces greyly into the



"THE YELLOW-STUCCOED, DETHRONED . . . CHEAP PALACE OF THE LEAGUE"

Dauphinois of France, widening out as widens the path that the Rhône has cut for itself. . . . And you may like to know that, at Grenoble, about 160 kilometres south of Geneva, you can eat almost as well as at Dijon itself and for almost nothing. We had there the other day: marenne oysters, langouste with mayonnaise, *grives* grilled in vine leaves, *champignons à la crème* the best that any of us had ever tasted, cheese from the neighbouring meadows, and fruit, in a place of refection established in 1630, where the chef looked like the poet-painter D. G. Rossetti and all the waiters resembled Carusos and Campaninis, for nineteen

francs—say a dollar twenty—a head, and a nice, new, chilled Beaujolais at two francs, say twelve cents, the quart. . . . And at that the patient and for once completely rewarded New Yorker sighed—and has continued to sigh ever since—because it was beyond human powers to consume afterwards the eleven-franc lunch, which included hot game-pie with cray-fish tail sauce and the famous *gratiné* that is the glory of that green-grey landscape. . . .

Civilization has penetrated that far to the North. . . .

But from that bench on the side of Lac Leman my view opened out—in spite of the fact that high in a cloud-rift Mont Blanc made one of those shining two-second appearances that that New Yorker never managed to catch—my view opened out down the Rhône valley, past Lyons, past Valence, past Orange, Avignon, Tarascon, Arles, broadening out and broadening out to take in the Crau and the Camargue and all the Narbonnais to the Pyrenees and all Provence to Italy. And then extending like an immense sickle blade, eastward to Cathay and, to the West, to the metropolis of cotton whose zoological gardens are, as we have seen, supported by the hippopotammon from the Nile banks. . . .

Let, then, that be our symbol: culture and red sandstone fragments of antiquity being supplied to the West by the Nile. For after all, a Zoological Garden is as good a thing as another to remind you that there is a world outside your backyard and the next-door movies. That realization is the beginning of a State of Grace. . . . And then Memphis returns to Mit Ramineh on the Nile the material blessings of the cotton under-pants worn by the ingenuous felahine who, in bamboo traps, caught the first two hippopotammon—the “o” being pronounced long as in the Greek omega—to come to the Father of the Waters.

The divergence of human life and effort from the Great Route and the question of climate as an influence on character and culture are topics that we must leave until I come to consider the green cure for the ills from which we suffer. It is sufficient for the moment to have at the back of the mind, in an image, the thought of regions choked for

ever in an insufferable greenness; of grass that is the final consumer of Man, and of brussels sprouts that are his cultural bane. . . . But once you have got into your head the idea of the Great Route, stretching in perpetual sunshine, really from China to Peru; and the idea that, abutting on that route to the North, are perpetual swamps, forests, dank meadows, agglomerations of wetness called lakes, mountains of underlying snow, fields of brussels sprouts growing black in the wet soot below factory chimneys . . . once you have got that idea into your head you will begin to see the world as it is and will be on the way towards salvation.

§

The Great Trade Route began its course, then, in Cathay, and for the beginnings of its stretch ran perforce inland. You imagine it starting in the market of, say, Pekin where they made beautiful, intricate, and improbable stuffs, gadgets, perfumes, bales of sweet herbs, painted furnishings, cloth of gold, lacquer chests, teas, silks, porcelains. Swords, even, for protection from the mountain tigers. The Chinese have always despised soldiers and soldiering as being more contemptible than the slaughtering of domestic cattle, but they will let you kill wild beasts. The immense caravans set out, whole holy cities at a time, to spread the sweetness of herbs, the softness of silks and ritual and cults and the arts of lacquering and the dance, before altars. Up the course of the Hoang Ho it went, through the plains of Lob Nor and the Ta Rim, through Chinese Turkestan, north of the Pamirs and the roof of the world to Samarkand, and through the gap at Herat and past Ispahan to Mosul and Aleppo and Damascus. And then to the sea-shore which, from then on, they skirted.

Dropping ivory, gold, apes, and peacocks for the predecessors of Solomon, they went round the shores of Asia Minor to Smyrna and Constantinople; they crossed the Bosphorus on great rafts, went across Greece, skirted the Adriatic to Venice, crossed Italy to Genoa, went along the coasts of the Italian and French Rivieras up the Rhône to Burgundy and Paris: down the Seine to the Channel.

And so, across the Channel at its narrowest; along the South coast of England to Cornwall and the Court of Arthur. They passed lifetimes passing backwards and forwards. Where they went they left civilizations—the ancient civilizations of the resounding and romantic names—Samarkand and Ispahan and Trebizond and Damascus and Venice and Paris and Tintagel. And their traces remain for ever, since it is to them that we owe our arts, our cults, our thought, and what is left to us of the love of peace and sunshine. . . .

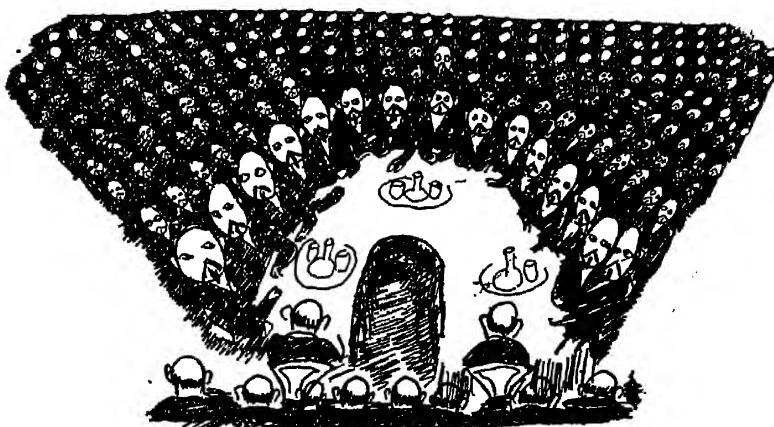
There was once a Golden Age when all humanity combined to stave off barbarism and to shut up the lust for lucre in northern forests. Humanity has been running for millions of years. There is nothing to wonder at that civilizations wiser and richer than ours should have been swallowed up behind the veils of the years, leaving us nothing but the echoes of traditions and a faint hope of once again leaving behind us legends shining with gold and peacocks. That is really our task.

And to set about it we have to jettison most of what we regard as precious. We have to consider that we are humanity at almost its lowest ebb since we are humanity almost without mastery over its fate. I sit in Geneva and the whole world trembles at the thought that to-morrow our civilization may go down in flames—trembles will-lessly and without so much as making a motion to preserve itself. Our leaders of thought are despised and our leaders in material quests are as degenerate, physically and mentally, as any body of men the world has ever seen. Physically almost more than mentally, since they are at least capable of a sufficiency of mental activity to plunge a world into war. But if you took all the Cabinets of the Western world and set them, provided with enough tools, in any rural solitude, they would starve and freeze and soak to death without the physical or mental imagination to plant a brussels sprout or to gather reeds for the thatching of a primitive shelter. . . . And those men govern . . . Us!

It is this aspect of our times that seems to me to be the most grim, the most prophetic of our disappearance. It is

in that that we most nearly approach the stage of decline at which the former great civilizations of the world disappeared into darkness one after the other. In each the Man in the Street gave up into the hands of paid politicians the attention that he should have given to his public affairs. . . . Then, darkness. So it is now with us:

Our laws regulating Agriculture are made by men incapable of using a hoe; our laws regulating the art of the



"WE DO NOT CHOOSE THEM FOR THEIR BEAUTY"

blacksmith by men who would die after a week of sweating in a smithy; our wars are made for us by men as incapable of holding a rifle at the present as of weeping at the death of men in battle. . . . And worst of all, we, who have relegated our powers to these miserable stewards, accept the methods by which these greasy, chewed-paper beings creep into office and in the end model ourselves upon them. For there is almost no man who would not commit, let us say, any number of gaucheries and be quite consistently untrue to himself, in order to sit in the seat of quite a minor Cabinet Minister of his country—a man who is unworthy to loosen his shoe latchet.

Our representatives are uncouth, unpleasant to the eye. . . . Heavens, if you could have lunched where the Patient

New Yorker and I to-day lunched . . . and seen them come in one after the other to feed!

How could it be otherwise? We do not choose them for their intellect, their artistic intelligence, their altruism, the mellifluousness of their voices, their physical beauty, their abstract wisdom, their seasoned knowledge of the values of Life. We choose beings who hypnotically suggest that they and they only can fill our individual purses, our maws, our stores, our banking accounts with property that at the moment of their appeal for our suffrages belongs to the heathen stranger . . . or our fellow-countrymen.

We elect them because they assure us that they will help us to take the bread out of our brother's orphan's mouth and we get the rulers—and the double-crossing—that we deserve.

§

A riddle has puzzled me for more years than I care to compute. It is: What, then, became of the Golden Age on the Great Route? What occasioned their decadence, so that to-day our fates are in the hands of these creatures who at the "Globe" in the rue du Purgatoire are enabled by our toils to consume food much too good for them, and in the streets of Geneva endanger all our lives because their Diplomatic Impunity lets them in their beflagged automobiles disregard all the traffic regulations? Why should we be in their hands instead of in those of the grave and splendid Merchants from Cathay whose tabu protected them from all mischance, but whose fastest vehicle was a sled dragged over polished cobbles, just as to-day is the practice in the streets of Funchal? . . .

The Lake of Geneva, with its shadows and tortured waters, retains the hues it has had all day; but they are greyer and more faint as if they had sunk into blotting-paper. The gulls from the little breakwater are flying in a long trail off towards the sheltered greenswards in the mountains. Only the palimpeded Columbus on the flag-staff sticks to its great idea and remains on its egg-shaped point of vantage, so as, presumably, to catch the very earliest *féra* to-morrow

INTERLUDES FOR REFLECTIONS

morning—a dry-ish sort of a fish that not even the best sauce can render interesting.*

At last, screaming protestingly, he too follows the common herd in the direction of the uplands, a prophet having no honour—though I should not have imagined that seagulls could be indigenous to Switzerland.

In any case dimness besets the visible world and one knows that it is growing late. . . . A faint, water-colour wash of last-minute sunset besets, like a deathbed message of the day, the opposite, too green shores. With that addition of reddishness, the watery autumn tints appear a little richly in squares round the estates attaching to villas and chalets. . . . I don't know why, but that squared-out bluff with its faint greens, its faint, rich browns, its fading old-gold divisions irresistibly suggests to me a worn, painted blotting-paper case. . . .

The Patient New Yorker, strolling whilst I sat and thought, has made the singular discovery that the name of the contractor who is carting off the excavated earth from the foundations of the new Palace of the Nations is *BABEL*. . . . At any rate, his lorries bear the inscription in enormous capitals: *J. H. Babel*. So, says that irreverent transatlantic, the new Palace of the League is literally the Tower of that name.

I say, desultorily, that the parallel is not exact. Jehovah won't at least have to strike this place with a confusion of tongues. . . . And then it appears that that amiable refugee from Tsarism has no idea of the legend of what happened to the sons of Noah. I point out mildly that the deeds of Jehovah were rather those of a compatriot of my companion than of myself.

"But don't you know," I find myself interrupted, "that no god has any honour in his own country? . . . Besides, it's time we went to the station." And I am patiently but

* See how you can go astray when one is not *en pays de connaissance*. For, says my favourite gastronomic writer as to the *féra* which I imagine is the char of the English Lakes:

"*Poisson du genre corrégone, voisin des saumons et TRES ESTIME par les gourmets. La féra abonde dans le Lac de Génève.*"

firmly conducted under the white portal crowned by the bas-relief of the Rape of Europa into that grey vista of descent towards the South that is never far from my thoughts. In the dimnesses of a torpedo-grey, iron-built Swiss train we debate on whether, in the Septentrional weather, we shall get off at Grenoble and for eleven francs eat hot *pâté de lièvre* with crayfish-tail sauce and *gratiné dauphinois*, or whether, courage failing before the chilly night, we shall go down the gradually broadening, misty valley of the Rhône to where, on the morrow, we may with some confidence expect to bask in the suns of Avignon beneath the towers of the Castle of the Popes. . . . The hotel-keepers of Grenoble are relatively archaic, and thus nearer the traditions of the Golden Age. They are kindly, considerate, and as ungrasping as it is possible for hotel-keepers to be. The hotel-keepers of the city of the Popes are as up-to-date as they make them. Having all been trained in the lesser caravanserais of Manhattan they are skilled in the preparation of the more nauseous breakfast cereals. They show neither wonder nor consideration, nor yet any faint pretence of hospitality to the transatlantic tourist, however amiable or patient. . . . So that one should visit Avignon as often as one can, but never sleep there. But one always does sleep there in the hope of waking in the morning sunlight which there has a quality of newness and gaiety unknown in any other city. . . .

I am aware that that paragraph has grown a little incoherent. . . . That is done on purpose to indicate that whilst we discussed those alternatives and descended in the misty moonlight, under the high crags and past the ghost of Lac Bourget, and down the Alpine valleys with their chalet-suggesting architectures and continuous uplifting of dark poplar-spires, and past, eventually, Grenoble, so that in the end, towards midnight, we reached Avignon and ate a really horrible *assiette anglaise* that might have been concocted by the foremost hotel of either Broadway or the Strand, and slept in horribly exiguous rooms, for which we paid two-and-a-half times what they were worth. And in the morning we got drenched to the skin in going the few

yards from the hotel to the station. . . . For we, too, like Ethiopia and the tropics in general, have our rainy season, and very necessary it is. . . . And don't believe that we shall ever love Avignon less, for that can never be. . . .

In short, from that apparently aimless discussion suggested by the name on a contractor's trolley on the shores of Lac Léman, I had derived an idea. . . . And that idea so occupied my mind that I hardly paid attention to the discussion, or the valley, or the mists or the dim lake, or even the *assiette anglaise*—which I didn't personally eat because the very sight of it suggested a certain expensive place of refection on Lower Fifth Avenue—or even to the drenched walk from hotel to station. . . . No, I had hardly paid more than half attention to these things because I was thinking of that disaster to the sons of Noah.

INTERLUDE—II

VESTIGES OF CIVILIZATION

THERE remain to us, even in our abysmally fallen state, sufficient vestiges of the Golden Age and the Great Trade Route . . . sufficient to let us deduce that ancient civilization as accurately as scientists have deduced whole ages of our planet from the eyelash of a pterodactyl. . . . In the swift atrophying of our morals, physique, and intellect we are still distinguished by some hypocrisies, the simulacra of virtues that prevailed shortly after the Deluge. Very high distinguished members of our oval body politic can still dimly discern the nearly forgotten truism of Poor Richard to the effect that honesty is the best policy. That itself is late development from the time when a simple oval world of Small Producers had not conceived the idea of breaking the rules of barter.

On the great tabu-grounds of the Route where the bartering took place fairs are still carried on by itinerant vendors. Their visits are regarded as seasons of rejoicing and as a rule their trade is distinguished by greater numbers of transactions than are to be found in Detroit or Barcelona. You will find such fairs still going on seasonally at Samarkand and Nijni Novgorod; at Beaucaire and Horncastle; at the Saintes Maries, Vienna, Salamanca, and many other places. At most of them the vendors give a year's credit to the purchasers and default happens very seldom.

Let us consider the romanichels who are the chief purveyors of these yearly festivals. You perceive a gaily dressed people reputed to come from a mysterious East. They are always given the names, that is to say, of cities to the East of whoever names them. West of Egypt they are called Egyptians; west of Rome, Egyptians; in Romany chals; west of Prague, Egyptians, romanichels or Bohemians. Their language contains many vestigial

of Hindu, many of Latin. They will be found by roadsides all the way from the Pamirs to the Andes; they will be squatting over open-air anvils, telling dukkerin, charming spavins from your worst horses with bits of stick by day; by night they will whisper your best stallions from your fields. They descend with an aura of romance and dread out of the mists of time. We know their habits to have been much the same in the days of Herodotus, Marco Polo, or Colonel Lindberg. Even to-day they are more believed in than scientists. You say: "Oo-er" when you hear of the latest development of the radio; but when you pass the Egyptians by the hedgerow you think. You still accord to them the vestiges of a tabu-priesthood, the gift of divination, the right to trespass with only more or less of persecution by alarmed landlords; the prescriptive right to fire-wood, water, the wind on the heath, scrap metal, odds and ends of poultry yards.

Except in the Great Fair-grounds you never know where you will next meet them. You may go two years without seeing a gipsy; then they will be there in caravan after caravan. I had my car blocked years ago by a dozen gipsy caravans with dancing bears, broken-winded horses, and clothes-peg sellers, all across an elbow of the road outside Stanton, Va. A few months ago we were in a jam caused by gipsy caravans with dancing bears, broken-winded horses, and clothes-peg sellers. I would have sworn that they were the same caravans, bears, nags, and swarthy women, and that the same dark-eyed children peeped out from between the same lace curtains in the little windows. But that time they were being held up at the frontier station between Italy and France . . . on their way to their great racial festival at the Saintes-Maries. . . . On the Great Trade Route between Marseilles and Barcelona.

That happens once a year on the feast of the Assumption of the Virgin when the wild bulls of the Camargue are blessed for the *mises à mort*. The Saintes-Maries is a village on the shingle edge of the great swampy plain. Gipsies at that season come from all the world over—yes, from *all* the world over. From the Pamirs as from the Pampas, from Kirk-

Yetholm and Grenada as from Poughkeepsie and White-chapel, they come to maintain by marriage a little of their racial purity . . . and to be blessed, all without religion as they are, by such a convocation of cardinals, archbishops, bishops, and choristers as will hardly be found at any other yearly ceremony of the Church of Rome.

It is a singular homage, paid by a usually exclusive cult, to a practice long since cast down and with its ministrants debased and discredited. I am not asking the reader to attach to the romanichel the sort of green-sickness of sentimentality that was thrown over him by Borrow and his imitators. The gipsy is a hard business man with the habits of theft that distinguish all men of business—no more and no less. He makes a lot of money disposing of spavined horses with just the aplomb of the canning company that every month is fined \$50 in a North Western state for selling cans of putrid salmon to all the races of mankind. But he is as near as we can come to-day to survival from the original merchants who were tabu. And the truths and legends of the Saintes-Maries are worth the attention of the serious who desire to know some truth as to what this oval world of ours once was . . . and might be again.

The village of the Saintes-Maries on the Camargues exists because it was there that the female relatives and domestics of the Redeemer took refuge, landing after the Crucifixion. You are to imagine the connections of an executed felon leaving a land where they had met with as little honour as had been bestowed on their God.

According to the legend that you can still hear in that hinterland of the Mediterranean shores the Holy Women were stoned to the water's-edge of the port of Jaffa and there, by kindly rescuers, incontinently bundled into the boat that you may see in the fortress-shaped church in the village of the Holy Maries. Jumping ashore in that place those Ladies came upon the gipsies who, with their moving houses, were going as they still go, from fair to fair on the way to Spain. One legend even has it that those gipsies had in the old time sold to Our Lady an ass. And that ass bore Her in Her flight and came to have, one day, palms before

its feet, in Jerusalem. So St. Mary the Virgin and St. Mary the Magdalene and St. Martha became friends with the deambulant merchants, though it was natural that those descendants of holy traders, being already come into contempt, should be thicker with St. Martha the servant than with her holy mistresses. And the gipsies built cabins for the saints on the sea-shore and gave them wine and honey and hens and calves and such things as Egyptians pilfer along the hedgerows. And St. Martha became the lady and patron of those wandering tribes—as she so remains to this day.

Because came the day when Our Lady was assumed into Heaven and St. Martha was laid to rest in Tarascon church, where you may still see her tomb. Then among their pots and pans and tinkering and anvils the gipsies said that, having now friends in high places, they might well enter among the blessed. And a great *meine* accompanied St. Martha to paradise doors. But St. Peter went among them where they clamoured for entry and sought to drive them away with blows. They persisted and the door-keeper sent for the Son of the House. Our Lord gave sorrowfully His verdict that since they were unshriven they could not enter in.

The gipsies continued to clamour saying that they had friends in high places. And St. Peter went away to seek the Master, leaving the Son of the House to keep the lodge. Then St. Martha ran quickly to Her Lady that was walking on the battlements. She showed Her the gipsies crying out below and said it was great pity that those people should be forbidden entry into paradise. Aforetime they had sold Our Lady so fine an ass that every ass since that day has borne a cross above his withers. Yet, those very people had built them cabins on their coming into the Narbonnais from the sea and given them wine and honey and hens and calves and such things as the Egyptians pilfer along the hedge-rows. . . .

So those saints stood on the battlements of heaven knowing full well that their menfolk after their kind would insist to abide by the laws and would forbid the entry in of those

gipsies. So then Our Lady, like Rapunzel of whom another story tells, undid her snood and let her long plaits fall down over the battlements and let those gipsies climb Her plaits until they stood in the streets of Heaven.

And those saints prayed so long of our Heavenly Father that it was decreed that one day in the year—to wit, on the feast of the Assumption of the Holy Virgin—the gipsies should be blessed by Holy Church at the village of the Saintes-Maries where it stands on the verge of the tideless sea and so should earn the joys of Heaven for them and their seed in perpetuity.

§

It is a good legend. Just as impressionist art tells things more truly than photographs, so its story reveals the true history of the earth far more truly than it can ever be revealed by the scientific historian. For nothing is more invariable in the course of history than that when new faiths seep into and overrun countries the priests of the old faiths fall into poverty and disrepute. But the ancient tenets remain strongly in the memory of the peoples; almost to the end of time, traces of the earlier religion remain inextricably mixed in with the faiths that have become fashionable. And the priests of the older faith are reputed to retain mysterious gifts that have never descended to the clergy who have succeeded them in their cures. In rural England if the country people have occasion to have a ghost laid they will call in thirteen Anglican clergymen to pronounce exorcisms. But if that fails they call in a Roman priest, and at the first shower of his holy water they will tell you the unhappy spirit is laid at rest for ever. Or in Latin Catholic countries if the holy water of the priest fails to keep the murrain from flocks they will first have the shepherds—who from their continually remaining solitary with their sheep are acquainted with the old dispossessed Gods that still haunt mistletoed oak groves—will first have the shepherds perform incantations that the Church forbids. Then they will have the gipsies do things with twisted twigs of hazel called *patterans*. After that, so they say, the murrain will certainly

leave their beasts. . . . And have we not all lately seen how the Germans first extirpated the Jews because they slew the Saviour of Humanity, and then, finding that their financial credit was not thus to be established, fell upon the priests and re-established the cult of Wodin and Thor, who they say flourished in and produced the Heroic-Blood-splashed Age from the Lueneberger Heide to the Teutoburger Wald.

It is thus always, in the minds of the people, that Old Gods presided over fortunate and vanished times, the "our day" of succeeding generations growing steadily more and more hard. King Arthur and his knights sleep in one cave awaiting the call; Charlemagne and his paladins sit in another, their beards growing through the table beneath them; I have heard peasants in Germany say that nothing will be well till der Alte comes again, only der Alte is so fast asleep—the Old One being Bismarck whom I remember to have seen walking along the Poppelsdorfer Allée, after his fall, his head dejected and his great hound dejected also, following him, his immense dewlaps almost touching his master's heel. . . . Thus in one life-time of a man a solar myth of an age of gold has developed itself. . . . In a country that has surely been sorely tried.

§

I have had a most curious confirmation of what I have above just written. My landlord and his wife, a lady of primitive type and great volubility, motored down this evening from the Savoy Alps, having done the journey with unusual speed and prosperity—doing, in fact, in nine hours what as a rule they have needed two days to do. It is true they had a new car! The lady threw herself into one of our arm-chairs and exclaimed to her triumphant husband and the bewildered Biala, who was suddenly thus wrapt from the contemplation of the city of Washington that she was putting on paper:

"*Vous voyez ! Un troupeau de moutons ! Un troupeau de moutons ! Mais si c'eût été un curé nous aurions fait demi tour . . .*" . . . "I told you so. . . . A flock of

sheep ! A flock of sheep ! But if it had been a priest we should have made an about turn. . . . ”

She meant to say that the first thing they had met on setting out from their mountain-lakeside château had been a flock of sheep so that she could make their shepherd an offering of a small sum—“un obole” she called it, an obolus being precisely a small sum offered to a god. You put, for instance, an obolus in the slot-machine in the temple at Delphi in order to get a little perfume to offer on the altar just as to-day you do in American cathedrals to get candles for a shrine.—She could make, then, the offering of an obolus to the shepherd to procure luck on their journey. . . . And hadn’t they been lucky ! Doing a two days’ journey in nine hours and finding an extraordinarily good lunch for almost nothing, just before Aix-en-Provence. . . . Hot *pâte de faisan*. . . . Exquisite ! Jugged hare. . . . Three pieces of rable a-piece. . . . And roast fowl, half a fowl to a person with cheese and fruit—for fifteen francs, *vin compris*. . . . In a little *patelin de rien*. . . . An obscure little place, lost in the mountains. The wine, of course, not magnificent but perfectly sound and undoctored. A good little beverage. . . .

Vous voyez! That is what happens when, on setting out, you encounter a flock of sheep and give an obole to the shepherd. . . .

But if it had been a *priest*. . . . Oh, pah. . . . And the lady made the gesture of holding her nose. . . . She would order her husband to about turn and would have hidden in her bedroom till next day. . . . I remember that, when I used to go riding with Conrad, if we met an ordinary Anglican clergyman he would curse between his teeth. But if it was a Catholic priest from the near-by seminary he would turn pale and swing the mare round and go home. He said that Greek Orthodox priests were the most unlucky of all. Fortunately there was no Russian church within a hundred miles of the Pent.

But you could not have a more perfect instance than that of my landlord’s wife, of the reverence in which old gods are held and the under-current of discredit that attaches to the ministrants of a later-established faith. . . . Which

is what is meant by the patient New Yorker's saying that a god has no honour in his own country . . . until he is cast down and persecuted.

§

And what particularly endears the legend of St. Martha and the gipsies to me is that, in that, the sea makes, as it were, a contact with the Great Route that went along its shores.

For half a million years civilization progressed over land ways, bearing its beautiful goods on pack-beasts and then, as the Route was smoothed out, on sleds. I like to think of the gorgeously robed heralds of the dawn arriving with their sled- and pack-trains at, say, Diana Marino or Alassio. . . . They would just lately, say a week before, have left the great tabu-ground of Genoa. They progressed slowly. A petition is addressed to them by the inhabitants of those fishing villages. They beg to be granted a tabu-ground of their own. Genoa is a long way for them to have to go in their dug-out boats if they wish to have any additions to their fish and oil diet and their goatskin clothes.

The great caravan sweeps majestically forward; on a front of two hundred yards it takes somewhat over a day to pass a given spot. Some sledges from the front rank fall out on an empty open spot flattened out by the natives. The sledges are unloaded. This is a poor spot; the inhabitants have little to offer but fish, fresh and dried, goat's flesh, fresh and dried, a little amber, a great mound of sea-salt, agate, some sharks' teeth, and a number of servants of both sexes for hire. These young men and women are ready to go on the long journey to the Scillies for what they can learn on the way. They will also be useful to the caravan in making rafts and dug-out boats for the crossing of the narrow seas.

They lay what they have along a white line diagonally intersecting the tabu-ground. The prince and the elders of the village have already set up on posts at each end of the line the tabu symbols—ideographs representing open hands. The villagers depart to the ends of the open ground. The Merchants in their silks advance and inspect what the villagers have had to offer; their servants who have been

drawn from other villages along the Route turn over the heaped goods and give their views of what may be the value of the offerings. The Merchants retire to confer—as to the apparent intelligence of the villagers, as to what is the value of their merchandise as compared to the slenderness of their means, as to what progress in productiveness they may be expected to make.

They advance again, their servants carrying what they propose to offer. What they offer consists almost solely of manufactured goods; fish-spears of a most cunning balance tipped with hard flint; fish-nets of an Oriental fibre that will last many years; sail-cloths for the small sails for the dug-outs and outriggers. And then articles of luxury—cloths for dresses, mirrors of polished stones, flint and pyrite wheels for making fire come more easily, dried herbs for making infusions, cabinets for holding frail valuables, perfumes and ointments, sweetmeats and dried fruits, young orange- and shade-trees in pots.

They retire in turn and once more the villagers advance to inspect what is offered them.

It was seldom that the villagers refused what had been set out for them. The Merchants under the sign of the open hand were liberal and instructed moreover in what gear each type of village would want and most prize. There is little wonder that they were regarded as sacred. For less than those villagers had given as sacrifice to gods who had disregarded them they received continuing blessings such as they had never before known, and there was no man who would harm such a Merchant anywhere from Cathay to the Cassiterides. So they were tabu.

Theft in those days had not been invented, nor yet metals. Gold was so used for ornament that that was known as the Golden Age. So the last sleds of the great caravan that had continually been passing began to approach after a day or rather more. The Merchants loaded up their own sleds with such food and perishable articles as they had taken and fell in in the rear. The permanent things—the amber, agates, sharks' teeth, sea-ivory, jars of wine that kept well—they cached in the tabu-ground where they would remain until

they came again, going, after years, homewards. They would leave behind an instructor in the use of those tools they left and in the making and ornamenting of the stuffs and of how most fittingly to worship the supreme Principle. When they came again, if the villagers had shown themselves apt craftsmen, they would be pleased and leave them gifts from the lands that King Arthur afterwards ruled over.

Their teachings may to-day be read in the *Chou-King*, which is a compilation of the most ancient examples of moral and political wisdom of the ancient East, made by Confucius.

I came this morning in another sort of compilation on an example of moral and political wisdom that has kept me pleased all day.

Sir Walter Raleigh was telling Lord Chancellor Bacon, who was a grafter compared with whom any of our overlords to-day were mere beginners, how he planned certainly to enrich his sovereign James VI of Scotland and I of England. The country was at peace with Spain, after the days of the sack of Cadiz and the Armada. Nevertheless, said Raleigh, who was preparing to set out on his last expedition to the Indies, if he failed to find the famous and fabled gold mine on the Orinoco that he purposed finding, he intended to set about the Spanish treasure ships in returning, and so to lay at the feet of the Scottish Solomon wealth surpassing that of the Golcondas.

Lord Bacon, expressing the utmost horror, exclaimed that that would be the rankest piracy. In those days James was seeking to curry favour with the King of Spain and it was death, as Raleigh afterwards found, to tamper with that king's subjects. . . . "The rankest piracy," said the Lord Chancellor.

But no, Raleigh answered, if you take millions it is no piracy.

§

And with that speech Raleigh withdrew the curtain that concealed the New World from the Old. . . . I don't mean the Western from the Eastern Hemisphere; I mean the millions of years that had preceded from the three centuries

that have since lapsed. He had prophesied Mass Production. . . . And, as a corollary, looking at his kettle lid he prophesied . . . say television. Or if there is anything later, say that.

But the second discovery is a very minor affair. The Machine itself is a stupid Moloch; it is the stealing-a-million-isn't-piracy psychology, the gradually evolved mentality of the Technocrat of Mount Kisco at Christmas, that has brought about our ruin. . . . That psychology behind the Machine. We appear, as a civilization, to be about to go down in flames. The immediate cause seems to be that our Italian kinsmen think that, sheltered behind the Machine, they will be able to do what no other race ever accomplished . . . steal millions with impunity from Africa. It can't be done.

§

The partition of Africa which went on between 1882 and 1914 was the occasion of what happened in that latter year . . . and ever since.

§

I am not trying to draw down your reprobation on the descendants of Q. Fabius Maximus. They played in their day their beautiful, massacring, martyred rôle on the Great Route. You cannot much blame them if naively they now think they should have their share in the heritage of Raleigh. They are a little late, that's all. . . . It is true that they it was who began the partition of Africa.* That only proves how fully in sympathy they are with our modern spirit.

* The salient dates of this partition are as follows:

- 1883 March 15. ITALY occupies part of the sea-shore territory of Aussa on the Red Sea . . . by "agreement" with petty sultan.
- ,, A fortnight later a Bremen merchant called Lüderitz obtained a similar cession of territory on the Orange River from a South African native.
- ,, June 13. French occupied Tamatave in Madagascar.
- Feb. 1884 Great Britain assumes control of foreign affairs of Transvaal.
- May ,, Great Britain establishes protectorate over territory N. of Transvaal to 20 degrees S.
- June ,, London conference between Gt. Britain and France ref. partition of Egypt. Abortive.

[Continued on page 119]

§

This partition of a continent from whose results we have for so long been suffering is, when it is tabulated, an amazing instance of an afflatus that, arising no one much knows why, spreads with an amazing rapidity half across a world. No one knows why Italy should in 1883 have suddenly taken it into her head to imitate her ancestors of the Punic War. But once the country of St. Francis of the Birds had shown the way, every inhabitant of every country anywhere within reach of the poor Dark Continent seemed suddenly to be visited by a new and blinding revelation. It became obvious to each such man that he could only fulfil his

July 1884 Germany establishes protectorate over Togoland.

" " " " " Cameroons.

Nov. " " " " ultimating in German E. Africa.

Dec. " Great Britain annexes St. Lucia Bay.

Jan. 1885 Spain announces protectorate over part of W. coast of Africa.

Feb. " Berlin Conference recognizes possession of Congo region by trading association of Leopold II of Belgium.

" " Portugal receives compensation on the Congo for recognizing rights of Leopold II.

" " Khartoum taken by Mahdi. Gordon killed.

Mar. " London lends £9,000,000 sterling to Egypt.

Apr. " German S.W. Africa Co. given rights of sovereignty.

Oct. " Turko-British convention ref. Partition of Egypt.

Dec. " Foreign relations of Madagascar placed under control of France. *

These are the happenings of only the first three years of the Partition. But these million-stealings went on as thickly with the usual fallings out of the thieves right up to the Turkish War of 1913 and into the shadow of Armageddon. In March 1896 France annexed Madagascar; and the Italians were wiped out of existence by Menelik in Abyssinia. In June '98 the Fashoda Incident set Great Britain and France within an inch of war. In October '99 the Transvaal invaded the British South African possessions. The war lasted three years and a half. In 1911 for several months France and Germany, at Agadir, were within an inch of war over Morocco. Under cover of that tension Italy declared war on Turkey with the intention of annexing Turkish N. Africa. This led directly to the first and second Balkan Wars of 1912 and '13. . . And those wars, by bottling up Germany from the Near East, led directly to her invasion of Belgium in 1914.

Imperial destiny, properly worship his God, sleep sound at night, and wallow in prosperity if his Government went on one or other billion-stealing expedition amongst dark-skinned peoples. Nor, indeed, was the mania restricted to the Old World. Imperial adventures are opposed to the American tradition and suspect to the better sort of inhabitants of the republic. But by 1893 America was already in the game. A United States "reform party" in Hawaii called in United States marines, deposed the queen, and succeeded in getting an annexation treaty signed at Washington. . . . And several times during the decade the United States was within an inch of war with Germany . . . over Samoa. It is difficult to imagine anything more fantastic.

§

Affliti of that sort run across the world, the world for no ascertainable reason being suddenly ripe for them as it gets at other times ready to be decimated by plagues. You will have suddenly Buddhism, Christianity, Mahometanism, Platonism, Aristotelianism, Renaissances of Helleno-Latinity, spirits of the Crusades, of chivalry. . . . *I pray thee, Sir Lancelot, that thou come again to this Land* . . . of anti-chivalry. For a couple of centuries or more you had the whole Old World in a state of unease at the idea of passage to the West towards an India that should be billion-robbed. It was succeeded by Cortez-Pisarrism. A hundred years after Columbus even Anglo-Saxondom took courage and you had Raleighism which was the meanest kind of million-stealing, tacked oddly enough on to a kind of murderous Small Producerism. It exported unfortunate people who were to take from the natives not only their gold ornaments but their very food. It is at any rate a comment on the relative mental activity of the Mediterranean peoples and us Nordics that the first colony of Spain should have been founded on the Island of Haiti and called Novidad in 1493, whereas the abortive Roanoke Island attempt of Raleigh should not have been made till 1585. Virginia Dare founded the F.F.V. two years later. Her fate is not known.

§

Let us agree to set down as a part of our pattern that the wheelless New World of pre-Cortez and Raleigh days was a near-earthly paradise. It remained over after the Old World's Golden Age had succumbed to one inventor or another. . . . There is this note to be made: on the island of the Madeiran archipelago that is nearest to Africa a primitive form of wheel is used in carts and ploughs. The island is Porto Santo. It is there that Columbus is said to have married and got his Atlantic lore. The geological formation of Porto Santo is African; that of Madeira proper is American. (Geologically considered America is older than Europe.) And in between the two islands the sea runs two miles deep. So let us consider that here is the parting of the ways and that it was Europeans rather than Amerindians or other Westerns who first used wheels.

And let us consider also that the Wheel is the fruit of the tree of evil. . . . Just consider how satisfactory the world would become if, for a year, wheels lost the property of turning. . . . Think how the atmosphere of Pittsburg would be improved. . . . And of the satisfaction in Ethiopia. Well, you can think all that out for yourself. . . . We shall be in Pennsylvania soon enough. . . . Before then we must think out some means of restoring the World to the Golden Age. . . . Or of restoring the Age to the World.

§

We are perhaps nearer to that than you think. . . .

We are all sick of to-day. There is none of us that is not. We are all waiting for a new revelation. We are all certain that our Age—that of the Wheel—is wrong. We are all dreaming, whether at Geneva or at Baton Rouge, of a New Order when Lancelot may come again to this oval realm. The soil is ready, and history is waiting to repeat itself.

§

There is nothing history likes better.

We are to-day in the exact situation of the inhabitants of

the world before the Deluge. That cataclysm is a few hours off. It will submerge us like a wave. When it has passed there will be very few of us left. It does not matter whether God shall assail us with water, for our sins, or whether we shall, to the greater glory of Science, murder with wheel-by-products . . . nearly everyone of us murdering nearly everyone else. There will be almost none of us left. . . . Half a dozen in Schenectady; a hundred in the delightful little Delaware-Maryland-Virginia peninsula that I hope we may get to before we are done. A few thousand will be in the Azores, the Madeiras, in Ceuta, Algeciras, the Saintes-Maries, Diana Marino, Asia Minor, Herat . . . on the Hoang Ho. . . . Then round the world, re-emerging from the clouds of poison gas, will go an afflatus. Suddenly it shall be manifest to us what we must do to be saved. History will have repeated itself.

§

Just so, after the last Deluge—the one that destroyed the unfinished Palace of the Nations, not at Geneva, but at Babel—an afflatus—an immense Will went round the fortieth parallel of latitude N. The former Mason and Dixon Line re-established itself. (We Nordics had naturally, with our efficiency, completely eradicated ourselves . . . then, as to-morrow we shall.)

That immense Will kept humanity to the decencies, not by Laws but by custumals. If you like, it was the product of thousands of years of pre-diluvian experience. If you prefer, it was the manifestation of innocence. No one desired to harm anyone else because the world needed all its man-power; no one desired to dispossess anyone else because there were too many possessions. . . . As if four people had been turned loose in an empty Macy's and told to help themselves.

In other words, there is no imaginable reason why in a world of softly equable climate and fertile soil with no excess of population, the idea of murder as the chief, if not the sole, means to wealth should ever have been born.

§

What we need is before all to realize that there are *no* short cuts in the world.

§

The brand of Cain was set on a brow tortured by jealousy, not by covetousness, and the sons of Noah had all their possessions in common. Yet to-day it is not merely in New York that the only road to Utopia seems to be attainable by setting millions of people up against a wall.

. . . There are sixteen million Jews in the United States, said the Technocrat.

. . . *That's a problem*, said Dreiser.

. . . Set 'em up against a wall, said the Technocrat.

You will hear that conversation going on on Mont Blanc as on Mount Kisco; in Tokio as in Buenos Aires. Therefore I beseech thee, Sir Lancelot, that thou return again into this realm. . . .

For unless something of the sort happens, unless some Arthur and his Paladins return, I do not see how this universal wave—this Deluge—of bloodthirstiness can do anything but return us to the Dark Ages.

§

"Symbols," says you. And why not? I take it that there is no man of reason to-day but believes that Holy Writ with its symbols is the most reliable and most inspired history of the world; and certainly the Scientific Historian, if he had any sense, would see to it that there shall be set up against a wall all the sixteen million descendants of the people who evolved that epic.

Let us sum up for a moment so that we may get this pattern well into our heads. In the first place was the Deluge: then the Sons of Noah prospered in a Golden Age that ran from Cathay to the Scillies; then, becoming afraid of a new cataclysm, they erected a fortification that should at once protect them and exalt them into a Heaven where they should live again their golden days; then the Lord struck them with the confusion of tongues. And so, being

divided up into nations, you go on from Armageddon to Armageddon—from Deluge of blood to Deluge; from Wall to Wall. I should have thought that even a Technocrat would see that it did not pay and that to no Dreiser could it present even the shadow of a Problem.

The Deluge, then, may have been caused by the meltings of the last glaciers of the last Ice Age; or it may very well have been the symbol employed by the inspired Scriptural writer to imply a deluge of blood, a near wiping out of humanity. After that the remnants of mankind may well have learned—as slowly we are learning to-day—that slaughter as a means of enrichment does not pay.

That the Deluge or the Massacre were fairly universal and not a little local flood affecting merely the fortunes of the tribes of Israel or a little affair of spears between Jews or Amalekites, we may take fairly for granted. The echoes of floods and massacres that come down to us through the million-year corridors of Time are too widespread for this not to have been the case. You have legends of men escaping from floods amongst the ana of every race; from the canoes of the Malays and the Red Indians to the Chinese junk, that must singularly have resembled the Ark, and the water-stories of the Romanies.

The pre-Babel Age of the sons of Noah we may, for our own convenience, take to have been the era called Golden. The Sons—whom we may take as representing all humanity that survived—were shaken by the cataclysms of blood and water into a determination to live godly in the future under skies of the utmost possible amenity, on soil of the most fertile, beside rivers yielding the largest catches of fish or on the shores of the calmest seas. This you could do with ease and without friction in days when the population of this planet was reduced to a few handfuls.

VII

LAST INTERLUDE

THE Great Trade Route, then, was staked out awaiting the Traders ; along its course you had all the desiderata of easy and plenteous existence.

Then the Chinese Traders came to link settlement to settlement and civilization to civilization until the Great Route ran like a jewelled belt all across the middle of the world known to the Ancients . . . to the supremely ancient peoples who as long preceded Greeks and Romans as Greeks and Romans shall have preceded our descendants of fifty thousand years hence. . . . And, as far as I am concerned, you may include the lost Atlantis, joining up the New World to Madeira, and Africa prolonging itself to the Island of Porto Santo ; so that between what is to-day called the Old World and what is called the New ran only the thirty-mile strip of sea that to-day is two miles deep. Such a strip of water—for the depth of it makes no odds to the seafarer—the Traders could cross, as they crossed the Channel on their way to the Cassiterides . . . in dug-outs and on rafts ; for you are to understand that not yet had metals been used for making bolts for the timbers of ships. So, if you will, the Route ran all round the middle regions of the earth.

§

The Traders came, then, and the Great Will imposed peace on the earth.

The Great Will, as we have adumbrated, is an afflatus that runs over the world or regions of the earth, manifesting itself at rare intervals, for one or several reasons, influencing humanity for several lustres or for several centuries and slowly or swiftly exhausting itself on the extreme limits of the world.

The most prominent example of this afflatus is that, of course, of Christianity, which in its various manifestations,

along with all the other great religions or rules of life of the world, is slowly dying under the attacks of contagious indifferentism even more than under those of Fascism, proselytizing Imperialism, or Communism. But there have, of course, been other waves. The cult of Mahomet arising in an obscure desert evolved a mighty and splendid civilization, spread its Empires over almost the complete circumference of the Inland sea and into untold miles of Europe, and so is ebbing away. For two hundred years the Crusades sent a counter-wind disturbing all Europe and beating on the shores of Asia Minor; the breath that went out from Geneva ran across all Christendom, shook the Pope upon his throne, evoked the most bloodthirsty of all internecine wars, split Christianity, and leaves us the spectacle of the two branches of that Faith sinking out of existence still locked in a death grapple. The rule of life of Confucianism directed the major portion of the civilized world and is dying under the attacks of Western egotism; the rule of life indoctrinated in the *Morte d'Arthur* . . . “*and see my tomb and pray some prayer more or less for my soul . . . and so subscribed with part of my heart's blood*” . . . the rule of life indoctrinated at the Round Table ran through Christendom with the speed of the infection of the doctrine of the Wall to-day and died under the hilarious laughter of us materialists, Cervantes holding the knife. . . . And for centuries there was the rule of life of Plutarch which pertained in all the ruling classes of the world till my day. Indeed, the second gift-book that comes back to me as having been given me as a child was the Langhorne's translation of the *Lives*.

§

I am not going at this date to enter into the controversy of Plutarchians versus anti-Plutarchians. It attracted public attention only a few years ago; at any rate it was not till about 1923 that I became aware of it as a political issue, though obviously the mass-movements of humanity in the late war with their complete apparent want of coherent direction prepared the soil for that plant and for the

vanishing of the Great Man as director of the public conscience.*

In that era of disappearance of conscious public direction from the consciousness of the world it was easy to declare—or rather it was difficult any longer to believe and maintain—that Napoleon was with his ambitions the real *causa caucans* of the spread of French Republican arms throughout Western Europe at the end of the eighteenth century or that Cæsar was really the motive power for the subsequent conversion of the Roman Republic into an Empire.

The matter seems indeed to have been disposed of by St. Augustine when he wrote: "That which is called the Christian Religion existed amongst the ancients and never did not exist from the beginnings of the human race until Christ came in the flesh, at which time the true religion already existed and began to be called Christianity," and that was obviously a progression of about two hundred years, since the *City of God* was written in the early years of the fifth century, whereas Tertullian who wrote at the beginning of the third said: "Christ styled himself the Truth; He never called himself Tradition."

The subject has excited controversy of singular violence—

* I remember being asked in 1923 what Great Man remained in the world, or rather, the name of what public director of Conscience was most widely known throughout the world of that day. I replied, after racking my brains for a little, that the only person who at all filled that bill was Mr. H. G. Wells, whose voice was at that date upraised every day either in the White House or the Kremlin and the reverberations of whose lively, exhortatory conversations filled the columns of the entire popular press from the one of those extremities to the other. As a figure he faded a little before the Prince of Wales, whose dictatorship of night-shirts and four-in-hand ties monopolized most of the attention of the world's youth; and then came Mr. Lindbergh, who has paled before the group movements of Fascism and Communism. . . .

The most salient instance that I know of the immense hold that Plutarch had is to be found in the account of the death of Braccio la Montone, despot of Perugia and one of the most unscrupulous and brilliant *condottiere* of his day. He was held for death in 1432; and desperately seeking to make his peace with God, cried out in agony that he could not hope for absolution, so much he was continually thinking of the example of Brutus.

my grandfather once nearly knocked me down when I said that Brutus was not the Founder of Democracy; whereas Mr. Galsworthy, with whom I had many violent arguments, never came so near physical violence as when I happened to say, rather carelessly, that *Don Quixote* put an end to the chivalric spirit.—But the most convenient way to arrange the matter with oneself is to say that the Word supplies the afflatus that sets a spirit traversing the world, but the aspirations of innumerable humanity are needed to supply the mobility of the Word. Koung-Fou-Tseu or his nearly contemporary Buddha, or his predecessor Christ or, if you will, Marx, gathered the wisdom of the world that preceded them, put the compilation with more or less of inspiration into literary form, and sent polyglot disciples and missionaries out into the highways between the hedgerows. The doctrine then spread swiftly or slowly according as it was expressed well or indifferently.

The process was always exactly similar whether the method was Platonic or Aristotelian—for waves of Platonism and Aristotelianism have gone over the world with results almost as lasting as those of any other cults. So practically all religions have bases either empirical or anthropomorphic; and for private consumption one may as well have such a pattern at the back of the brain, though if one wishes to lead a quiet life it is as well to conceal that belief. Thus the early Fathers, Plotinus, the eremites of the Libyan desert, St. Simeon Stylites, Mr. Galsworthy, Mr. Wells, and the followers of Karl Marx in general, will deny with vigour—and take steps as disagreeable as possible to affirm the denial that literary form is of any assistance to the spreading of belief. They declare—and in that they are imitated by the orthodox amongst the Jews—that the essentials of a faith should be wrapped up in a jargon of theology. The reasons for that are twofold: If the person of whoever the Redeemer happens to be should be lucid, attractive, or heroic, the doctrine of Plutarchism will be strengthened and the impression conveyed to the world that Great Men of remarkable talents, either æsthetic or inspirational, are desirable world features. And then, as was held by the Church of

Rome and as is held by the apostles of Marx to-day, it is considered that if the impact of a New Faith on the commonalty be too vivid, the commonalty or the proletariat may go or be led astray. Thus if your Holy Writ, whatever it is, is too attractive, too simple, or too exciting, it must only be read in the light of the notes of the Church, whatever the Church happens to be. They are perhaps right . . . from their point of view. Perhaps if Christians had read the Gospels—as we are engaged in reading history—without any of the notes of any Church we might have had already the Kingdom of God on earth instead of having thus difficultly to set about its reconstitution . . . as you might say, by trial and error. That phrase has for me at the moment a great fascination.

§

We return, then, to our Cathay merchants.

They set out, at first with pack beasts; then when the Great Route was smoothed down and set with small polished cobblestones, with sleds. Then with caravans on wheels—a whole city of Cathay moving down a swathe of the earth's middle.

They set out to impose the Great Will on that tract before post-diluvian mischief could be worked.

Let us postulate that they were Chinese, in robes of silk and mandarins' hats with the little green, yellow, or scarlet buttons on the top and all. If you prefer to apply the half-learning of encyclopædias to the question of their origins and races you may say that they were the people one of whom left the Cros-Magnon skull for our edification; or that they started from Piltdown or the Pamirs. I don't much care; though it would be preferable to consider that they did not come from the Pamirs, because that 15,000-foot high plateau boasts one of the worst climates of the world and that would rather throw out of gear the geographic side of the history of the Route.

They were, then, Cathayans and spread across the world the rule of life of the tabu. That is to say, that those things essential and necessary to the preservation of the peace and

innocence of the Route were protected, until released for common use, by the Great Will. And they themselves. . . .

They came amongst sparse peoples, uncrowded and at peace, in the most clement weathers of the known world. They were few in number, those inhabitants, because they were the descendants of the handful of sons of Noah who had escaped the Deluge; they had the whole earth to choose from for their scattered settlements, so they naturally chose those regions where life would be easiest and where from their white clay vessels they could serve out the cream of the world's food on platters of perfumed wood. . . . Yes, that. It was the last remains of the Golden Age that Raleigh's cut-throats happened upon in the island off what is now South Carolina.

It is not natural for human beings to cut each other's throats over their food when it is in plenty—or even to enslave the one or the other in order to ensure its production. Hunting, fishing, herding, the turning over of an easy soil in lovely climates are the favourite pursuits of men. Even the brute creation does not seriously fight over its food when it is in plenty; only the ant makes captives and robs them. And the ant is a special and disagreeable case. Thus warfare and the sack of cities were unthought of.

The traders of Cathay had their wisdoms gathered from ancient records; they had the pre-diluvian chronicles of how humanity had behaved in the old days before their fathers. They knew that men increase and multiply. When that multiplication reaches a point when nourishment, goods, and gear cannot any more be produced by easy, by non-oppressive toil, it will occur to some Columbus to snatch the food from his neighbour's mouth. He will slay him if he resist and eventually get together his neighbours to take food by force from foreign cities and to capture the inhabitants and keep them in chains, working to provide them with food, beds, aumbries . . . what you will.

The Traders knew that. They had it perhaps by word of mouth or in the written advice of a Great Man or perhaps as a mass of commentaries on a Great Man's skilled pronouncements. And knowing that, they set about the tem-

porarily practicable enterprise of ensuring that peace should be interminable and crime still unknown in the habitable world. They had supernatural airs to those simple people, even as Cortes had, or the English, for a short moment in Virginia. And nothing was easier than to endow with a sense of the awfulness the tabu-grounds, the Route itself, their own persons, and, finally, all mankind. The goods that they brought remained tabu even when they had passed into the possession or employment of the indigenous inhabitants of the communities they passed. The goods that they brought were the most desirable possessions of a simple people drawing from the earth an easy means of subsistence; so everything that by its rarity or beauty might awaken an undue covetousness in men with some of the nature of Columbus was put, as it were, supernaturally under divine protection. Food, drink, the light raiment in the shape of skins which was all that their climates called for, the elementary tools and weapons of the chase that were all that they needed . . . those things came to the natives almost as easily as air and light from the heavens and water from the brooks. And, by the exhortations of the merchants, the rarer commodities were put beyond the reach of covetousness, so that the idea of personal property was hardly to be conceived.

The motive of the merchants was of course two-fold. They knew from their pre-diluvian lore that before that catastrophe had reduced the earth's populations to reasonable proportions it had been the habit of whole villages or hordes from many villages united to set out with spear and torch and perpetrate all that, in a subsequent age, was to be perpetrated by the Conquistadores in the territory of the Incas and by our own ancestry in regions more septentrional and less favoured. They therefore wished to protect their own territories in case, as was probable, increasing populations along the Route should have the idea of imitating their pre-diluvian ancestors. And their protection did not manifest itself by hoarding in arsenals untold millions of bows, arrows, javelins, clubs, slingstones, and slings, and apparatus for making and casting Greek fire. Having

wisdom they knew that, as between prisoner and jailer, the prisoner will always in the end escape, since he has nothing else to do but plan escapes, whilst the jailer must have sleep and recreation whilst this watchfulness fails; so the smallest of states bent on the destruction of another larger Empire will, most times, have its will. England may oppress Ireland for hundreds of years or the North plunder the South for a quarter of a century, but in the end their wills fail; Austria may for three hundred years oppress and extinguish all national aspirations in Italy, but the day comes when Italy, a nation, will take most of Austria that is worth having and on its inhabitants practice the oppression that Austria practised aforetime. These things are inevitable.

The Traders knew that, too. In addition there is a quality universal to all great congeries of men. Quite apart from the danger of having barbarous hordes at the gates of your Empire, it will seem unfitting to you that barbarous hordes should exist at all. Their existence is out of tune with the Universe, a note of discord in the Cosmos. You will feel an unceasing itch to convert them to better ways.

If you happen to be ourselves of to-day or of the spirit of Cristoforo you will set about these conversions with fire and sword. With the Big Stick you will take up the White Man's Burden. You will send out punitive expeditions; you will slay; you will root out villages. Then when you have enslaved a population you will force on it a cult as unsuitable to its climate as will be the clothes that you will force it to wear in the name of morality. You will export to that land your roughest and most barbarous citizens; your penniless younger sons; your dipsomaniacs and criminals. It is ten to one that that last habit alone will tend towards the dismemberment of your Empire. Either they will cut loose from you or, in order to retain them, you must keep your mentality and your civilization for ever at the level of those semi-barbarians of your breed. And, in the end, as in the case of Africa, a tortured continent whose protecting Destiny has always at last sent flails and pestilence to its oppressors, you will find your ruin coming from the lands you have taken.

Instances of such ruin were so plentiful in the pre-diluvian records that the Traders could not but see that moral. They could not but see that if you wish to have peaceful countries around your own you must send them not a sword but works of art; that if you wish to convert the heathen you must teach them how to know new happinesses instead of taking from them the few pleasures that they have. And they knew that there is something to be learned from the customs, manners, and imaginings of the most barbarous tribes.

Thus arose and spread throughout the world the Great Road and the great civilizations of that Road. So that to-day we still await the second coming of Arthur and his knights who were their vassals . . . or of Christ who, like their own Confucius, gathered together their traditions that still remained on a ruined Road, and made them into a perdurable book. They had carried with them ivory, apes, peacocks, perfumes; and perhaps more than anything they evangelized with the dance. For it was not their younger sons, dipsomaniacs, criminals and the degenerate that they sent to those peoples to stay with them, but their gravest and most erudite dancers, who were their priests. Their cult was one of joy—and rhythm.

§

There is a ceremony of the Far Eastern worship of the earth which can only be performed by the emperor. It is the rite that welcomes the sacred earth's shaking off the sleep of winter. Before he officiates at this service he ploughs the first sod of the year in Cathay. Then he enters the temple to the sound of the March of the Guiding Light, which is repeated at the canon of that Mass.

He is robed and goes through the solemn dance always to the sound of the ceremonial music.

Music in Cathay, which is of two kinds, is a branch of the Customs Service. My knowledge of it comes from the fact that when I was studying music years ago, Sir Robert Hart, who was Li Hung Chang's Inspector of Customs, gave me two quarto volumes in Imperial yellow; they contained as

much about the mysteries of their music as a Western mind was supposed to be able to grasp.

Chinese music, then, was of two kinds before we sent them jazz. There was the popular music which consisted of taking any instrument and making any sort of joyous, shrill sounds to the banging rhythm of any sort of percussion instrument up to and down from long cannon. That sort of joyous shrillness is not perhaps to our taste, but neither is our idea of melody to theirs. Sir Robert once asked me to take a very famous Cathayan tenor to hear Henschell, the great bass, give a recital of bass lieder. The Easterner's voice was a falsetto so high that some of its notes, like the voice of the bat, were indistinguishable to Western ears.

He listened to Mr. Henschell who, besides being a bass with notes so deep that they also were sometimes almost indistinguishable even to Westerners, was one of the best musicians of his day. He listened with politeness and attention and expressed celestial pleasure at the performance. But he made to a friend remarks which were afterwards translated to me: he could not understand why the distinguished red devil singer should exert himself to make sounds like the lamentations of a water-buffalo took sick.

I ventured to point out to his compatriot that his own ceremonial music made an almost exclusive use of the lower registers. He answered that that might very well be the case, but he had never heard any and did not believe that anybody but the Son of Heaven had heard any for I forgot how many hundred years.

It is then sacred and ceremonial—so sacred that no one but people of the very highest ears may listen to it . . . and so difficult that you must study for more than half a lifetime before you can master the accompaniment to the most minor ritual dances. So you do not perform the music of the Guiding Light until you are ready for the grave and thus of great purity of heart and manners. In addition the notation is very complicated. A Chinese score reads: The honourable performer on the serpent will sound the lowest A natural below the line at the seventh strength and the duration of two heart beats; at the same time the

honourable performer on the silver gong will beat three blows each of two thirds of a heart-beat, stopping off half the reverberations with his venerable forefinger . . . and so on, to the extent of the fifty musicians each of whom must read and memorize his directions as his turn comes to listen to the reading of the sacred score. . . .

But what it all amounts to for our purposes is that the ceremonial music is simply the plain-song of the Western, Eastern, and Hebrew rites; and the dance that the Son of Heaven performs before the altar is exactly that of the slow dance that is the holy ceremony of the Mass. The notation shows that the Emperor made exactly the same movements as the Mass-priest makes; the sanctus bells sound at exactly the same intervals in each rite and equally to the sound of bells the Emperor lays on his tongue three grains of rice and drinks a cup of rice wine as being the body and blood of the redeeming earth.

We are told by one set of authorities that the movements of the priest in the holy ceremony of the Mass represent the journeys made by the Redeemer in His passage through the world; when the officiant prays to the right he is expressing Christ's submission to the elders in the Temple, when he moves to the left to read the Gospels that represents the journey into Galilee; other authorities assert that the Mass is the dance that David danced before the ark of the tabernacle. No doubt both are right. What matters to me is that you should observe that, whether these rituals originated on the one hand in the Pamirs or, on the other, on the plains of the Hoang Ho, one cult must at one time have embraced all the peoples of that swathe that went from Cathay to the Cassiterides and that Augustine was right enough when he said that the Christian religion had existed and come down from times infinitely beyond the memory of man.

P A R T T W O

V O Y A G E S O U T H W A R D S



"THE OX SLED GAILY PAINTED AND CURTAINED"

I

MADEIRA AT MONTICELLO

I

We shall soon have to be thinking of setting out . . . from here where there are so many walls. Southwards. . . . I'm glad we're back in New York. We stayed perhaps too long at Geneva. . . . This burg might have slipped away whilst we were quarrelling about the drawings Biala was to make for the League of Nations. I wish I had a glass of Madeira. Yes, as I have said, I never leave this place without being afraid that it will have disappeared before I can get back. . . . Good Madeira that has been twice round the world.

§

I, said the patient New Yorker, thus restored to a Manhattan domicile, feel the same about Paris. Heavens, it might be gone now. . . . No more *morilles à la crème* at Chantemerle's.

In any case, I answered, we're back here and it . . . (HAWK-HEE . . . HAW . . . KHEE . . . BANG. . . . And I pray thee, Sir Lancelot . . .) as you hear, hasn't changed much. . . . Madeira! That's what we need. It's quite possible they may have pulled down Chantemerle's. . . .

Tears all but welled up into the boding orbs of that patient being.

What, came the words in a tone of spiteful vexation, do you want with Madeira in this detestable place? Do you imagine you can get a decent drop here? In any case you always say it is like faded treacle.

Consider, I say, your history. You ought to be able by all the rules. . . .

I don't want, I got my answer, to consider history. I want to consider, at close quarters, a *tournedos* with *foie gras* at the Pré au Clercs in DR . . .

That cat—Biala put her head out of the studio door to say—has swallowed my special indigo. It's brought it all up on the divan, but it's no use now.

You ought, I said, to be able to get the best indigo in the world in this city.

You can't, that artist answered.

Consider your history, I said once more. In 1710 Mrs. Taylor, the grandmother of Zachary Taylor, who, of course, was Robert E. Lee's . . .

We shall have, the patient New Yorker said, to do something about it. He will be giving us all those Southern genealogies before we even get to the border. He will be talking about his cousins in Richmond, Va. And their aunts in the Shenandoah Valley. He's been talking about Monticello, and the capitol at Richmond. . . .

My uncle Leopold's negroes, I said, used to haul their tobacco in two- and, sometimes, three-runnered sleds. When the weather was dry. As late as . . .

Don't say 1840, the New Yorker exclaimed; you remember Professor Cox, though he's a Southerner too and connected with the Taylors, said that it's dangerous to mention 1840 here. Besides, you can't have had an uncle in Richmond in the 'forties.

He was a forty-niner, I retorted, and he once gave me a glass of Madeira that . . .

The New Yorker sank despairingly into the period arm-chair with the delicate arm. It clattered onto the floor.

§

You should make allowances, Biala said, for how his poor mind works. You remember how he would keep us hanging over Funchal on the pretence on the way back of looking at the painted ox-sleds they haul tourists about in.

He made us hang just as long over Nîmes, the New Yorker said, but he hasn't yet burbled about the *grives sur canapés* we had there three years ago. You would think that that was more important than his mouldy Madeira. . . . In any case it was all only a sort of dream, that Geneva interlude.

He is just going to tell you, Biala answered, that when one of his connections got him taken over Monticello years ago the amiable custodians gave him a glass of Madeira. . . .

I said: That's enough. . . .

And, he's going to tell you, that artist went on imperceptibly. . . . Or he would be going to tell you that Jefferson . . .

The New Yorker sprang straight up in the air exclaiming:

If you're going to have that insufferable newspaperman to tea . . .

I mean the uncle of your country, Biala went on. Nobody's coming to tea. . . . Jefferson spent three months at Nîmes and fell in love with the Maison Carrée. Those are his own words: "fell in love with the Maison Carrée." That's why the Capitol at Richmond is an exact replica of the Madeleine.

Oh! the electrified New Yorker exclaimed, do you remember the *foie de veau sauce madère* at Larue's in the very shadow of the Madeleine?

That's why, Biala answered, you have all the Greek porticoes at Monticello and Mount Vernon and in every dog-runned mouldy colonial mansion that we're going to have to see all over the South. Calm yourself. You've got to see it through. From now on for weeks it's going to be nothing but someone's great-uncle's receipt for barbecue sauce and how the silk of King Charles I's coronation robes was grown in Virginia—thus showing civilization flowing backwards and forwards along his old Route. . . . The silk

seeds, grown in Cathay, don't you know? . . . And brought from there by a missionary, a Jesuit, in a hollow bamboo walking-stick. To Lyons. And brought from Lyons to Jamestown, Virginia. . . . And grown and carded and spun by that lovely Mrs. Someone or other's five times great-grandmother. . . . Virginia Dare, I dare say. . . . And woven and sent back to Westminster for King Charles's coronation robes. . . . You see . . . civilization flowing backwards and forwards for ever along the prolonged oval. . . .

The lady stopped to take a deep breath.

And coming back, she began again, in the form of the Greek columns that are such a feature of our colonial mansions. . . . Which, she continued, is only another proof of Jefferson's wonderful sense of the fitness of things. . . . I tell you we're going to get doses of Thomas Jefferson all the way from here to the Natural Bridge, which Jefferson got George III to give him just before he rebelled. . . . Because in origin Greek architecture was a wood, not a stone architecture at all. . . . And those colonial mansions when they could not get bricks any more from England had to be built of wood. . . . And that greatest Small Producer and carpenter and gadget builder of his country saw that if he was going to draft the Declaration . . .

How, I asked, did you get hold of that about Greek architecture having been adapted originally for wood?

You see, Biala addressed the New Yorker, that's how his mind works. You'd think he couldn't connect his uncle's hauling tobacco in sleds, and Nîmes and Thomas Jefferson and Madeira and indigo and Charles I, all in one sentence. But he will and cite them as instances of the Route being all one civilization.

It isn't, I said, authentically certain that Virginia made the silk for the coronation robe of Charles I. It's a very old legend. But it's quite pukka that she made the silk for Queen Anne's and for the Queen of George III. . . .

Keep him quiet for a couple of minutes, will you? she said to her accomplice, I've *got* to have that indigo.

And she started to cable a wire to Lejeune's of Paris. She

ought, historically speaking, to be able to get the best indigo in the world in Manhattan.

2

It was, of course, the Wheel. . . . That was the root of all evil.

That still is.

Originally, as we have seen, vehicular traffic consisted of sleds drawn over prepared roads of small shining cobbles. They still have no other means of transport in Lord Howe Island in Oceania, though there the inhabitants are quite hard-headed Anglo-Saxons. And till the end of the eighteenth century the negroes of the Carolinas had none other for their tobacco hauling, having—and that is the point to be noted—learned the trick of the Indians. I am told even, that the poor whites in those States still use sleds in summer when the grass is dry and slippery. The sled is also used in Turkestan.

In any case, except in the island of Porto Santo, the ox-sled, gaily painted and curtained, is the only indigenous means of transport in the Madeiran archipelago, though tourists bring their own automobiles on the islands where there are roads.

Who was the Columbus-Satan of the wheel I do not know. One cannot be expected to possess all knowledge. Perhaps nobody knows.

It was not Archimedes who started us on the slope that leaves us wallowing in mass production. He invented cog-wheels, the endless screw pulleys in systems, and he discovered specific gravity and various principles of hydrostatics. . . . But the wheel, the most devastating of all inventions, must have been invented long before his day. Was it not used in chariots at the siege of Troy?

That perhaps dates the invention, the siege of Troy having taken place at the end of the Golden Age and being the symbol that humanity has since used for that cataclysm. . . . Without bronze the Greeks could neither have made their shining casques nor bolted together the timbers of their ships, just as without wheels Achilles could not have

dragged Hector at his chariot tail. . . . But bronze can only have been invented in a place where copper and tin are found together, and, as I have pointed out, Arthur's kingdom in Cornwall was the only spot in the world known to the ancients where copper and tin are so found. So the invention of wheels must have preceded that of copper. That heavy metal could have been conveyed on rafts for the short distance that separates Dover from Calais, but it



"THE LAST TRACES OF THE GOLDEN AGE"

could not have been brought in any quantity from Tintagel to Athens in vehicles without wheels on account of its great weight. So we have the wheel permitting the invasion of Troy just as twenty years ago it made possible the bringing into the field of fourteen million murderers from every quarter of the world . . . in France. For increased ease in travel and communication has always proved the first cause of the mass slaughters of the world. So in that very beginning Menelaus and his fellow Hitlers could not have pursued the flying lovers to the shores of Asia Minor without the newly invented, bronze-bolted ships; nor without wheels could humanity have wiped the last traces of the Golden Age from the dust of our Great Route. . . . A little

before that the Merchants had taken to travelling in houses on wheels, the original of the gipsy caravans that still remain to be a testimony—and Sir Gawain and King Arthur had fallen and the whole Round Table been dissolved.

§

Let us begin our American voyage Southwards with a glimpse at Madeira. This is no digression—for a reason that will appear plain in a moment. The archipelago formed by those islands has for long been taken to be the last remains of the ancient, legendary, lost continent of Atlantis. I do not see why we should not go on believing that, although the Scientists forbid it, just because they dislike legends—for legend destroys Scientists.

But it is convenient to remember that, as we have seen, the most eastward of these islands—that of Santos—belongs geographically to . . . consists, that is to say, of the same kind of rocks and sands as the coast of Africa; whereas the rest of the islands are geologically identical with the eastern shore territories of the continent of America. The Old World, then, ends at Porto Santo; the New begins, thirty miles away, with the island whose capital is Funchal. It is true that the sea that separates the two islands is two miles deep, but in revenge it is only thirty miles across. So that not an ocean but a strait hardly broader than the English Channel at Dover separates the two hemispheres; and if while he was courting in Porto Santo he took with his young woman an afternoon trip to Funchal, Columbus actually found his way to America's outpost and stood in the New World a dozen years before he knew it.

That is why it is appropriate to begin our voyage South from Manhattan with a glimpse at Madeira.

§

Geology is, of course, a kind of Science and scientific evidence of a statement should always be suspect. Fortunately there is human evidence to substantiate the American-ness of the Madeiran civilization. Still in Funchal, that is to say, the gaily painted and curtained ox-sleds glide about the streets

of that city . . . and they are such as were used before wheels were invented. So that the only form of transport that is used in that city and the western group of the islands is one that in the Old World was already disused by the date of the Siege of Troy. But wheels had not been invented in the continent of the New World at the time of the first visit of Columbus, and though they were subsequently introduced by the pirates and murderers who followed him, to this day in Mexico, as in the Madeiras, the potter uses no throwing-wheel, moulding his plates and jars still with his hands by a process of trial and error. . . . In the northern half of the continent, indeed, the Indians taught the negro slaves the use of the sled which they still employed for the haulage of tobacco till within living memory . . . and which, as we have seen, is still said to be employed by poor whites in dry seasons when the grass is slippery. . . .

And now, add to that knowledge the fact that, thirty miles east of Funchal in that very island of Porto Santo where Columbus did his courting, rough wheels have been used from a day before the records of humanity. That would seem to be sufficient to let us believe that, whereas Santos is Africa, the other islands are indeed the beginnings of America. . . . At any rate, the islands are very lovely and in their sun-warmed rocks you may read an epitome of the fate of all the lovely and fertile regions of the world.

§

As soon as your vessel returning on the route of Columbus, Vespucci, and the rest, leaves behind the Azores and, turning south-eastward, makes for the islands off Africa, there begins to run through it a feeling of unrest. . . . It is caused by the thought that now—depending on the place of your birth—you are either approaching your old home or breaking new ground in the foreign.

These islands lie not a full ten degrees to the West of a point between Mogador and Casablanca on the coast of Africa and have a vast of Ocean between them and the Western land to which, geologically, they are said to belong. So they have infinitely more the air of being a coloured

shoulder-knot of Africa than a bow on the advanced shoe of Africa. That, however, does not matter very much. For our purposes it is just as convenient to consider Funchal to be, like New York, the physical gateway into America. Morally both will remain the last outposts of the Old World, so both parties may be satisfied.

§

Indeed it is immensely convenient to take that view, for the whole of our subsequent studies of history will at once become much clearer.

The moment when Columbus stood on the beach of Porto Santo gazing at the horizon below which lay new plunder is the moment when the history of the older stage of the Great Route came to an end. We do not have to occupy ourselves with the great Spanish Empire to the South nor with the terrific adventures of Cortez and his successors, nor need we much occupy ourselves with Raleigh and his commercial travellers and contemporaries. They were mere pirates. They left practically no traces behind them, finding no gold and establishing nothing.

So that the history of the Route as far as we are concerned soars straight from the moment when Columbus stood on the beach at Santos in about 1480 to about 1620 when at last the Anglo-Saxons found the courage really to face the problems of the northern parts of the shores that, to the West, faced their own across the Atlantic. They took up, that is to say, the agricultural problems of those regions. They took them up, as we shall see, whimsically and nonsensically, but at least they had abandoned the idea of finding golden rivers and skillets of gold on every kitchen fire.

§

Let that, then, be agreed and let the reader not think the change too abrupt if we spring as it were straight from the wine-growers of Madeira to the silk-ginger-rice-indigo-ginseng plantations of the Southern and Middle States. Nothing that would be very profitable to examine lies between the two . . . only the great stretch of the Atlantic

and a hundred and forty years of time, between the wheeled shores of Africa and the wheel-less ones of Virginia.

§

But, being in Madeira, let us examine these islands for a moment longer. It was from them that came the wine Jefferson drank on the steps of Monticello before setting out to write the Declaration.

From the earliest times they were in the possession of Portugal, and on the face of them seem to have such an unstoried past that peace settles on the mind as soon as their peaks show like clouds on the forward horizon. Really they have been tormented and harried by as many scoundrels and insect pests as any other lovely parts of the world.

They were discovered in the very middle of the fourteenth century by two lovers fleeing like Paris and Helen—but from paternal rather than marital wrath. They were then forgotten or became legends till the days of the Portuguese Prince Henry the Navigator. . . . And they are distinguished as having been—or being said to be—the birthplace of the wife of Columbus. He met the lady whilst she was still at school in Lisbon and followed her to Porto Santo of which Madeiran island her father was the first Portuguese governor. And it was on the shores of that island paradise that, talking to old pilots, Columbus strengthened, if he did not there conceive, his idea that there was grand plunder beyond the rim of the Western horizon that from there he could see. It did not for very long remain a paradise.

§

Very shortly afterwards the fame of the islands spread throughout all the Old World. If they were not rumoured to be El Dorado they were at least allegedly the islands of the Hesperides, where evil could not penetrate. And they were invaded, peacefully, if tumultuously, by hordes of rest-seeking Genoese and other Italians, by Spaniards. Portuguese, by the Southern French, by North Africans, all these weary peoples sought in those idyllic and remote

climates a respite from eternal strife, a return to the Golden Age.

And then in turn came sackings and plunderings by the homestayers of all those races. Pirates came from Algiers, Tangiers, the Riff; conquering devastators from Spain, from Genoa, from Venice; little murderers like Raleigh, Drake, and Essex from remote Northern islands. All these were convinced that if you take a million from peaceful sugar-, wine-, and spice-growers that is not piracy but doing pious work for your Sovereign, your deity, for your soul's sake and your heroic race.

§

Then came the Empire builders. And, of course . . . tariffs. Spain, enriched with the spoils of the territory that Columbus opened for her sacking, mopped up the islands of the Ocean and most of South-Eastern Europe. Charles V landed in Doria's own galleys in Genoa and over-ran Italy. . . . But he also suppressed the Madeira wine-growing, in order to abolish the Madeiran competition with Jerez and Canary sack.

Then England made her attempt to hold the islands. She forbade the export of any wine but Madeira to her Americas. That was under Charles II who, in honour of his Portuguese wife, founded the ancient alliance between England and Portugal that is said still to subsist. A later English occupation was intended to stave off Napoleon and the French.

The islands were returned to Portugal in 1814. They enjoyed some sixty years' rest. Then successive invasions of the oïdium and the phylloxera wiped the grapes entirely off the face of the islands. The ruined Madeirans like their European wine-growing rivals had to call the New World in to redress the balance of the Old. It is a curious story. The American colonists, as we shall see, could not compete with the Madeiran wine-growers; yet in the end they had to save the Madeirans from extinction. The colonial grapes had been so often subject to the phylloxera that they had developed an immunity of their own. Then, when the European and Madeiran vines had been all killed by that

plague, they had to replant all their wine-hills with American stocks.

§

That happened in 1873. From that day the islands really have enjoyed an immunity from invasions except for those of the tourists. These, in continuously advancing and receding tides, make Funchal rather a noisy place. But the other islands are little visited and even Funchal still boasts its narrow streets, its markets, its gay bullock sleds and, above all, its little, charming cathedral with the very beautiful decorations of its tulip-wood ceilings and choir-stalls—a very happy and slumbrous place of worship for sleepy islands in a near tropic sea. So that, if Madeira is really the outpost of the New World, it retains very much the aspect of the postern gate of a very old one.

We had better now jump the ocean and that 140 years, landing, say, in Jamestown, Va.

§

By the time we reach there the Spaniards will have extirpated the beautiful and majestic civilizations in the Southern half-continent; but in the North the American Indian still roamed the happy wilderness and held at bay the extravagantly clumsily armoured soldiery of the Jacobean English.

The Redskin had the mistaken taste to inhabit—or spread over—territory for the most part not meant for the habitation of peaceful seekers for a golden age. But they had the good sense at least not to over-populate it.

All these peoples, both of the Northern and Southern half-continents, appear to have been simple in their tastes, frugal in habit, practitioners of the arts, skilled craftsmen, and—above all, and that is perhaps most significant, they were without wheels. They had degenerated from their ancestors of the Age itself . . . but not much and had they been allowed to exist the world to-day would have been, if not much better, then at least vastly less catastrophic than it is. The reports of them that have come down to us are nearly all attractive. . . . Even when they aren't it has

to be remembered that those accounts were written by their murderers and successors. They are just like the writings of the crusading monks who with infinite bloodshed blotted out the innocent and beautiful civilization of the Troubadours of Provence and, the Troubadours being all dead, accused them of every crime mentionable and unmentionable. But to-day those writings only serve to emphasize the beauty and gentleness of the civilization that the writers blotted out. So the writings of the contemporaries and apologists of Cortes only gild the virtues of the unfortunate Emperor Guartimozin,* and nothing seems more dignified, noble, and hospitable than the Indians who waited on the birth-and death-throes of Raleigh's colony of Virginia. How else could you qualify the behaviour of the wife of the chief Granganimeo?

Her husband being absent she was waited on by seven Englishmen from the first flotilla of Raleigh, who himself had stayed at home. She received the unexpected visitors with calmness in her five-roomed house; set them before a great fire whilst her women took away their wet and filthy clothes to wash and dry them. She made ready a meal of hasty pudding, venison, smoked, boiled, and baked fish, and melons and apples. This was brought to table in white clay-ware tureens and served on platters of perfumed wood. She poured them wine flavoured with ginger and cinnamon. The banqueting-hall, which was very large, served also as the bedroom and family chapel. In the place of honour was the image of Manitou, whose miracles she recounted

* Nothing, if it were not so tragic, could be more amusing than the perpetual tergiversations of Columbus on the subject of the Caribs. When it is a question of extracting more money from Ferdinand and Isabella for obtaining easy money from an earthly paradise he represents them as gentle, chocolate-coloured beings. When he desires their licence to enslave and sell the natives they become suddenly cannibals whose "bestiality is greater than that of any beast upon the earth." . . . Actually it would seem that the really gentle Caribs were vegetarians and that the only cannibals there were the Spaniards who when hard-pressed actually ate each other once or twice. . . . "Los unicas casas autenticas de antropofagia en la conquista fueron comitidos por los mismos conquistadores," *La Fabula de los Caribes*, p. 15.

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But by 1794—the date of the exploit of the boy Joseph Brown of what afterwards became Chattanooga—all the settlers of the Tennessee Valley had been taught to live, plough, hew, and draw water with their rifles in hand or laid somewhere very contiguous. Actually, except for fear of complications with the Spaniards, who held Louisiana and the mouths of the Mississippi and protected the Cherokees and the Creeks, the settler could probably have wiped out the redskins without very much difficulty. As it was, already by 1792, after the Chickamaugas had besieged a station a few miles from Nashville, the Brown boy had offered to lead Sevier and Robertson to the Indians' hiding-place. Those two leaders, under orders from Washington, who was straining to avoid war with Great Britain, refused to take advantage of the offer. But in '94 the inhabitants of the Nashville district rose and demanded to be led against the Chickamaugas. They had been losing from eighty to a hundred men every year for many years and in that year had lost five of their most prominent citizens. . . . So

* I had the interesting experience during the late war of commanding in France, though not actually in the trenches, a couple of battalions of French Canadians. These included rather more than two hundred American Indians, mostly, as far as I can remember, Algonquins. They differed from the white troops in being rather remarkably good in discipline, in being noticeably poor shots, but in having a faculty for disappearance when scouting in No Man's Land that appeared almost miraculous. As far as I could check, only two of them were killed whilst actually scouting—except, of course, by barrages. It is interesting to note that the Japanese serving in the same regiments had almost exactly the same characteristics, except that they were noticeably better shots.

Brown led the settlers to the cave of Nicojak which was the Indians' chief hiding-place; the Indians there were exterminated, except for a few women. And the rest of the Cherokees took the warning. They sold their lands gradually to the Government. By 1817 they had only a strip of mountain land on the south bank of the Tennessee. In 1838 Chattanooga came into the possession of the settlers and the last Cherokee had paid his last visit to the graves of his ancestors.

Seven years before, as we have seen, the power of Black Hawk's tribe had been destroyed in Illinois. . . . And as far as we are concerned the Indians and their problems at that point desert us, they going Westward and Northward and we being bound South towards the bayous and Baton Rouge.

§

It is worth while here, by way of Mediterranean comment, to make the note that in 1830 the Lincolns and the Stewarts and the Old Settlers generally came into contact, about Kaskaskia, with the Southern French settlements that had long preceded them. A gloomy and silent people they were astounded at the "gaiety, industry, and enterprise" of those Latins, and it was a daily cause of shocked wonder to them to see the French men returning from work and met with embraces by their wives and children actually "at the gate of his door-yard and in full view of all the villagers." In revenge they were violently offended by the "kindly fraternization" of the French with the Indians. There were actually inter-marriages between the two Dago races! . . . They had it to their own record that in the momentous year 1814 their own territorial legislature had offer a reward of \$50 to any citizen or ranger who should kill or take any Indian. . . . They paid only \$2 for a wolf, so that ten years later only a handful of Kickapoos remained in Sagamon County, but there were still wolves in plenty.

Michelet, on the other hand, commenting on the "ferocious exclusivity" of the Anglo-Saxon whites and their refusal to intermarry with the Pottawattamies and Kickapoos, exclaims:

"Crime contre la Nature! Crime contre l'humanité! Il sera expié par la stérilité de l'esprit."

It seems only proper to note that Lincoln was never proud of his participation in the war of 1831 and that in 1848 he protested with agitation to Congress that he was in no way to be called a military man. During the Black Hawk war his blood had been shed only by mosquitoes; his bayonet, not his sabre, had been bent not on the ribs of Indians but in digging for wild onions; and, as for Indians, he had never seen any. "So that, Mr. Speaker," he ends up, "I defy you at any time to let me be called a military hero."

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Let us, then, return to our asparagus—though it was probably a far cry from the day when the first settler landed in Jamestown to one when asparagus was of common use in their kitchens. The chronology would seem to have been as follows:

In 1649 "roots" in use in Virginia were "potatoes"—(introduced from South America in 1629 by Sir John Hervey)—"carrets, sparagus, turnips, parsnips, onions, and hartichokes."

In 1656, Hammond says, "The gallant root of potatoes are common, so are all kinds of garden stuff."

About 1709, in revenge, Beverley, who was a kitchen garden enthusiast, writes: "They ha'nt many gardens in the country fit to bear the name."

In 1680 travellers in Maryland complained that vegetables in that colony were "few and coarse," but by 1775, Arthur Young, who certainly knew what he was talking about, said that no portion of the world "could boast more plentiful or general production of garden vegetables than the two Chesapeake Colonies." . . . And that would probably be a true saying to-day if we except perhaps the Rhône Valley. . . . As against that, Mr. Edward Eggleston, writing in 1884, says that cabbages, onions, and potatoes were imported in Charleston, even after the Revolution, from England.

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for many centuries. Finally, in the war of 1914-1918 it became the orthodox "tactics in advance" for all the armies in the field—one more instance of education of a sort travelling backwards along the fortieth parallel.*

By the middle of the eighteenth century Virginia had reached its stage of quasi-feudal stratification—of rich planters living surrounded by prosperous slaves or indented labourers; of poorer planters; a very few artisans and the mountaineers whose sole possessions would be apt to be axe and rifle and hide clothing.

But by 1794—the date of the exploit of the boy Joseph Brown of what afterwards became Chattanooga—all the settlers of the Tennessee Valley had been taught to live, plough, hew, and draw water with their rifles in hand or laid somewhere very contiguous. Actually, except for fear of complications with the Spaniards, who held Louisiana and the mouths of the Mississippi and protected the Cherokees and the Creeks, the settler could probably have wiped out the redskins without very much difficulty. As it was, already by 1792, after the Chickamaugas had besieged a station a few miles from Nashville, the Brown boy had offered to lead Sevier and Robertson to the Indians' hiding-place. Those two leaders, under orders from Washington, who was straining to avoid war with Great Britain, refused to take advantage of the offer. But in '94 the inhabitants of the Nashville district rose and demanded to be led against the Chickamaugas. They had been losing from eighty to a hundred men every year for many years and in that year had lost five of their most prominent citizens. . . . So

* I had the interesting experience during the late war of commanding in France, though not actually in the trenches, a couple of battalions of French Canadians. These included rather more than two hundred American Indians, mostly, as far as I can remember, Algonquins. They differed from the white troops in being rather remarkably good in discipline, in being noticeably poor shots, but in having a faculty for disappearance when scouting in No Man's Land that appeared almost miraculous. As far as I could check, only two of them were killed whilst actually scouting—except, of course, by barrages. It is interesting to note that the Japanese serving in the same regiments had almost exactly the same characteristics, except that they were noticeably better shots.

Brown led the settlers to the cave of Nicojak which was the Indians' chief hiding-place; the Indians there were exterminated, except for a few women. And the rest of the Cherokees took the warning. They sold their lands gradually to the Government. By 1817 they had only a strip of mountain land on the south bank of the Tennessee. In 1838 Chattanooga came into the possession of the settlers and the last Cherokee had paid his last visit to the graves of his ancestors.

Seven years before, as we have seen, the power of Black Hawk's tribe had been destroyed in Illinois. . . . And as far as we are concerned the Indians and their problems at that point desert us, they going Westward and Northward and we being bound South towards the bayous and Baton Rouge.

§

It is worth while here, by way of Mediterranean comment, to make the note that in 1830 the Lincolns and the Stewarts and the Old Settlers generally came into contact, about Kaskaskia, with the Southern French settlements that had long preceded them. A gloomy and silent people they were astounded at the "gaiety, industry, and enterprise" of those Latins, and it was a daily cause of shocked wonder to them to see the French men returning from work and met with embraces by their wives and children actually "at the gate of his door-yard and in full view of all the villagers." In revenge they were violently offended by the "kindly fraternization" of the French with the Indians. There were actually inter-marriages between the two Dago races! . . . They had it to their own record that in the momentous year 1814 their own territorial legislature had offer a reward of \$50 to any citizen or ranger who should kill or take any Indian. . . . They paid only \$2 for a wolf, so that ten years later only a handful of Kickapoos remained in Sagamon County, but there were still wolves in plenty.

Michelet, on the other hand, commenting on the "ferocious exclusivity" of the Anglo-Saxon whites and their refusal to intermarry with the Pottawattamies and Kickapoos, exclaims:

"Crime contre la Nature! Crime contre l'humanité! Il sera expié par la stérilité de l'esprit."

It seems only proper to note that Lincoln was never proud of his participation in the war of 1831 and that in 1848 he protested with agitation to Congress that he was in no way to be called a military man. During the Black Hawk war his blood had been shed only by mosquitoes; his bayonet, not his sabre, had been bent not on the ribs of Indians but in digging for wild onions; and, as for Indians, he had never seen any. "So that, Mr. Speaker," he ends up, "I defy you at any time to let me be called a military hero."

§

Let us, then, return to our asparagus—though it was probably a far cry from the day when the first settler landed in Jamestown to one when asparagus was of common use in their kitchens. The chronology would seem to have been as follows:

In 1649 "roots" in use in Virginia were "potatoes"—(introduced from South America in 1629 by Sir John Hervey)—"carrets, sparagus, turnips, parsnips, onions, and hartichokes."

In 1656, Hammond says, "The gallant root of potatoes are common, so are all kinds of garden stuff."

About 1709, in revenge, Beverley, who was a kitchen garden enthusiast, writes: "They ha'nt many gardens in the country fit to bear the name."

In 1680 travellers in Maryland complained that vegetables in that colony were "few and coarse," but by 1775, Arthur Young, who certainly knew what he was talking about, said that no portion of the world "could boast more plentiful or general production of garden vegetables than the two Chesapeake Colonies." . . . And that would probably be a true saying to-day if we except perhaps the Rhône Valley. . . . As against that, Mr. Edward Eggleston, writing in 1884, says that cabbages, onions, and potatoes were imported in Charleston, even after the Revolution, from England.

§

As for the other colonies, the harsh natures of the climate and of the men of New England—more the latter than the former—made kitchen gardening an almost unknown growth until quite recent days. Vines were grown by order from England in Massachusetts until about 1640, but gardening was considered to be fit only for women; and the New England women would seem to have preferred growing simples, potherbs, and flowers. In Pennsylvania, too, the women grew flowers, boasting by the end of the seventeenth century that they had “most of the garden herbs and flowers of England,” but kitchen gardening was mostly left to the Pennsylvania Dutch. Indeed, it is probable that if the Eastern States had any kitchen gardens or flowers at all that art was taught them or filtered through to them from the Holland Dutch of New Jersey whose descendants—as we shall see—are still the most skilful and industrious small-truck farmers in that State. They introduced into New Amsterdam “red, white, and carmelian roses, gilli-flowers, tulips, white lilies, marigolds, and garden violets,” and Manhattan was covered with flourishing and sometimes formally elegant flower and herb gardens.

§

But, in general, except for the Pennsylvania Dutch, large-scale agriculture in the Thirteen Colonies was a rough and shockingly ignorant affair even when the colonists were left to themselves. The plough was almost unknown until the middle of the eighteenth century; seeds—even wheat—were sown after scratching the surface of the ground with tree-tops.

In addition the constant interference of the home Government and the continual running across the land of crazes for non-economic but meretriciously attractive crops discouraged working growers. As Mr. Egglesden puts it:

“For more than a hundred and sixty years, down to the very outbreak of the Revolution, persevering efforts were made by kings, privy councils, parliaments, governors, proprietaries, provincial councils, legislative assemblies, noblemen, philosophers

and ladies to secure the success of silk-growing in the thirteen British American provinces. . . . Before the James River plantation was nine years old Virginia sent to England silk that had cost more than the value of an equal bulk of gold. In 1623, before the smoke of the Indian massacre and the counter-massacre had died away, law was invoked to compel the planting of the white mulberry. . . .”

Wine-growing was the next craze, vine-planting being made compulsory on every husbandman from Boston Harbour to the frontiers of Louisiana. To that succeeded the craze for indigo and ginseng. “All men begin to get some of the seeds,” writes a Virginian called Barber . . . “it will be of ten times the gaine of tobacco.” They hoped to take the spice trade “from the Mogull’s country and to supply all Christendome. This will be many thousands of poundes in the year.” . . . Of them all only one succeeded and lasted—that for rice which, brought from Madagascar, had been planted by accident in a back garden in Charleston in 1696. In less than a decade South Carolina was covered with great plantations in which the planters lived in feudal state, and newly imported negroes toiled and died of the labour of husking the rice. But when the husking of grain by mills was introduced—about 1760—the production of rice increased so enormously in that province that she was able to export from seven hundred thousand to a million hundredweight annually to England alone. That was why Charleston had to import cabbages and onions. She had neither land nor labour to give to truck-farming.

§

By about that date the colonies generally had settled down to the production of sensible staples. Massachusetts, which about 1630 was importing wheat from Virginia, exported its first cargo of wheat to England in 1636 and was already growing so much corn that it was unsaleable. But the New Englanders had not yet learned the use or despised the employment of manure; both their wheat- and corn-growing lands were soon exhausted and they betook themselves to fishing and commercial shipping. New Jersey, as we shall

see, took with success to general and truck-farming; in Pennsylvania the settlers from the Palatine had from the earliest date been successful with what is to-day called sufficiency farming, and towards 1730 they were already exporting wheat and were growing quantities of buckwheat and corn for local sales and the feeding of cattle.

§

In the meanwhile the settlers had learned the cultivation of maize and tobacco from the Indians, who themselves had learned the cultures from the Aztecs. . . .

As regards the Aztec culture of that staple, botanists and archaeologists are still nicely divided. The archaeologists assert that the evolution of maize in its countless shapes must have been perfected by the four great Southern Empires in four or five thousand years. The botanists insist that it must have taken hundreds of thousands since fossil spikes of the plant are found in the soil of the Maya forests. In any case we seem to owe the very existence of the United States to those gentle predecessors of Mr. Burbank, for without corn, cotton, and potatoes it is difficult to see how the harassed settlers of the Thirteen Provinces could have won through to to-day. This they only did by a sort of stubborn and almost voiceless opposition to the dictates of kings, councils, and enthusiastic ladies. The opposition was mostly put up by Swiss and Germans in South Carolina, Georgia, and Philadelphia. A Salzburg minister of Georgia sufficiently cogently voiced the problem. He said that his parishioners could certainly raise silk-worms, but they could hardly earn seven shillings a week by the culture, whilst they could earn fourteen at tobacco-raising or other work. Similarly Madeira and Portuguese wine could be imported much more cheaply than it could be raised even by French settlers in Rhode Island and the Carolinas, by Swedes in original Delaware or by Governor Winthrop in Boston Harbour. So by 1750 Maryland and Virginia were exporting a hundred thousand tons a year of tobacco to England. And as soon as Whitney had invented his machine for extracting the seeds from raw cotton, the planting of indigo,

gensing, and the other products of the lands of the Great Mogul all but disappeared from the Thirteen Provinces.

The provincial ladies were naturally the last to let go the romantic idea of growing rich through East Indian specialties. The indefatigable Mrs. Laura Pinckney, who had grown, spun, and woven the silk for three famous dresses, took up the planting of indigo and for long continued its culture. In Louisiana, too, indigo-planting was a staple and very profitable commodity. In 1792 or 1793 this crop was entirely destroyed by a new insect plague. Romantically, the great French seigneur, Louis Boré, who had been a musketeer of the Guard, was then suddenly taken with the idea of crystallizing the juice of the sugar-cane which had hitherto been used there only in the form of molasses, candy, or rum. The whole colony stood on tiptoe, as it were, with suspense whilst the juice was boiling in his great cauldrons. When it did crystallize *Te Deums* were sung in every church of Louisiana. The Boré plantation and those of the allied Loucher and Gayarré families were at that time six miles outside New Orleans. They have now disappeared. But the lavish feudalism, hospitality, and military discipline of those immense, wealthy plantations eclipsed even the legends of the splendours of the greatest planters of the Anglo-Saxon colonies.

§

The great planters of Virginia, Maryland, and Delaware did, nevertheless, play a great part in rendering the Southern states fit for the civilized. Their attention to their farms was minute and passionate. Both Washington and Jefferson were obviously sincere in their regrets in leaving their estates to bailiffs whilst they passed their time in office, and it is quite reasonable to call Washington the first farmer of his country. If in addition one called Jefferson its first craftsman. Mount Vernon whilst Washington was able to attend to it was so admirable an experimental station that with my special tic I cannot help regretting that its master ever absented himself on public duties; and even to-day Monticello is rendered memorable not merely by the Latin

stateliness of its design but by a number of devices in cabinet-making, desks, writing-shelves, reading-lamps. And families like the Byrds and the inhabitants of the great houses—traces of which are still to be found in the lovely and fertile peninsula which contains most of the state of Delaware and parts of Virginia and Maryland—those squires with the traditions and much more than the opportunities of the squirearchy of the Old Country, deserved, in peace almost more than in war, well of their country and the world.

§

Those establishments were, however, necessarily feudal in character and we are here interested in something more humble. They interest us, that is to say in being almost absolutely what to-day is called self-sufficiency farms. Regarded as profit-making concerns they can never have been eminently successful and none of the planters of that type can have been very rich men. If you put it that whilst the master himself shared the work as well as the superintendence of his estates the profit on the capital employed can never have been much more than 3 per cent you would be within the mark. But if the master was absent for a year the results of the year's farming would always be a loss. So you had Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and the rest continually tearing themselves momentarily away from their official labours after the peace and lamenting bitterly the deteriorations that had taken place in their estates and plantations.

But even into revolutionary days and for half a century later the condition of the smaller farmers and planters of the South was not very satisfactory. I am not talking now of the class that later became known as poor whites, but of those that in England would have been called smaller gentry and yeomen. These were gradually driven out of the Chesapeake provinces and their neighbourhoods simply because of their poor farming methods. Earth that has been much called on must be restored. In the earliest days the Indians had taught the ignorant settlers that corn and even

tobacco must be manured if it is to give good results. And the Indians had evolved the primitive device of burying a fish by every corn hill or along the tobacco rows. This was admirable in its way, but it had the disadvantage that the newly planted fields must be watched day and night because of the wolves that would dig up the fish if not driven away. Wolves also rendered very difficult the most advantageous method of fertilizing—which by the middle of the eighteenth century was in full swing in Europe—that of hurdling sheep on crops of roots. And, indeed, when shortly before the Revolution the smaller farmers were advised to adopt that method, they replied that not only did the wolves render that impossible but their soil was so poor that the turnips they could raise were “scarce as large as buttons.”

§

That was to some extent true even of Virginia, and it became more and more true as the years went on, even of the South side itself. A little manuring seems to have been done by enclosing cattle, instead of sheep, on ground intended to be ploughed. But the woods were attractively full, still, of birds and beasts to be shot, and tobacco was an easy crop; and when one plot of ground became sterile under successive plantations of tobacco it was easier to move to another than to go to the trouble of manuring even if manure was to be procured. And so began the trek into Kentucky and later into territories further and further away. If there was any good farming at all by the smaller men it was mostly to be found eventually in the Shenandoah Valley, which was largely settled by Orange men from Ulster and the North of Ireland in general. Those shrewd Scots developed a real talent for intensive cultivation, and if they were eventually displaced it was only by the Pennsylvania Dutch, moving Southwards with their immense, typically over-hanging barns.

It was not merely the smaller farmers that emigrated. Occasionally, particularly in the relatively inclement country between Richmond and the sea, the greater planta-

tions would be suddenly deserted, the owners moving westwards, stock, lock, barrel, and negroes, into Tennessee, the mansions falling to the ground or into the hands of more niggardly but sounder cultivators.

§

So the Chesapeake provinces were gradually selected and staked out and a civilization, not immensely wealthy but absolutely comfortable, developed itself. It was one of large-scale fruit, hog, cattle, and mixed self-sufficiency farming, yielding when carefully administered profit enough to allow of the importation of luxuries in the shape of books, furniture—mostly from France—dresses for state occasions, hangings, flowers, blood stock, and even English bricks for building the manor-houses. And even after the Revolution, Madisons, Monroes, Randolphs of Roanoke continued the traditions. Jefferson of Monticello promoted and for the most part designed the building of the University of Virginia to supplement William and Mary; the importation of furnishings and stuffs went on, almost entirely from France by then. But even before then cabinet-makers of the admirable English eighteenth-century tradition had begun to work in the Thirteen Provinces and so craftsmen became part of the tale, working as journeymen, or even as retainers, on the great self-sufficiency estates. And even if the importation of blood stock from England diminished, Washington, as it were, discovered the mule and imported from Spain the admirable great sires of that country.

So he may be said to have revolutionized farming traction in the South, for where would that be even to-day without that hardy, uncertain-tempered, economical beast of burden and traction? . . . And, just to show how misfortunes at one point of the Great Route may help the inhabitants of another section, we may as well make this note: Until the beginning of the nineteenth century Spain was covered with the immense, nomadic flocks, belonging to the great nobles, of merino sheep. The invasion of the Peninsula by Napoleon and the French scattered these great, precious flocks, shepherdless, all over the face of the country. So the

finest rams and ewes being purchasable for nothing, quantities of them were imported into the Chesapeake and Middle states, laying the foundation of an ovine tradition that has never been allowed to die out.

§

So we may leave the great question of the sufficiency farmer—the Small Producer and Craftsman combined—for the moment and take the road for Baton Rouge in order to defend New York—which, after all, is the Mother of Secessions—against the violent Secessionists of the hot South.

There will be these differences between sections of the Route, and no doubt they will sentimentally obtain even when we have all settled down into our vast community of mankind in small-holdings with proper provision for agreeable night lives. Even then people like us will have to journey from the Western Provinces to the Eastern on missions of conciliation. Marseilles will be raging to declare a water-squirt war against New Orleans. Marius and Olive will be enraged because the descendants of the Borés, the Fouchers, and the Gayarrés have made the monstrous claim that their *bouillabaisse* is the better of the two. And feeling will be running monstrous high in New Orleans because the Supreme High Court of the Route has declared that there is no appreciable difference in merit between lobster à l'*Américaine* whether it is cooked on the Cannebiere within call of the Mediterranean or in the shadow of the—restored—French opera-house beneath the level of the Mississippi. The Marseilles claim to equality is bitterly resented because after all lobster à l'*Américaine* was invented in New Orleans. The receipt was taken to Paris by Jerome Napoleon's wife, which is why it is called “lobster in the American fashion.” . . . One more blessing of civilization had travelled from West to East. . . .

And then there are the respective merits of *gombo file*, *gombo févis*, and Sambo's famous *grillades de sang de dinde* as against *truffes sous les cendres*, *paté de Périgord*, and *aioli* itself. These must be decided by the Court. Sambo has even declared that his *grillades* of turkey's blood, which were

intended as a substitute for truffles, are better! . . . These differences will make the task of the conciliators very hard.

§

But for the moment let us get along towards Pennsylvania with, in our mind's eye, the image of Washington and Jefferson standing on high in an immense marble portico, filled in, behind them, with semi-recumbent and altogether recumbent forms of the Madisons, Monroes, Morgans, Byrds of Westover, and the rest. The one shall be the first farmer of his country and the other the first artist-craftsman. They differed, as men must differ, as to the respective influence over the new-born country of the Anglo-Saxon or the Greco-Latin note. The one prized higher the English Midlands and Dukeries with their long grass countries—as a mixed farmer should; the other preferred the South of France called Provence with the Camargue and the Saintes-Maries and the Maison Carrée—as befits the working architect. But they stood pretty well together, and even when they were divided they did not fall out.

For me the owner of Monticello and the Natural Bridge is the more attractive—though not the greater or even more human figure. Did he not, even when President, go every morning when he could to market to see the prices asked for vegetables and was not the question a reasonable price for early green peas more exciting to him than any other public question? . . . as exciting even, when the outrageous market women asked what he thought was too much, as Hamilton's attitude to the French Craze of 1792. He wanted the French to be allowed to fit out privateers in American ports even if it meant war with England, Spain, and Austria. But like the good Henri IV—the father of his country—who wanted every French peasant to have a fowl in his pot on a Sunday, Jefferson desired that every housewife of the Thirteen Originals should be able to send to table her ducklings with the proper accompaniments at a reasonable price.

He wrote, it is true, *A Summary View of the Rights of British America*. But not so long before, at Williamsburg, he had

"dressed in colours, powdered, carried his fine lace hat beneath his arm . . . and danced at every assembly held in the capital or the vicinity." And had had his dreams:

"Dear Will: I have thought of the cleverest plan of life that can be imagined. You exchange your land for Edgehill or I mine for Fairfields; you marry S—— P——, I marry R——a B——l, join, and get a pole chair and a pair of keen horses, practice the law in the same court and drive about to all the dance together."

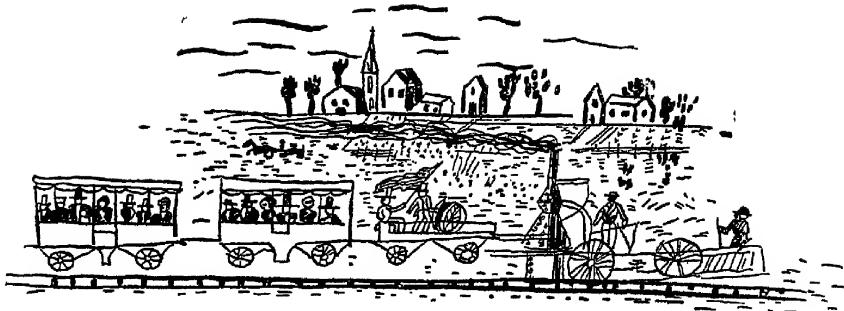
And then when R——a B——l would not have him, he must make—just like us—the round of the Great Route to find a fiddle and forget.

"You must know that as soon as the *Rebecca* (the name he intended to give the vessel—a 'full rigged flat') is finished I intend to hoist sail and away. I shall visit particularly England, Holland, France, Spain, Italy (where I shall buy me a good fiddle) and Egypt. . . . This to be sure would take us two or three years and if we should not both be cured of Love in that interval I think the devil would be in it."

He went instead to the House of Burgesses in Williamsburg to hear Patrick Henry make his great speech. The debate he afterwards said was "most bloody."

Let us add that he did not approve of imaginative literature except for Ossian, whom he "dared to declare is the greatest poet that ever existed." He tried, indeed, like his successors of to-day, to buy the original manuscript of the poem, asserting that "money is no obstacle, the glow of one warm thought being worth all the money in the world."

But then let us not forget that he won his wife—not Miss Rebecca Burwell, but Mrs. Martha Skelton, aged twenty-two, who had been three years a widow, by the power of his violin, "so accompanying the lady in a pathetic song that, at the sound, heard from without the house," his two most formidable rivals slunk away without entering, "convinced that the affair was beyond their control."



"IN MY DAY TRAINS TRAVELED"

III

WHEELS

THE redcap sauntering with my valise through the Cimmerian gloom singularly resembles a deceased male American relative. One who I imagine hardly bothered to intercede for me when I lay beneath the *camion* in the Street of the Merchants. Of course he may have; but he was older than myself and disapproved of my religious views; so he probably did not.

I find myself humming: *Che faro senz' Eurydice*. The atmosphere is extraordinarily necrological and I am rendered nervous by the tortoise pace at which we progress along the dim platform. I suppose the architect to have had in mind a very much enlarged Pyramid of Cheops: they are both Seventh Wonders of the World—the one of the original Trade Route; this, of its enlargement.

The dark replica of my deceased cousin—the resemblance is really affrighting!—stays for a long time conversing with a Pullman attendant. Their colloquy is joined by the conductor, one of those grey-faced, gentle beings of slow gestures whom I so much like because they seem to be to-day's best substitutes for the handicraftsmen of the past.

The subject of their debate appears to be my reservation. You would think they would know offhand where the "Thomas Haviland" has installed itself on the train. Apparently they don't. The conductor gently pushes out his

grey hand towards the front; the attendant points towards the rear. Tall ladies, their fur coats open, drift past, dragging behind them—it's the fashion of the moment—reticules on very long strap loops. As if they were taking dogs with them. Cherubic gentlemen of a certain age and no uncertain lustre of pink-greyness, stand about, their coats also unbuttoned, chewing the ends of cigars. The train makes an unbroken wall of coffins in Cimmeria; a perspective too correct to be anything but overwhelming.

§

It happens to be some time since I went any long distance on the cars: several years. I had expected to come into a scene of bustle and hurry. When one comes to a station one should pant a little—certainly one should run. I am almost sure we used to do that in the pre-'forty days. Say in 1929, when I last went to Terre Haute. Since then, till to-day I have always gone long distances by road. And I resent this be-gloomed leisureliness. Leaving New York is anyhow, for me, a sort of funeral. An occasion on which one does not ask for too much realism.

The farewell of the patient New Yorker who detests Southerners, the South, long-distance trains, and travellers on Pullmans, is a shadowiness of reproachful eyes. If I had been going to Provincetown in a day coach it would have been different. It takes twice as long—"seems to" should of course here be interpolated—but there is less soft demoralization about it. When you go to Baton Rouge you appeal to the stay-at-home like one among cane-brakes, bayous, lassitudes. Latins, even. Seen at Provincetown you are in a clear light; vigorously clapping your arms round you against the cold, living on clam-bake and Boston beans to the sound of psalms from the chapel.

It is the essential difference. For me, I detest all Norths. The New Yorker adores one South and detests another, mildly tolerating one North.

I say, "All right; by July we'll be in Corsica, riding on pack mules. Or Algeciras. Or Ceuta. Or Malaga. Or in the Ligurian hills behind Diana Marino." . . . It's astonishing

the places where pack mules are still your only means of conveyance. . . . And I am in tepid air amongst a wilderness of plush armchairs that impede the passage as if they were boulders in a forest way. The tall ladies in long fur coats wilt about from chair to chair; dropping their long-strapped reticules in one or the other as if they were still



"ANY OLD TIME COULD DECORATE EVEN THEIR NECROPOLES BETTER"

uncertain whether they won't after all go back to the Ritz-Carlton and finish the talk with Virginia.

§

There are things one doesn't know. There are others that one doesn't know one knows; and there is a third set of things one doesn't know one doesn't know. . . . I was about to say that I didn't know why New York chose to send out her sons and again receive them in circumstances of abysmal gloom. But, of course, I do know that room could not be found for the Great Central above ground,

nor yet for the Pennsylvania. So you go down those lugubrious stairs into those glooms and, I was about to say, all is explained. But come to think of it *I don't* know why they should be so undecorated; no other parts of the stations are. It is a thing that has always puzzled me. I used to imagine it was because New York, once having obtained its citizens, was unwilling to see them depart and so discouraged them. And having all the citizens she wanted and to spare she presented a grim front to her visitors and so discouraged *them*. But that is perhaps too fanciful to be true.

The fact is I suppose that the railway will not spend a penny of unnecessary money. . . . It would be . . . it has been . . . possible to turn subterranea into the most magnificent of decorated places, with decorations glimpsed perhaps only once in a thousand years. But deathless. Go to the British Museum, that other horror of grim interior squareness, and look at the frescoes with which the Egyptians decorated the interiors of their burying-places. You would say that any old time and any old people could decorate even their necropoles better than we.

§

We are now under abandoned boilers, deserted factories; swamps deserted because even the denizens of swamps cannot but abandon them or die poisoned with the poisoned trees. Shafts of light fall on us from above and whirl round—with the effect of explosions. The ladies have divested themselves of their furs; they appear less willowy; many have assumed spectacles to read with. The pink-grey gentlemen sit on the edges of their armchairs; they fumble for cigars. Pretty soon we shall abandon these once seats of the Mighty—who now sit in automobiles bursting along the Highway above our heads—and go to places where you wash, drink, smoke, observe. With all the comforts and none of the interruptions of Home. . . . But for the moment the grim spirit of the subterranean departure still holds us. We only fidget on the edges of our chairs.

I don't want to make a song and dance about the be-rusted and pestilential approaches to New York. All cities great and

small all the world over similarly neglect—as it were spit upon—their approaches. It is possible—and before very long we shall do it—to pass through Philadelphia and consider it the most disgusting of burgs, compounded of rusty mammoth fortresses not sufficiently hidden by clouds of poison gas. Washington, as Biala and I will shortly observe, is rather a lark of a cosmopolitan city with more Ionic pillars than in all Hellas and more marble statues than ever came out of Carrara in the Stone Statue Age. A sort of stimulating Geneva without a Calvin. But even Washington you leave, going towards the South in a haze of stinking smoke from garbage works. It will obscure for us alike the Japanese plum blossom around the waters and the enormity set up by the freemasons to blast the memory of the father of their unfortunate country. But those things are not confined to Philadelphia or Washington. You go through almost worse deserts in skirting Paris by the Ceinture to get from Havre to the Riviera; from the train you cannot see the castle of the Popes at Avignon for cement works; you have to pass a sewage station in getting from the station to the crumbling towers of Winchelsea. . . .

It is the mark of our lugubrious and foundering civilization; the last be-soilment that our age has to offer the Great Trade Route.

Biala says beside me with her gentle, boding voice:

"You'll be feeling the effects of Joisey Justice yourself if you go on like this any longer. After all, the best view in the United States is that of Princeton from a distance. . . ."

. . . Biala has the theory that she can't, even in drawings which don't need colour, do even Jersey Justice to the landscapes of New England and the allied Eastern States because there are no church towers. She says that even the English landscape, suffocatingly green and fatly cushioned with grass as it is, is redeemed by the spires and square towers that will dot even a view of a few miles. It's not so much a matter of cults as the fact that there, among the entangling hedgerows, is the sign manual that the only purpose to which the poor earth is put is not the making of money by utility corporations. But, just about here, the Princeton

spire rises up like a grave finger writing MENE, MENE, TEKEL UPHARSIN on the grey clouds.

I agree, but I say: "In this damn caravan in decay they will contrive to get past Princeton without letting you see the spire." And I make my getaway for the observation car.

§

And it's that, really, that's the matter with this train; it shows marks of decay along with the whole railway system of the world. We are getting out of the railway age. Hurrah for that in any case. If we are going on, let's go on quickly into the day when all travel, or merely going to market or the movies, will be done by the automobile, the aeroplane, or the pack mule!

Mind, I don't speak in the spirit of Ruskin who said that the sight of a plume of smoke from a railway engine vulgarized every landscape. I like, myself, when looking over a great view that does not somewhere include the sea, to see the white plume fleeing away. It indicates that somewhere something is happening, the sight of great stretches of earth alone being oppressive. Nevertheless I like to think of the railway as dying away, like the Middle Classes, of which it is the expression.

§

The train sways and jolts so that all the ladies with grey faces and large spectacles in *Martha Washington*, *George Wishart*, and *William Bird IV* look up at us with their knitting-needles to their teeth and think the United States are going to the devil. For Biala is thrown continually against me. . . . Biala, who has not touched a drop of hard liquor in the last ten years . . . or since Prohibition, which ever is the longer. . . . Obviously if those ladies got up they would be thrown about too. But they don't. They are of the type that sits put and knits.

It is odd. They think the railway system and the United States are going to the dogs because a young lady, very light on her feet, appears to have liquor taken and to be

going to the bar to drink whilst actually she is going to the observation car to see if she cannot make a shorthand note of the appearance of Princeton spire.

I, on the other hand, think the railway system is finished because thatsort of female now knits in long-distance trains. In my day it was different. You went to the "American Wonder" or the "Columbian Flyer" with a cheering retinue carrying bouquets of gladioli, hip flasks, and boxes of candy done up with scarlet ribbon at ten dollars a shot. And the president of the Line, who always travelled on that speed-wonder, hung over the rail of the observation car with a couple of naughty ladies from the Broadway stage on each arm. And the band played the *Star-Spangled Banner*; everybody kissed everybody else long kisses; and even the reporters cheered. . . . Yes, it was like that. There was none of the regretful Orpheus and Eurydice business in the shades. . . . I don't believe there were any shades then; or if there were you couldn't see them for the gladioli and the lip-salve.

. . . As for knitting. . . .

§

The observation car is in the middle of the train with about ten coaches hung on behind it, and the rear platform is barred off by iron grills. It has a dog-eared appearance that suggests the smell of a saloon bar before it has been cleaned at six in the morning. I don't mean that it smells like that, but that it looks as if it ought to. It is gloomier than Phlegethon. Biala will certainly not be able to draw here; the truck following on the observation platform has the air of an armoured tank hastening to our destruction.

I say:

"You certainly will not be able to see Princeton spire from here." She says:

"Perhaps not yet; but perhaps from the side windows later. We are only at Elizabeth."

I protest that she is—that she *must* be—mistaken. You cannot tell one depot for gasoline-containers from another, so she cannot tell by the landscape. But we have been a hundred hours in this train; we must have passed Trenton.

And I plunge at the time-table on the writing-desk. I am, that is to say, flung into it by a roll of the train.

In no other way could I have got into that space. Between the nearest plush couch and the writing-table is nine inches, into which the padded chair back has also to be included. . . .

It is one of the symptoms of the unsuitability of the railway to our day and of our own flabby degeneration that we no longer use time-tables ourselves . . . at any rate, for the purposes for which they are intended. You get your secretary to ring up Information and then gently chide her because she didn't ask the fellow if it was city or sun time he meant. Then you pass ten minutes debating with her as to when a summer train starting at 1.52 really leaves. . . .

This particular time-table has been dog-eared; it is dirty and has several leaves folded down. The Penn. pages are obscured by Auction or, possibly, pinochle scores. The gadget uniting the light wire to the lamp is broken; you cannot possibly read the train figures through the pinochle scores by this light. . . . And these are the parages where once we used to dance the moon down the heavens. . . . You do not, of course, remember those pre-'forty days.

I yell for the attendant; the push-bell does not function. I say to Biala over my shoulder.

"You appear to be right. It is Elizabeth we are passing."

She makes the gentle sounds that the French indicate by:
!. !. !. !: !! which is how you say: "I told you so," when you are too much of an artist to say it.

I say: "In *my* day trains travelled. . . . Don't you remember Henry James's only American story?—About the Boston man on the step of the car in Boston station who started to kiss his wife on the platform and kissed a coloured girl in Stamford, Conn.?"

The voice of Biala comes gently from over my shoulder: I can't turn round:

"You forget your friend died before I was born. . . . On the fifteenth Thermidor, wasn't it?"

I say coaxingly:

. . . "As soon as we get into Delaware, let's buy a pack

mule and go on on that. You can ride pillion and we'll get to Baton Rouge all right. It's fine riding pillion. Your ancestors all did it in the days of Stanislas Leczinska. And don't all the lovely ladies in mantillas still do it in Andalusia? . . . And the Provençales in Arlesien costumes in the Alpilles? And the Ligurians behind Genoa; and the Macedoines; and the veiled ladies in Trebizond. . . . Riding pillion on pack mules with bedizened harness and silver bells. . . . All along the Great Trade Route. . . . Don't you remember the beautiful mules we saw in Wilmington, Del.; in the Greyhound bus yard?"

Biala says over my shoulder:

"You'll feel better after Washington. We change onto another line there. If you can get yourself unwedged by that time and don't let your imagination work too wildly. Wilmington's just like anywhere else on the Great Bus Route: we couldn't get anything to eat there and your mind went wandering through malnutrition. . . ."

§

All the same I always feel better when I cross the Delaware border, just as my heart sinks a little after leaving Trenton behind. . . . The green of Delaware is lush. . . . I am aware that I have expressed loathing for lush greennesses in Switzerland and England; but I can't help it. I don't propose to be consistent. It's getting out of Pennsylvania with its English lawns that look like thin velvet glued onto wood. I don't know how they do it. Just think of Sewickley! . . . Though I have not been in that suburb of the city where that poor fiddling Pharaoh was first violin—not since the Crisis. So perhaps they cannot afford still to glue their lawns onto the slag-heaps.

And liking the lushness of Delaware is liking a real thing as opposed to its synthetic rival.

There is a little town just inside the Delaware border line. It has high, irregular sidewalks and queer, high roof-lines. In the streets the people stand about doing nothing, with the hayseed drifting from their antique garments. I always think I should like to go there one day and write a book. It

somewhat reminds me of Cagnes on the French Riviera—though I should never think of going to Cagnes to write a book. Because there they do not know that Prohibition has been repealed.

And immediately after that the gay signs on trees invite you, not to hot dogs or authentic eggs, but to speedy marriage by a minister. As one after the other goes by, each more pressing than the other, you look round the bus and think of inviting anyone in it to come out and get married—with the feeling that such a union would bear the same relationship to the real marriage—of true minds—as the paper hat that you wear over the Christmas turkey has to the tricorne of Napoleon.

As for Wilmington where the pack mules . . . But we have not *really* got much further than Elizabeth. . . .

Firmly wedged in, I say over my shoulder to Biala :

"After all Stephen Crane is buried in Elizabeth. You don't have to be so scornful. . . . Reach me an armful of the periodicals that are lying about."

She said :

"I've told you already that all those friends of yours were dead before I was born. He was an illustrator, wasn't he? He did those goofy sort of woodcuts for the William Morris Socialists in the 'forties? Why should I mind if he is buried here? It isn't catching after you're buried."

§

I start so that I almost liberate myself.

I have been glancing desultorily at the cuts and letterpress of one of those periodicals that lie about in observation cars and dentists' waiting-rooms. This is apparently a Federal publication. At any rate, it is published by a National Society with a scientific programme published in Washington. You may not, may you, call yourself "National" unless you have some sort of Federal backing?

And I have come across this :

"New York! Man's incomparable feat! As incredible, almost, as that ants should have built the Andes. Colossal monument to

the genius which creates new things faster than simple words can be found to define them."

I am going to Baton Rouge for the intrepid purpose of saying nice things about New York to Mr. Long's subjects. But I should never have thought of that. And who is the genius? It took the Deity seven days to make the world, but only an afternoon to name the objects He had made. So it can't have been He. . . . It took Mr. Edison and his assistants a matter of years to discover a filament for electric globes, but I don't believe it took them ten minutes to call it tungsten—or rather Ediswan, for tungsten itself was discovered by Steele in 1780. And my distinguished namesake must have called the first Tin Lizzie by its name without, literally, a minute's thought. . . . Washington must have someone else up its sleeve.

Perhaps it was really Franklin. It probably took him longer to think of the name "electricity" than to feel the shock on the key at the end of his kite-string. But why should little old New York be a monument to poor Richard? I should have thought that Boston, his birthplace, would have been more appropriate—or Philadelphia. Somewhere in Pennsylvania, in any case, they already have a Benjamin Franklin highway.

§

I gave again a little half-scream after a start that, this time, got me quite out of my ferrovian pillory. I had turned by a natural process of association to see what that Washington scientific periodical had to say about Pennsylvania. It was pretty fierce, but except for some statistics did not go a great deal beyond my own knowledge because I have been reading up these subjects and making swallow flights into Pennsylvania for some years now. . . . No, it was a point of view, as extinct, I had imagined, as the dodo that had made me start. I can't get the whole effect by a short quotation; it was a cumulative affair. And this passage it was that put the cap on my emotions:

"There are three things"—in Pennsylvania—"that will always stand out in my imagination. . . .

"Driving from Tamaqua to Mauch Chunk the motorist passes Coaldale and Lansford and then comes Summit Hill. All thro' the anthracite coal district are huge culm banks. Nowhere else do I remember seeing them as numerous or as systematized as they are down the valley of Panther creek. In other areas many of the culm banks have been removed but in this district the visitor seems to survey the débris of more than a century of busy mining. . . .

"Another trip I shall never forget was one made from Scranton via Schickshinny and Shamokin, Shenandoah and Hazleton, returning via Wilkes-Barre and Pittston. Mountainous culm dumps by the hundred, big breakers by the score, strip mines by the square mile, *and idle miners at every turn.* . . ."

It was at that point that I half screamed; and I am not ashamed of it. . . . In 1916 the Welch regiment to which I had the honour to belong was stationed at Cardiff. . . . I am reminded of the fact because the third wonder of this atrocious fellow was that a town between the William Penn and Benjamin Franklin Highways should have been called Nant-y-Glo—which is the Welsh for “rivers of coal”—the town having been founded by miners from the Rhondda Valley. . . . And in that part of the world we can assemble as many queer names: Rhondda and Caerphilly and Cwrt-yr-Alla and Castel Goch and Pontardulais and Bettws-y-Coed . . . and slag heaps as memorials to five, instead of one, hundred years of anthracite mining. . . . But never yet did I hear a Rhondda chap, even when expansively spending his tanners in Duke Street on a Saturday night, boast of the landscape of his native hills. He comes into Cardiff to drink and to forget them. . . . And never yet—and I hope I never may again—did I hear even a Welsh coal-owner, and they are pretty tough fellows, boast of the number of unemployed that his machines had created. . . . Not Openly.

§

But we are still in the State of New Jersey. And glad of it. New Jersey is the State of the Hauptmann trial and the Pulaski Highway—and the boilers. And its market gardeners in the North are being ruined by competition of South

New Jersey and even Alabama, a fact that I dislike : for, as I shall abundantly make plain, a bold yeomanry its country's pride when once 'tis lost can never be supplied. And dog should not eat dog. . . .

But the other day we were kindly allowed to inspect a big—sixty acre—truck-farm up towards Rutherford, New Jersey. There are still Knickerbocker Dutch truck-farmers in a perfect wilderness of Wap, Dago, and Boche allotments. A bird of the *oedicnemus* breed, which I should have called a plover but was there called a snipe, the Pilgrim Fathers, to remind them of home, having given any sort of old country name to any sort of bird so that the robin is of the *turdus* family and the partridge, or Bob White, a quail. . . . A snipe, then, flew straight up in the air with the wild pee-wit of the wailing plover, between the long emerald rows of new planted beets in a soil that I should have thought with all its pebbles must have been highly infertile but which wasn't—so little can one Small Producer tell when he is not on his own ground. And from high in the air of that breezy downland sloping towards the south that snipe fell to the ground with a smash that one would have thought would have broken every bone in its little body. And fluttered, broken, along the ground towards us . . . towards five of us . . . the patient New Yorker, Dr. Carlos Williams, the truck-farmer, and the State Truck-Farming Inspector and myself. And remained fluttering and sending out its heart-rending wails just not inches outside our grasp.

I have so often seen wild-duck do it at the Pent that I said with triumph to the patient inhabitant of Manhattan :

"There you are. That's the perfect instance of what Gilbert White calls maternal *στοργή* that I've so often told you about."

That patient person replied :

"Damn White and his *Natural History of Selborne*. What's that confounded sparrer squawking about?"

Dr. Williams, the kindly truck-farmer, the almost kindlier State Truck-Farming Inspector—since he promised to send me the seeds of a new tomato they have just invented in the New Jersey State seed laboratories, though to be sure he

has forgotten to do so . . . all three of them from their different angles explained that the bird was trying to attract us away from her nest in the bare earth. It was just two inches in front of the New Yorker's Sixth Avenue toe-cap. . . .

And then we all went into the little farm beneath the old oaks; and the truck-farmer as recognizing a kindred spirit took me to a little cement-bottomed pool, with a bridge of a single six-foot board spanning it and iris all round it, and little fish. . . . A sort of Japanese miniature garden which he had made secretly to satisfy his craving for some sort of beauty on those bare uplands—and didn't show anybody for fear of being laughed at. And in the most furniture-polish-scented, purple-black-velvet-seated, most dusted, most cleaned farm-house parlour that I have ever seen we were given rhubarb wine and garibaldi biscuits—a variety that I had never hoped to see again since Walter Atterbury and I used to sail the Spanish Main in the good frigate *Saucy Arethusa*. And departed with the car laden with more and more enormous lettuces, beets, and celery heads than the vehicle of any Rutherford, New Jersey, physician can ever have groaned under before. . . .

And all this within sight of the Empire State Building's tower. . . .

And then there was tucked away somewhere a charming small dairy farmer who sold us an astonishing amount of buttermilk for a couple of cents and laughed at the idea that the great dairy companies would ever squeeze him out. He said it stood to reason they couldn't. From round about there they had to collect up the milk and carry it forty miles to do what he called doping it. He meant, I suppose, pasteurizing. He had enough customers on West side New York, who would not look at pasteurized milk if you gave it them for nothing, let alone the local people who all wanted their milk raw. . . . Good for New York and the local people.

So that, yes, under the shadow of the Equitable spire, the Small Producer holds his own. It is astonishing in what small plots at the passing of the car the lines of lettuce and beets whirl round over a great surface of that flat, hardly

rolling land. There is here a considerable population of quite Small Producers who all work themselves at their intensive cultivation on an acre or so, their sons and daughters coming back from their universities for the weekends and jumping straight off their push-bikes to dig or hoe or gather . . . or milk or feed or pluck chickens. With them no one can compete. They also have customers and to spare who will not look at cold-stored vegetables and, if customers are to seek seasonally, they consume their own produce.

The larger truck-farmers who aspire to be near-gentry are feeling the draught badly. They are—it is the same all the world over!—inclined to eschew working themselves and certainly will not let their children lower themselves by holding hoe or dibble. They have to employ Wop or Dutch or Balkan labour—usually female and not too efficient. And dear! And they are cruelly competed with by South Jersey and the great utility company-owned farms in the South. The other day a great refrigerator truck with a trailer driven by a coloured man came into a farmers' market near Newark with a cargo of spinach and melons. These he sold at such give-away prices that the local farmers had to take much of their produce away unsold. The negro came from Alabama. It looked like the beginning of the end for the large to largish truck-farmer.

But the negro could not compete with the small, working producers. . . . They could undersell him all the time. They may yet save civilization.

§

Let me, then, boldly say that I like the State of New Jersey. That obviously does not matter to New Jersey. As Sidney Smith said to the child who was stroking a tortoise to give it pleasure, it is like stroking the dome of St. Paul's to please the Dean and Chapter. But it will be useful to my small band of readers because it will make more plain my prescriptions for the saving of civilization. It is, in fact, time that we thought about the Small Producer with some intensity and the train in which we find ourselves is so leisurely that we shall be able to do quite a little thinking.

§

On the face of it there should be States other than this more suited for illustrations of this topic. I had, indeed, thought of holding it over until I got to Tennessee. But, although there is a pleasant open-air market in Memphis, priority seems to belong to New Jersey for two reasons. The first is the superior antiquity of their nursery-garden traditions. Settled later than the more Southern States it had, before settlement, its Dutch populations who much more than any English early immigrants understood the ways of the difficult art. It is true that they were driven out by the English and re-drove *them* out and the struggle went on for a long time, being in the south of the State complicated by incursions of the Pennsylvanian Dutch and Mr. Penn's Quakers. And it is true that North New Jersey is climatically a little too outside the Great Route to make the perfect illustration of Small Producing at its best. But the Southern part of the State is geographically well within the Mason and Dixon Line and is climatically as admirable for the market-gardener's purpose as you could need. So that with relative ease it supplies Philadelphia with truck, dairy products, poultry, and all the other staples of the small man, the North of the State doing it only difficultly for New York, so that its larger scale truck-men feel, as I have said, more and more the competition of the South of the State. On the other hand, the Small Producer, even in the North, holds his own very well even in among the factory chimneys and the collapsing factories. And that gives me exactly the illustration that I want.

§

For New Jersey has another, an historic, claim to the market-garden hegemony, not merely of this country but of the world. It is that its first governor at his installation marched from his ship to his seat of office, bearing on his shoulder not any arm or token of viceroyalty, but just a hoe. Just that . . . and meant it. I do not believe that any land the world over could show a like fact among its annals nor that any other new ruler from Tamberlane to Mr. Mussolini ever did the like.

I have heard that gesture called swank. But it was a true historic landmark. For not only did Edward Carteret mean to indicate to the four families who made up the population of his metropolis of Elizabethtown that he, even as they, meant to work in the fields. But he uttered for all the colonies the final pronouncement that their English rulers had given up the idea of gold-bug hunting and competing with the great Mogul in the production of indigo, gensing, ginger, and spices. From that day on America was ordered for ever to abandon get-rich-quick ideas. Alas! . . . Not so very long after their rulers enjoined on them such sage counsels the colonies got rid of them.

The device on the seal of the Twenty-Four Proprietors of Jersey is a pair of scales above a shock of wheat that is supported by two ears of corn. . . . English corn by Indian. . . . I should have liked it to have in the first and fourth quarters English, and in the second and third, Dutch . . . hoes.

§

Very well, then. . . . Very soon now the Small Producer must again inherit the earth and the fullness thereof . . . whether we like it or no. It has always been so; so it must be again. It is not merely the lion and the lizard that keep the courts of Jamshydd. The peasant's plough passes backwards and forwards above where he sleeps. That, no doubt, gives him something to think about. And the Small Producer—the man supporting himself and his family from his plot of ground and by the work of his hands—is the one human being whom currency, finance, tariff, the refrigerator, and the machine—those arbiters of the destinies of all other mortals—cannot very much affect. Even wars cannot root him out.

All the small truck-gardens along the Marne were wiped out by the ironshod feet of troops in September 1914. But by the following March those same gardens carried as many rows of lettuce, beets, celery, and spinach as they had shown before the Germans came. To-day peaceable peoples practice in cellars with gas masks against the Day. . . . It

would be as well if they also practised with hoes, digging-forks, chisels, awls.

It would be as well here to define the Small Producer. He is the man who with a certain knowledge of various crafts can set his hand to most kinds of work that go to the maintenance of humble existences. He can mend or make a rough chest of drawers; he will make shift to sole a shoe or make a passable pair of sandals; he will contrive or repair hurdles, platters, scythe-handles, styes, shingle roofs, harrows. But, above all, he can produce and teach his family to produce good food according to the seasons. . . . In sufficiency to keep his household supplied independent of the flux of currencies and the tides of world supplies—and to have a surplus for his neighbours. He is the insurance premium of his race. In short—a Man.

That ideal is, I am frequently told, disagreeable to the American mind. I do not know about that. I have lived too long in America to hazard impressions as to Americans. Sometimes I think one way, sometimes another. I will put it this way:

On my terrace over the Mediterranean I sit at the head of my table and, fixing my napkin under my chin and seizing my carving-knife, I make with that implement a circular gesture and, from the pride of my heart, exclaim:

“Everything you see on this table is my own growing . . . ducks, egg-plants, strawberries, peaches, melons, sweet corn, wine. . . . Of course the wine is not a great growth. . . . Grown and cooked by these two hands.”

And the statement is pretty nearly true, though I actually do not grow or grind the wheat from which my bread is made.

The amiable Americans who usually attend those Sabbath feasts then make noises. They are not, of course, always the same three or four. Those who are frail of figure and lymphatic and wear pince-nez produce sounds like the “Oo’er” of Mr. Kipps . . . a sign that my statement causes dismay. It is the voicing of apprehension by travellers in a strange land where cellophane is not and *everything* is touched by the human hand.

As against that, large fellows and fine dames who have jumped blind baggages and rolled their humps in all the dangerous places of the globe will exclaim: "Swell! . . . Fine! . . . Great guy, you. . . . Put it there! . . . What have you?" (Yes, they will have been some months away from home.) And they will go off into descriptions of the two-hundred-pound squash they grew in Santa Barbara and the alligator steak from the saurian they strangled with their own hands and cooked on top of Popocatepetl.

For producing your own food becomes very soon a passion once you have entered on it. Over it you will go to great heroisms, self-sacrifices, mendacities. Every Frenchman and most English, Dutch, Germans, and Italians feel ashamed when they are quite out of contact with the earth, and a good many of them, like me, if they can do nothing more will grow mustard and cress in their soup-tureens. And I am inclined to believe that most Americans share that feeling once they are off Sixth Avenue. After all, are they not near descendants of kitchen-garden pioneers?

§

Underneath your hut is the earth; underneath your neighbour's manor-house is the earth; under the sky-scraper that houses the bosses of your neighbour's bosses is the earth; under the flagstaff that tops the sky-scraper and displays Old Glory to the breeze is the earth; underneath the soles of your nation as of the whole comity of nations on this globe is the earth. But you alone supply eggs, sweet corn, eggplants, string beans, peppers, chickens, peaches, butter to your neighbour. Your example may yet save our civilization.

After a few thousand years Great Truths become platitudes. In the days of Mithras men worshipped the sun; to-day you are told that if your windows and light-bulbs are of certain sorts of glass you can do without the light of the sun. This morning I read in the prospectus of a physical culture tout that fresh air is dangerous to human beings. . . . And you believe it . . . as we shall one day believe if advertisers tell us it sufficiently often that we can do without the fruits of the earth.

Like the Giant Antaeus, who preceded Mithras by a hundred thousand years, our civilization needs contact with the earth for its renewal if it is to be renewed. This has been said so often that no one believes it much. . . . But that we shall either return or be returned to the earth is for all us nations inevitable. Our civilization cannot escape the lot of all the proud civilizations that have preceded us. It is for us to decide whether our return shall be merely an Antaean retouching of the earth to regain strength or whether it shall be cataclysmic—a be-panicked *sauve qui peut* after world-disaster.

In either case it shall be the hut nestling beside the manor that shall be the last to go and the first to return. If we have already chosen the better portion we shall long have had our huts. Returned to our bean-rows we shall begin once more building up our proud civilizations. Our predecessors did that after the Fall of Rome: that is why we are here.

The marvellous human brain has discovered how we may fly in the face of God and from the empyrean destroy our fellows by the million. But, fagged out, that brain has flinched before the task of finding out how a machine that can do the work of ten thousand men under the inspection of one man alone can be got to find employment for the nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine that it has dispossessed. Still less has that poor tired thing been able to devise how to prevent us or our neighbours from razing off the earth all our cities with their populations. So that the tired brain of the architect of to-day has still more to tire itself over devising cellars—into which populations skilled in the use of gas masks—and of nothing else—may at any moment retire.

When they re-emerge there will be nothing for them but to set unskilfully to scratching a subsistence from a soil of rubble from the fallen buildings. But if they have a little kitchen-garden skill and the earth round their cities is in good shape for intensive culture they will have a chance of survival. They can have no other. . . . Or the ruin of our empires will come from civil strife. The end will be the same.

It would be better to achieve that end without the orgies

of destruction and the settings up against walls that are so dear to our Technocrats. Our mechanical civilization seems to be crumbling beneath its own weight. It is impossible to escape the conviction that we are in a world of weakening pulses; our intelligences are enfeebled by the blood supplied to our brains by artificially grown, chemically fertilized and preserved foods. And even if our civilization could continue in spite of our degeneration, the problem of the machine dispossessing the worker must grow more and more acute within—and then between—nation and nation.

§

The problem is by no means new; civilization after civilization has had to meet it. Victorious Cæsars, disbanding after interminable wars innumerable legionaries who would otherwise have disturbed their labour markets and robbed on the highways, decreed to them by ukase after ukase all the alluvial lands from the shores of the Mediterranean to the Roman Wall across Britain. The legionaries were impassioned truck-gardeners; they strengthened Rome and the traditions of their methods of gardening strengthen us still. There would have been no civilization to-day had not the descendants of the legionaries gone on truck-gardening and teaching our ancestors how to truck-garden through the Dark Ages . . . in Provence. In England after the Middle Ages thousands of agricultural labourers were displaced and sent starving and rioting by the populating of the fields by sheep for wool-growing. They had to be given cottage gardens or the State would have fallen. In America from the earliest days you have had in times of depression successive federal or State laws, like the Homestead Act, giving free access to arable lands. In France the abolition of primogeniture continuously breaks up the great estates. In Switzerland it is the same. Russia, curiously enough, went to the extreme in nationalizing the land and promoting mass farming. She has been forced to react in the direction of forming again a possessing, small-holding class. By a decree of March 1935, as I have said, every peasant working on the communal farms has been presented with a little over

two acres of ground and his farm-house. . . . As his private property.

So, swing the pendulum how it will in the direction of vast, private, communally, or corporation-owned estates on which larger and always larger-scale farming shall be practised, it swings always, inevitably, back to the Small Producer, the quite small owner, working with his own hands, and the aid of his family, meticulously, his own little plot. That the bonanza farm and its vastnesses should disappear is by no means inevitable if soil-erosion in the United States should be checked, nor need we in the least wish for its disappearance. That is not our affair. The financiers and their industrially-minded opponents must arrange that as best they may according to whatever *lex talionis* they please. The growing of wheat, sugar-beets, or other roots in small parcels is not an engrossing occupation. It may well be left to the mechanically-minded; the raising of cattle in huge droves is a sport congenial, apparently, to certain large-lunged souls. May they prosper.

§

The only factor of our present situation that is certain to continue progressively is that of the improvement of the machine. That means the dispossessing of more and more millions of men. There is no avoiding that. It is as certain as death. We shut our eyes to both phenomena.

A second factor only not quite so certain is the progressive mental and physical deteriorating of our populations because of indoor, mechanized occupations and the consumption of inferior food. You can safely say that an immensely large proportion of our city and near-city populations never, between their cradles and their graves, taste meats or fruits unpreserved with deleterious chemicals or vegetables straight from the ground.

Both these factors, or either one of them, must lead us to disaster. Federal or World action might reduce the hours of labour worked; local regulation might ensure the supply of fresh food to small communities here or there. But only the Estate of the Small Producer, a Fifth Estate holding in

an iron grasp the balance of power, can radically restore the face of the world to sanity and health. For that a change of heart is needed. . . . A change of ideals. No legislation can help us.

You cannot imagine a population each member of which works only an hour a day spending the whole rest of its time in the cinemas. Yet the only logical and moral end of the result of improvement in the Machine can only be either millionwise exterminations or a six-hour world working week. There is no third way. None.

But you can imagine a six-hour working week population spending considerable time and regaining its mental and intellectual health growing string beans, attending on milch goats, moving hurdles for sheep among roots, weaving woollen stuffs, thinning out woodlands, carving bedposts, painting frescoes in cinema halls, felling timber . . . and having all its afternoons and evenings and most of the winter months for the movies, the theatres, the concert halls, the churches, the night clubs, the dancing floors . . . for fox-hunting, for fishing, for field sports, hitch-hiking, for distant travel. . . . Or even for the Arts.

To reach that Estate the change of heart is needed—a profound modification in our sense of the values of life.

§

The till yesterday proud, machine-minded inhabitants of New York, London, Glasgow, Roubaix, Chicago, St. Louis, or Pittsburg, Pa., have, as ideals of food, something out of a tin and of entertainment something partaken of in fetid crowds on one White Way or another. They would regard the programme of our Fifth Estate with dismay.

But the civilization that has thought out the aeroplane and its routes through the heavens—and I have no intention whatever of saying that the aeroplane and its manufacture should be discouraged—that civilization, then, is certainly able to evolve local schemes of rural enjoyment that shall be at once dignified, health-giving, and engrossing. And there is no life more agreeable than to live semi-agriculturally employed at half an hour's distance from a lively urban

centre with one or two really good restaurants, a good municipal opera, seven cinemas, a great concert hall, a fine cathedral, a good museum and art gallery—and a civic pride in these things. That local rivalry we may well approve, for it will give us the ideal life.

And that life, based on individual and intensive culture and craftsmanship, is singularly stable. It cannot be overturned because of the exigencies of the financier. Throughout the Old World and here and there, as in North New Jersey throughout the New, communities have gone on practising the intensive cultivation of the same plots of ground for hundreds—and indeed, as in China or Provence, for thousands—of years. . . . In spite of panics, pestilences, wars, conflagrations, revolutions. You will find them round Haarlem in Holland as round Tiflis, Samarkand, and to the East of Philadelphia, Pa.—and all the cities that lie between.

And, as I have already hinted, in America itself the tradition is older than that of the first coming of Raleigh. The Indians were by no means all nomadic. You had tribes enough with truck-gardening summer settlements to let the settlers come upon those agglomerations and burn them to the ground. And they were skilful enough, as we have seen, to teach the settlers how to grow things—and to improve on the non-indigenous fruits and animals that the settlers brought with them. They grew and improved one species of peach in the counties of Kent and Sussex, Del., to such an extent that it was a widespread belief that the so-called Indian peach—which came from Persia—was an indigenous tree. And not only did they soon excel the settlers in riding, but they developed the admirable Chikawani horse and protected it from deterioration as jealously as do the Arabs with their barbs. . . . One of the world legends that I have always found fascinating used to attach to certain septs of the Cherokees. It is that of the nomadic truck-gardeners. You will find traces of their fame in the territory of the Dalai Lama—in the legend of the peoples, incurably nomadic but just as incurably addicted to fresh vegetables. These peoples travelled with good loam, leaf

soil, alluvial earths, composts, in sleds, in waggons, in pack-saddles. When they came to lands whose exposure seemed good to them, they would dig little trenches in the soil, pour in their good earth, make sowings or prick out their seedlings. In no time they would have crops that would provide them with green things during their stay and roots and fodder during the dead months. Then they would scoop their good soil up again and journey on till another spring found them in such lands as they sought. . . . But indeed, even to-day—or perhaps it was only yesterday—you had a whole population of migratory small tenant farmers who would travel even from the Virginia Tidewater and Alabama hundreds of miles to the north-west and back in the course of a lifetime—staying a year here, a year there, but always moving on. . . . I can imagine no happier method of travelling. For travel we must.

§

For myself, I look forward to a day when, the automobile being as nearly extinct as is to-day the railway, men shall live in great or small but intensively cultivated areas. Once or twice a week men shall fly to the power centres, do their three-hour shifts, superintending the actions or executing the repairs of the power-supplying machines . . . or their field work in the great grain centres and ranches. The rest of the time they will occupy with the agreeable and unhurried labour of their own soil or with their own benches, chisels, easels, fiddle bows, lasts . . . and with whatever form of night life they shall find agreeable when the day is over. Occasionally even they will take a read in a book.

IV

FIAT JUSTITIA . . .

THE barber who shaves me in the morning after the verdict—no, we are not yet out of New Jersey—the barber sighs and says:

“Now we shall never know” . . .

The room, the ceiling lit up with the reflection from the snow, is in an annexe to what appears to have been a former manor-house. . . . “Twenty years, thirty, forty years hence some fellow will turn up and say he is the kidnapped child . . . a crazy man, perhaps, or an impostor.”

The barber had no moral doubt that the prisoner was guilty. But it was not proved. No, it was not proved. All Flemington, he says, feels that. There will be many that will not sleep nights, thinking of it. He had not slept himself that night. For thinking of it. . . . “An impostor. . . . Yes, but maybe the real child grown up. . . .” We shall never know.

Had I noticed the place where the jury's coats and hats were hung in the court-room? Right in a passage-way that seethed with people; just convenient to slip a note into the pockets. Had I seen the jury pushing through the crowds in the hotel where they were supposed to be segregated. . . . Segregated! . . . Huh! . . . There wasn't a juror, man or woman, who had not been threatened again and again with death if they did not bring in the verdict they had last night brought in.

§

It is curious how one finds what one goes out to seek. In all the thousands of people I jostled, sat, and ate with in those sunny days of bright snowfall in the shining township I hardly met one who did not agree with the barber—and myself—in misgivings as to the verdict. How it might be with the jury, I don't, of course, know. Certainly their outer garments were accessible to all the world and, in the

hotel, they had to force their way through shouting mobs. If anyone had wanted to threaten them he could have done it. I don't know that anyone did. . . . But the attitude of the people to whom I spoke—and of the still greater number who spoke to me—was always one of great decency, regret . . . and, above all, of helplessness. The sun shone, the snow fell lightly: one was so jostled that most of one's conversations seemed to take place, sideways, over one's shoulder. And the burden of them all was that: You could not have much moral doubt of the prisoner's guilt—or, at any rate, of his participation in the crime; but you could not have any doubt that the prosecution was not proving its case. In addition the defence was cowed and inefficient and the prosecution rode too hard. . . . At any rate, that, for me, was the note of the people with whom I spoke.

Biala, on the other hand, drawing in the court-house or talking to casual people at table in the hotel, got the impression that those she met were of unexampled vindictiveness and ferocity. For her it was as if she were in a bull-fight crowd, every member of which would have spat on, if it could, and have tortured, the bull . . . which is not, of course, the attitude of any bull-fight crowd. . . . Yes, she said; it was as if the personal fate and future prosperity of every one of them depended on the execution of the prisoner whether he were guilty or not. . . . They had the attitude of the prosecuting attorney. I didn't myself speak or get spoken to by anyone who had not a perfectly proper reason for being there either because of the nature of his employment or of a legitimate desire to form an opinion as to an affair of the sort. Biala, on the other hand, came almost exclusively on people whose motives for being present appeared to be those solely of the baser appetites: gloating over cruelty, social vanity at being able to prove that they had contacts with the higher sorts of mortals who could "get them in," or sheer lust for excitement at any cost. . . . And of something queerly betwixt and between. Thus there was an amiable, softish lady of apparently no views or public motives. Her husband had been for a great number of years

one of the higher executives of a public company—they were evidently in easy circumstances. Now he had lost his job and, having had no holiday for a long time, they had decided that it would be fun to get their automobile out and drive over the sparkling snow from somewhere in up state New York, where it was very cold, to Flemington. There they might expect it to be warmer and there would be something to see. . . . As if they had been going to witness rather than take part in winter sports at Berchtesgaden or somewhere. . . . That astonishingly youthful-looking, mild lady was a grandmother. On the other hand, it was childless, elderly women who were most bitter in their demands for the blood of the prisoner.

§

I cannot say that what went on at Flemington did not try me a good deal. Nevertheless, I did not see anything of which I disapproved. I do not see that my approval or disapproval matters much—but for what it is worth let it go at that.

After the verdict there was—as there must be—a kind of Venice carnival over the snow in the dark. I was standing on the steps of the hotel watching the flames of the bonfire leap before the columns of the court-house and listening to the triumph of the dense crowd. It appeared and disappeared as the flames leapt up or were beaten down by the keen wind. A charming lady said to me as it were from out of the blue.

“Eh, bien, monsieur, que pensez vous de cela?”

I imagined the vivid thoughts of condemnation of us Anglo-Saxons running backwards and forwards in that lively and contemptuous Latin mind. And I said with as much weight as my presence and port allowed me to :

“Mais, que voulez vous, madame, c'est la vie! La vie à nous autres dans ce monde détestable et morne. Tous ce qui nous reste. . . .”

I was determined, if I could, to stop her from cabling to her paper the sort of stuff that the scene would suggest to the unreflecting, able French journalist with the terrific gift of vehement condemnation of the foreigner. Her paper

occasionally honoured me by asking me to write for it, and I thought I might have a little weight with its readers.

I said—not, of course, with very considered words such as I am now trying to achieve—that in happier countries, under more clement skies and on soils more fertile, in small communities of Small Producers, you had leisure to think and, still more, to observe the lives of your neighbours. But what was the life of a commuter near one or other of our great cities? A great part of the day was taken up with getting to your place of business and the return. The rest was filled with work for which you had no vocation and as to which you had neither skill nor pride nor hope of benefit.

Even in her Mediterranean South, below the greater Mason and Dixon line that runs round the earth to indicate where life was liveable . . . even there you had the necessity to introduce into your lives some sort of artificial *émotions fortes*. You obtained them from the Arts; from feasts of the Church, from abstract thought, from attendance on, or taking part in, *mises à mort*, village bull-fighting, contests of song, visits to battlefields . . . from a whole succession of local saturnalia. The necessity for strong emotions was no less for us unfortunate Nordics under the yoke of industrialism. We lived in lamentable climates, in enormous agglomerations where we were gradually ground into standardization; we had no saturnalia but private boozings; we had no opportunities for abstract thought. We inhabited enormous agglomerations where we were perforce without any opportunity for health-giving activities and where perforce the food was non-nutritious. So the yearning for vicarious knowledge of how happy people or tragic figures live became overwhelming.

And Madame Close must remember that the attention of the world—the *whole* world—had for weeks and months been centred on the immobile figure in the Flemington chair. A man must be either more or less than a man if he could turn his thoughts from the fortunes of that prototype of all humanity. We had no bull-fights; but that was a *mise à mort* . . . a doing to death of a bull at the hands

of a *corrida*, such as the world had never yet seen. Moreover, there cannot have been a man in the world who, at one time or another during that trial, had not said: "But for the Grace of God, there goes M or N."

I do not, of course, mean to say that every man, or even many men at all, could ever have suspected himself of committing a crime similar to that of which that prisoner was accused. But almost any man could imagine himself in circumstances in which he might incur trial for a capital offence . . . if merely unjustly.

Thus hardly any man could—or should—be so dead as not to grasp at the smallest chance of being present there. The crowd being—perfectly properly—enormous, he must shove and sweat to introduce himself into the small available space; the buzz of voices being overwhelming, he must shout loudly to make himself heard by his neighbour. And humanity in a crowd is humanity with its passions almost completely uncontrolled. That is a factor of mankind: it just is and it is useless to moralize about it. A man will confront the strongest imaginable emotions with an iron equanimity and exercise his cool judgment as long as he is alone. Yet the same man, acting in company with several thousands of relatively decent human beings, set in motion by a wind of contagious emotions, will commit atrocities of hideous kinds and reduce himself to a loathsome being on a level with any villain from a murderer to a satyr. Compared to the actions of Sherman's soldiery let loose from discipline on innocent and unarmed beings of their own blood and language, the actions of the huge mobs that daily filled Flemington and the country round were very innocent. The spectacle was distressing: that beanfeast on the bonfire-lit snow celebrated the condemnation to death of a fellow-human being after weeks of mental torture. But there were none of the motions to violence that almost invariably distinguish such crowds; there was no impulse against either the prisoner or the person or properties of the Germans of Nazi complexion with whom that neighbourhood is filled. There were shouts and songs and cheering and drinking . . . but there were those at the Crucifixion, at the burning of

Savonarola and of Joan of Arc, at the execution of Maria Antoinette or, whenever there had been a breathing-space, during all the massacring . . . of Armageddon. The responsibility rests not on the individuals of the crowd but on the citizens of whatever Republic organizes such occasions. And on humanity the world over that considers that the taking of an eye will hinder the taking of other eyes. If you had asked that crowd why they were rejoicing they would have answered that it was because the country was being made safe for children . . . and you would have found it hard to convince them that beanfeasts and bonfires, the wearing of mink coats and diamonds and the consumption of champagne and brandies by the quart, were not appropriate to the occasion. Not every one is able to see that capital punishment is almost without effect in the reduction of crime; and the whole complex organization of the official body politic and the laws is arrayed to tell him the contrary.

§

Nevertheless, I am bound to make the confession that I found those Flemington days almost more than I could stand, and I doubt if I could have gone through them had it not been that the snow covered the Jersey Flats and rendered that tragic and horrescent landscape for the moment almost supportable, almost innocent. It was a world of a profound sadness induced by the thought that all these manifestations are the best that we are able to achieve after two thousand years of effort to evolve a civilization. We belong to a society that is for ever howling boasts of its material superiority over every other civilization, and the only expedient that we can find to secure the safety of our children is exhibitional murder by the body politic.

But don't blame Flemington. Blame yourself.

I was asked during those weeks, two or three times a morning at least—how I thought the proceedings at Flemington compared with assize trials in England. And I was as frequently told that New Jersey, of all the states of the Union, prided itself most on the fact that its procedure in

court descended most directly from and was most inspired by the procedure of English assize courts.

You could not be an hour or two in the Flemington court-room without feeling perfectly sure that that was the case. The whole of the procedure whilst the court was sitting had a gravity exactly resembling that of a trial at Salisbury or Winchester or the Old Bailey. A certain note of improvisation was given to it by the much more frequent objections of counsel to points of evidence or pleading; but what I will call the beanfeast note sounded only during adjournments or after the court had risen.

And, in a way, the Flemington court had a less cruel air than that of an English court when a trial for murder is on. The English wigs and gowns do, when the occasion is awful, add a touch of horror to the proceedings . . . and the relative swiftness of the proceedings and the ancient and funereal aspects of the courts. Voices also are lower in England and the participants seem much more engrossed in the affair as it proceeds. I had the impression at Flemington that learned counsel had more eye to the public than is usual with an English barrister. But that may well be because of the family atmosphere of the court. There was no dock; no rails; the attorneys, the sheriff, the attendants had nothing to distinguish them from anybody else. The judge, it is true, sat on a sort of simple hustings; witnesses whilst giving evidence sat on another, a little below him; but prisoner, prosecutors, and the defence all just sat about apparently intermingled so that it took some little time to distinguish what was going on. And the whole court-room had an aspect of being filled with a casual gathering—say at a country auction sale.

That I found attractive. If men are to be murdered with judicial panoply and pomp it is a good thing that they should be tried by men of their own trade or circumstance. There is some chance, then, of some human sympathy getting through to the prisoner. I have had very frequently to do, as prisoner's friend and once or twice as deputy prosecutor, with courts-martial in His Majesty's army. I do not see how any court could be more fair. The Court, being com-

posed of soldiers, is capable pretty well of understanding a prisoner's mentality, temptations, and circumstances. Neither prosecutor nor prisoner's friend is permitted to badger a witness in cross-examination; questions in anyway hostile must be asked by the Court at the suggestion of the officers acting as counsel. That gets rid of the element of surprise and confusion in the witness and works quite surprisingly towards getting at the truth. . . . I feel even now immense satisfaction at the way that two cross-examinations in defence that I conducted worked out twenty years ago. . . . And justice was ensured by simply asking, repeatedly, without excitement or vituperation: "Will the Honourable Court ask the witness to answer yes or no" . . . to such and such a question.

§

All laws are rule-of-thumb abominations because they are the expression of the voice of the political majority at any given moment. They will thus be certain to press unjustly here and there; nowhere can they ensure the enactment of justice. Laws apply only to theoretic norms. No norms exist. That is your *reductio ad absurdum*.

It is frequently said epigrammatically that the opinion of the majority is always wrong. Be that as it may, since it is abhorrent that one man should live in subjection to another, it is wrong that minorities should be subject to the will of majorities. Why should I, a, let us say, Quietist Anarchist living in the mild climate of the Great Route, be subject to the law expressing the conscientious opinions of you, an absolute monarchist, living in the bracing climate of the State of Maine or in the Pas de Calais? Equally why should you who are an absolutist be subject to the no-law of me, the Quietist Anarchist? Neither is right, neither reasonable, neither alternative is even practical. One or other of us is the more intelligent. It is inexpedient that the more should be governed by the less intelligent . . . but it is just as wrong the other way round.

The only way to get round that dilemma is to split great national units into smaller units without barriers, each

governed by its custumals . . . its remembered, not written, body of customs. Then, if I live in a place where there are too many Absolutists, I can move a mile or so away and find the Quietism I require. Or, if you find me and my kind too much for you, you can move onto the next hill and have a coronation service once a week. There is absolutely no sane reason why you should not pay taxes so that your Sovereign by divine Right may give you daily raree-shows and his hand to kiss as long as you do not send your tax-collectors to me. There is no sane reason why you should not do that and live next door. In a house I sometimes inhabit there are, on one floor, myself and a Jew. On the next a Hindu missionary and a believer in the Hellenic deities who wears a toga; below an Estonian belonging to the Greek Orthodox Church and a French Royalist excommunicate by the Church of Rome. . . . All these people pay their contributions and attend the rites of their respective cults and all, when they meet on the stairs, converse for a minute or two, smile, and pass up and down without the beginnings of a quarrel. If the Churches have been able to arrive at such a state of relative civilization, why should not the States? You have a macrocosm—an immense sketch—of such an ideal working indifferently well in this nation with its differently working, mostly, unfortunately codified custumals. A man in Georgia may not go fishing without the written permission of his wife . . . but he does not therefore want to cut the throat of the Pennsylvanian who may. . . . Or you had a still better example in the German Empire before Mr. Hitler destroyed it. That Empire consisted of forty-nine sovereign states each completely differing the one from the other in forms, constitutions, customs, rituals. There were Free Republics like Hamburg or Bremen, Absolute Monarchies like Prussian, Constitutional monarchies like Württemberg, Bavaria, or Hessen Darmstadt . . . all living perfectly peacefully side by side in the same national frame, with just the proper amount of local jealousies, costumes, beverages, and methods of cooking a sausage. . . . And just wait till we get back to the very centre of the Great Route. . . .

§

Let us say that Anglo-Saxon law—and, if you like, more particularly that of Fleet Street and Flemington—is the best that there is. If that is so it is because it is derived directly from customs. Customs are more satisfactory than laws because all the citizens or subjects of a political unit have had a hand in evolving them. Laws made by legislatures have the almost universal defect that they are inspired by the passion of property. The history of English law was for centuries a long tale of the struggle between the politicians in parliament and the juries in the courts—the politicians making laws that made a cow more valuable than the life of a man and the juries establishing customs of the courts that frustrated the politicians. You had, thus, Case Law, established by custom or precedent, instead of codes established on systems. At Flemington, as in Fleet Street, you administer an almost identical Law that has been handed down from the time when small bodies of Small Producers stood about under oak trees and discussed what should be done about this or that man who had done this or that. When a dozen similar cases had been similarly handled a custom was established.

§

Military Law is Anglo-Saxon civilian law rendered still more satisfactory because being applied by men of the same profession to others of the same, it is applied with comprehension for a given end. It is more heinous to get drunk out of barracks than in because it lessens the esteem of the community in which the given unit finds itself. It is more heinous to steal from a comrade than from a civilian because that leads to internal ill will . . . and so on. Above all, it was not originally inspired by the passion for acquisition. A court-martial, therefore, comes nearest the original Anglo-Saxon, small, outdoor tribunal that is the only satisfactory court. . . . Of course it is only really satisfactory when the village inhabitants are educated men. . . . Educated, not instructed.

§

But every kind of punitive law is bad and I do not believe that any punishment ever acted as a deterrent. . . . Unless it is a physical punishment. Shootings at dawn will stop epidemics of desertion in any army; floggings, epidemic crimes of violence. But floggings are against the world conscience of to-day . . . and that is a good thing. . . . A progress. The next stage is to get a public opinion that shall be as strong against murder by the State as it is against the minor physical punishment of flogging.

§

The Germans have—or perhaps it is only that they had—a humane practice in the matter of the capital penalty. Not merely the equivalents of the sheriff but the judges, and prosecuting and defending counsel had to be present at executions . . . and the criminal is executed with a sword. The Germans, indeed, had also the practice of letting prosecuting counsel address questions to witnesses only through the court. As in our courts-martial, counsel has to say: "Will the Honourable Court ask the witness such and such a question?" That, as I have said, prevents the witness's getting confused and gives him time to think of his answer.

For myself I would make not only sheriff, judges, and prosecuting and defending counsel be present at executions, but every inhabitant of the township in which the trial takes place. Compulsorily and without liquor taken beforehand or for two days afterwards. . . . That was why I welcomed the crowds in the Flemington court-house. A certain percentage of the people there present prayed for the prisoner during the waiting for the verdict. No educated person could do anything else.

§

I do not say that it is altogether good that one should pray for every person who is accused of atrocious and, humanly speaking, unpardonable crime. Ferocity in punishment has that defect. It arouses sympathy for the victims of the law . . . and against the victims of the criminal. . . . But it



"DURING THE WAITING FOR THE VERDICT"

is worse that human beings should see nets closing pitilessly round another human being and not feel sympathy for him.

§

At Flemington, in fact, it was not merely a miserable German rendered un-normal by the late war who was on his trial. It was humanity . . . humanity that still believes that putting out an eye is a remedy for another's eye having been put out. It was you and I who were on our trial. Because we have not sufficiently exerted ourselves to get rid of that belief from the muddled brains of humanity. It is not laws that can better the world; only the public conscience can do that. Of that you had evidence enough during prohibition days. It was all our public institutions really that were on their trial at Flemington. Perhaps it was really democracy—though poor democracy has been lately so hard hit that one is reluctant to say so.

§

Democracy, then, has broken down. . . . I think we may say it has broken down . . . because it is unsuited to deal with vast masses of human beings. We elect representatives for everything and once they are elected we lose control of them completely. We ought, when we vote, to vote for laws, not for men to make laws for us. The men we now elect make not only our laws for dealing with specific instances—with murder, marriage, insurance, but also our Law—the spirit in which our laws are administered. But there exists to-day hardly a man, far less any body of men, who can be trusted to make, for immense bodies of humanity, laws that will not cause atrocious injustices and entirely defeat their own ends. Or if such men exist they are thinkers. Thinkers do not possess the gifts of histrionic prostitution that will make them appeal to vast electorates.

§

What was unsatisfying at the trial at Flemington was the undue vindictiveness of the prosecution and the moral cowardice of the defence—both being political products.

What, that is to say, distressed my friend the barber and his fellow-citizens was that the body of the child supposedly murdered by the prisoner was never identified in court, to the jury or to the satisfaction of any lay person who followed the case. The defence gave that part of their case away because they were afraid of shocking the jury: the prosecution accepted that giving away because they were determined, not to elicit the truth, but to secure a conviction. . . . For the good of their political careers.

§

This is not indicting the legal practice of the State of New Jersey. The same thing could have happened at any English assize trial. By the customs of the courts a prisoner is bound to accept the consequences of his counsel's actions. If that ends in his being electrocuted so much the worse for him . . . and for the dissatisfied lay person who has followed the case.

The professional lawyer will say that the lay observer has no right to judge; trials, he will say, are matters for professional lawyers and for them alone. The jury, he will say, sufficiently represents the lay citizen.

The fact is that the professional lawyer should not exist at all: whether or no you have juries does not very much matter. Criminal procedure should be so simplified that any member of the public ought to be able to defend or prosecute . . . as in the case of the Army where every officer must have sufficient knowledge of military law to be able at any moment either to defend or prosecute.

The professional lawyer who prosecuted at Flemington was an elected officer of the State. His future career depended on his success in prosecution. In England prosecuting counsel is nominated; if he is keen to succeed in prosecution it is because he likes sport. His superiors who have nominated him do not care whether he succeeds or fails. Theoretically the election of State functionaries is more democratic, but I think the English practice works out better.

The Public Prosecutor, be he called Attorney-General, *procureur de la République*, or what you will, is a functionary of the State. It is his duty to preserve at least an air of

impartiality; he is there to discover the truth, not to hang men. He is there to see that whatever happens the prisoner gets justice.

The prosecutor at Flemington made no pretence at all to impartiality. He expressed personal hatred for the prisoner; he expressed his conviction that the prisoner would sizzle in hell; he told the jury that they would make him the happiest man on earth if they would send the prisoner to the electric chair. . . . He lowered the awe in which the State should be held as judging between man and man. A judge of the courts of the Isle of Man swears to see justice done between man and man as equally as the backbone of the herring does lie amidmost of the fish. A State prosecutor should write those words in his heart or his State will be discredited. . . . That is the point. . . . His State will be discredited. Before all the world if all the world is paying attention.

§

That was what gave me the most acute discomfort whilst I was in Flemington . . . the final address of the prosecutor to the jury. It took place under the eyes of the whole world. I had almost physical pain from the thought that at a few yards behind the small of my back a wire started from the court-house and went under the Atlantic. In Westminster, in Paris, in Moscow, in Rome, they would be hearing the words of that atrocious performance almost in the same instant as I heard them. And it was an atrocious performance, even as far as the mere words were concerned. . . . And as for the manner. . . . I could only thank God that the invention of television had not made greater progress.

§

I think I have made it plain by now . . . if I haven't I here put it in the simplest words that I can think of—that my loyalty to this country, the United States of North America, is an emotion as complete as can be that of any man to any country. I wish it, that is to say, and to all its inhabitants, nothing but well, and if anything that I can

do can conduce to their comfort and happiness and pride and well-doing—except the winning of the Davis Cup—I can be trusted to do that thing. And if, anywhere, any plot should be agate for their undoing, I can be trusted to do all that I can to denounce and hinder it . . . except always again in the aforesaid matter of the Davis Cup, the winning of which is essential to the comfort, happiness, pride, and well-doing of the country of my birth. The United States having such a lot of other largests in the world, can well afford to do without it.

I do not say that my loyalty to the Kingdom of Provence is smaller . . . and, indeed, I have just as much loyalty to the south coasts of the country of my birth, and then to the Mediterranean coasts by Diana Marina, where Columbus walked westwards, and to those of Spain, Monaco, and Jaffa. . . . Which is as much as to say that I consider all the territories of the Great Route to be one Republic or Empire or Soviet or Civilization.

Still, one owes, as a proper man, a little touch of special loyalty to the tracts of land which one most inhabits, those being in my case the Eastern States from New York downwards . . . and Provence; so that I seldom know exactly where I am at any given moment unless I up and think about it. I detest, that is to say, to hear any one agglomeration on the rim of that great oval collectively miscall any other agglomeration. . . . And on that day in Flemington I felt real physical pain, going from my heart across my chest, at the thought that that atrocious performance going on beneath my eyes should cause discredit to attach to that place and its wide surroundings.

Fortunately that performance came late in the proceedings; the rest of the oval route had supped more than full enough of horrors. The foreign reporters were sending very little over that wire; the prosecuting attorney got almost no space and very little more harm was done.

§

I will recapitulate and dot the “i”s of what I have said of criminal jurisprudence and go one step further in my

prescription for the saving of mankind. Your immense body politic cannot be immense enough. The whole of my oval at least will have to form one Republic, Empire, or Utopia before we can get much further . . . but a very loose Empire, Republic, or what you will, held together by almost invisible if absolutely indissoluble federal ties—the whole of the oval and all of its hinterlands that are of good will and are ready to participate in that enormous Pax Romana.

But the individual local units should be the smallest possible. So that their public assemblies, whether for deliberation or—if punishment still finds place in the public psychology—for punishment, should be of a complete intimacy.

It is essential, if public humanity is to make any progress, that every man of the Republic should vote on *every* measure put forward by Federal authority. This would reduce Federal measures to a minimum.

And the spirit of the little local units should be that of courts-martial with, instead of a general-command-in-the-district, the whole of local public opinion to revise either decrees or sentences.

We *must*, in fact, restore to the individual a sense of power, for without that he cannot recover his sense of responsibility. And we must get rid of the elected professional politician to whom we give *carte blanche* to double-cross us over every legislative proceeding.

§

You will say that that can never be brought about by the legislatures we have to-day. Certainly it can never be brought about by our present legislative procedure. It can only be brought about, let me repeat, by a changing of our own hearts. Against that no legislatures can stand up. It is not law-makers that have brought about the relative softening of penal laws down the centuries. If it had been left to the professional politicians we should still be drowning witches, burning heretics, hanging, drawing, and quartering starving thieves of halfpenny rolls. It has been the heavy and irresistible thrust of separated public opinions that have brought

about these near-humanities. It is time that all our public opinions, united over areas vaster than any humanity has yet conceived of . . . it is time that they took in hand the sweetening of the world . . . the making it safe for children. I will venture to say that the mob at Flemington was the next best thing. It showed—if unconsciously—immense bodies of the citizens of this country unwilling to let Elected Authority pursue in a hidden corner its unworthy work. For myself I would have a crowd of a million attend on every trial for the theft of a shoe-lace. And they should tear down the court-house if they were dissatisfied with the mercy shown in the sentence. You would thus reverse Lynch Law.

§

For the rest, what I found agreeable and stimulating in Flemington was a certain air of democratic simplicity and rectitude. . . . And that not only in the court-room whilst the court was sitting.

I don't know why, at an advanced age, I should suddenly begin to find democratic simplicity and rectitude attractive. They are contrary to my traditions and upbringing and I don't know that they are not hostile to my intelligence and my instinctive sense of morality. For it is certain that I think that the only things that can save the world are a certain Mediterranean brand of slackening off in every department of life—a slackening off in everything from conscious rectitude and its brother sense of acquisitiveness to the sense of efficiency and the hours of labour worked. . . . So that it would be dreadful if at the end of great labours and many wanderings I should find myself liking the New England Conscience or States which at present seem to me to be the most detestable things in the world and the source of all our present evils.

It is, of course, a matter of climate and latitude. New England virtues—if there are any—are Northern virtues. They consist of rectitude for the sake of gain, honesty which is only the best policy, continence so that you may creep into the back door of heaven, frugality for the sake of adding to your store. But in the Middle States these things

already begin to slacken off, New York city being as civilized as Provence itself although the climate makes people bustle more than is altogether agreeable. And New Jersey is nice in a rather careless, rough-and-tumble way, exhibiting itself in the fact that you can't go along its roads anywhere for a quarter of a mile without finding yourself being offered country honey, authentic eggs, good-looking apples, home-made, bright dolls. That is nice and companionable and shows you that this State is really full of Small Producers.

So that possibly my suddenly finding myself liking the sterner manifestations of virtue in these parages may be merely super-induced by a subconscious, unawares determination to like everything—almost everything—that is an expression of this Cinderella State that lives between New York City and Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. . . . But I bet that nothing will ever make me remotely flinch in my hatred for both Philadelphia and Pennsylvania. For Pennsylvania, beneath a surface softness and gentility which resembles nothing so much as the intense snobbishness of the county of Devon in England—for, bless my soul, I have known quite charming people who have been socially blighted and personally depressed by not being “called upon” in suburbs of Philadelphia and Pittsburg—suburbs with names like Wivelscombe and Porlock and with atmospheres resembling that of Exeter Cathedral Close . . . so that what was the war for? . . . No, not *that* war, the War of Independence. . . . Nevertheless beneath that surface softness—the verb is coming now—Pennsylvania conceals a corundum hardness that lets her—no, not boast—genteely introduce to your notice the fact that, to-day, in spite of Crisis and everything she still manufactures a fifth of the world's supply of this commodity. She is fourth among the States for that one, produces more million tons of something else than all the rest of the world put together, owns the Liberty Bell, has reafforested seven hundred and twenty-two million acres, or something like that, and last year killed in those acres six hundred and seventy-two thousand nine hundred and six unfortunate English pheasants. . . . Though from the size of the collar of the specimen photographed to illustrate

that statement, the others, if they at all resembled that specimen, must have been precious old, tough birds. . . . See how once more virtuous excitement makes the sentences run away from one. . . . But thank goodness our train is still in New Jersey and one can go on talking equably about what one likes.

§

I think what I most look for—or, at any rate, what I most like when I find it on this section of the Great Route, is traces of the Jeffersonian Helleno-Roman public spirit. Culturally, for me, Jefferson is the greatest man that this portion of the Route has produced, if only because he fell in love with the Maison Carrée at Nîmes. (I think we may well include New York City, and the State of New Jersey in the hinterland of the Route proper, with, therefore, equal rights of citizenship.) And Jefferson's sense of Latin virtues was strong enough to let him preserve his affection for Provence and *her* hinterland long after New England, shocked at the "excesses" of the French Revolution and of Mossieu Genet, had decided to wipe off from her accounts the items of the services of Lafayette and de Grasse in the day of Yorktown.

It is possible that the spirit of the little towns of the Middle States is more Roman and grimmish than Hellenic-Provençal. The city hall of New York, if almost ecstatically lovely in its surroundings and certainly Mediterranean in its inspiration, is not an essentially Greek manifestation; and the public buildings of the little Jersey towns, if Roman enough, are usually rather grimly bare . . . though to be sure the touching old pile of Rutgers is as softly aesthetic as one needs . . . as if under Roman Republican sternnesses there yet beat a sentimental heart. . . . As perhaps there did.

At any rate, in the inspiring sunlight over the snow, Flemington was a sufficiently admirable frame for the grimmer Latinities of its be-columned brownish courthouse. . . . A frame really admirable and appropriate except for the really extravagantly efficient central heating of its houses. Of that I can imagine only a very lightly clad

Greek Apollo approving. Me, at least, it kept always gasping for breath with my skin prickling all over and my lungs as if filled with ashes. Except for that the frame was very good.

It has never been my privilege, anywhere, to be received into the homes of what the French call the *petite bourgeoisie*—the more prosperous artisans, the smaller store-keepers, the lesser but comfortably off functionaries, the retired commuters. At Flemington, however—I suppose because they liked what I wrote about their trial—I rather was so received at one time or another during those long weeks. And I felt at home. There were extraordinarily silent men with harsh, hanging hands and Abraham Lincoln-like faces who sat for hours without moving or speaking in rooms all shining linoleum, bentwood furniture, and tombstone-like sewing-machine cases; and very taciturn hard-featured women bent over stoves or polishing stair-balustrades occasionally smiled rather nicely. And oyster-stew for breakfast. . . . Yes, whatever they may tell you, when the snow is on the ground they do have oyster-stew for breakfast, in Christmas week in the Eastern sea-board, and so they do in Pennsylvania—Dutch Pennsylvania; and the baked beans and pork. And ham and egg and pumpkin-pie and—even the vegetable plate are all amazingly appetizing on a cold sunlit day when you come in slapping your hands. . . . And I who never wear gloves! . . . And beans out of an authentic New Jersey bean pot are . . . well, I won't say as good as *cassoulet de Castelnau-dary*,* but . . . No, you shall not make

* *Cassoulet de Castelnau-dary* is made of white haricots, as new as possible, so that it is best eaten in the autumn when the beans come straight off the vines. They are stewed in mutton broth until just tender, then a piece of goose, a piece of mutton, some truffled liver-sausage in slices, a small quantity of tomato juice, *fines herbes*, and garlic to taste are added. Then the *cassoulet* in its earthen *casserole* is put on the corner of the stove to simmer for hours and hours, for twenty-four if you like, or longer. An hour or so before serving it is *gratiné*'d—sprinkled with breadcrumbs and grated cheese with little lumps of butter and put into the oven. In the famous inn of Castelnau-dary there is a stove that has never been out since the fourteenth century and never without a *cassoulet* on it. . . . And is this too not an instance of how civilization has gone along the Great Route—the white haricot having gone from Montpellier to Montpelier, Vt.?

me *renier mes dieux*. . . . But, taken in conjunction with Flemington apple-jack, which is the best produced in this continent and as good as almost anything produced in the Department of Calvados, on a snowy day, after a long morning in the court-house . . . O Lord, as said the author of the *Serious Call*, it is enough.

§

So, in that rather stern, frugal atmosphere, I felt myself unclose as do Jericho roses in tepid water. They were kind people. . . . But, oh yes, stern.

At home in my apartment in New York, either the steam-heating does not work or by setting the thermostat to 65° and opening all the windows when the outer temperature is twelve below zero I can find contentment. And when travelling, in all hotels but one in the city of Philadelphia, I have by the same means hitherto been able to obtain the same end. I remember an almost perfect night in the Blackstone in Chicago—in January. But in my hospitable night-quarter in Flemington my lungs were baked; the skin of my forehead pricked as if with electric sparks. The air was so heavy with a citrous furniture polish that I dreamed that I was home in Provence trying to keep off mosquitoes with a stuff called *citrine*. . . . And I ask myself, is it stern and frugal and like Thomas Jefferson to coddle yourself with this luxury of heating? When I know it is going to be cold I induce around me the coldest circumstances that I can contrive and wear a minimum of clothing for a week or so. Thus in trousers, a shirt open at the neck, and a tweed jacket for all clothing, I can sit on the November borders of Lac Léman what time the unfortunate New Yorker with a purple nose goes covered in furs and worsteds and the pencil falls again and again from the nerveless fingers of Biala sketching in the Hall of the Nations.

§

In Flemington, at two in the morning, I was awakened by my landlady carrying a flashlight and wearing, I imagine, a yellow flannel head-dress, for she was almost invisible behind

the glare she turned on my eyes. And I was told I was freezing to death every one in the house . . . by having opened my windows. It is true that, to get a through draft, I had also left my door ajar. . . . Oh, and weren't Biala



"ONE OF THE MOST CHARMING, SIMPLE LITTLE CHAPELS"

and I, in this same State, coming down to Flemington in an air-conditioned train that contained, at a temperature of ninety-six, all the gases in the world except atmospheric air . . . weren't we almost thrown off the train by a nearly epileptic coloured attendant backed by innumerable

quite epileptic passengers. . . . Because we had opened a window. . . . So good-bye, kindly New Jersey.

The scarlet-painted, brick house-fronts of Trenton are all round us. . . . I have always thought of Trenton as a pleasant, free-and-easy town, full of clubs where warm men all day push pasteboards over green baize. . . . I may be wrong, but the men from Trenton I have met have always been of that type. . . . Carrying black bags and hurrying back to Trenton to play auction and drink. . . . Calvados 1892! That at least is what I wish them.

§

The train has jumped over a brook. Biala looks intrepid but depressed; my heart sinks into my gums.

We are in Penn's State.

"But cheer up," I say, grasping the time-table. "If we survive, our Wilmington pack-mules shall before night have brought us to the town—outside the borders of this State—where there is one of the most charming little, simple chapels you will ever have seen. Therein sleeps Lee. . . . And I pray thee, Sir Lancelot, that thou come again to this land and bring Jefferson with thee. . . . But, in case we succumb, we are, in Pennsylvania, as near the sulphurous region to which Lancelot and Jefferson and the knights of the Round Table did not go . . . as in any other place."

WHEELS

. . . FOR Heaven's sake let us get out of this train and think.
I can't bear these people's faces.

. . . I knew that lunch would upset you.

. . . Where are we? Where on earth are we? I shut my eyes to get through Philadelphia. We might be anywhere.

. . . The last station said it was Merian.

. . . Marion, Va.? Let's get out and see Sherwood Anderson.

. . . No, Merian, Pennsylvania, where the Barnes Collection is. Somewhere near Bryn Mawr. The next station is Paoli.

. . . Let's get out there. Esherick will let us sit in his studio in the woods and give us something real to eat out of his garden.

. . . It would be nice to. But it will keep us longer in Pennsylvania. You say you want to get out of this State.

. . . No, I've come to a conclusion and I want to think back over my reasoning. And I've decided that to think about Pennsylvania you have to do so in Pennsylvania. You can't think of this State when you are out of it. You want to forget it. . . . And this train is falling into decay. I can't think where things are falling into decay. I hate success like hell, and Pennsylvania is the brightest jewel on the forehead of the system that is ruining us. The only bright one left according to its publicity writers.

. . . Sure, it would be nice to sit in Esherick's studio and have some real food to eat. But you'd better step lively. These trains are so slow you can't tell whether they're moving or stopping in a station.

. . . Let me make myself plain. I'd rather think where things are succeeding than falling into decay. I used to do a lot of thinking in trains. . . . Why, I wrote part of the *Half Moon*—about Hendryk Hudson—on the cars about here. Thirty years ago when I was working on that farm I told

you of, near Merian. We've just passed it. But then railways were booming. Now they're dying I want to be shut of them. On a pack mule. . . . Pack mules will never die.

. . . Hurry. . . . Hurry. . . . Hurry. . . . You're forgetting your grip.

. . . I want to be quite plain. I'd rather be where there's success and happy people than in a place in decay. I hate the quality of Toulon's success. . . . I mean Pennsylvania's, but I prefer it to crumbling trains. And according to her statisticians Pennsylvania . . . There *is* Esherick at the end of the platform. . . . What did you do with the etching of Dreiser that he gave me? We mustn't lose that. . . . Hullo, Esherick, you look blooming. . . . What I was saying is that according to her own statistics Pennsylvania is the district that has felt the Crisis less than any other place in the world. . . . Except, of course, Toulon.

§

A dim studio in which blocks of rare woods, carver's tools, medieval-looking carving gadgets, looms, printing presses, rise up like ghosts in the twilight while the slow fire dies in the brands. . . . Such a studio built by the craftsman's own hands out of chunks of rock and great balks of timber, sinking back into the quiet woods on a quiet crag with, below its long windows, quiet fields parcelled out by the string-courses of hedges and running to a quietly rising horizon . . . such a quiet spot is the best place to think in.

And let Esherick be moving noiselessly about in the shadows, with a plane and a piece of boxwood, or swinging backwards the lever of his press, printing off his engravings. Or pouring a hundred times heavy oil and emery powder on one of the tables he has designed, and rubbing it off with cloths to get the polish exactly true, and bending down again and again to get the sheen of the light along the polished wood . . . those are the conditions you need for thought. Because they present to your mind neither success nor failure, but conditions coeval with the standing rocks and the life of man. There have always been craftsmen and the craftsmen have always been the best men of their time, because a

handicraft goes at a pace commensurate with the thoughts in a man's head. The craftsman is a connoisseur; he looks along the wood that he has planed; the table-top he has made and polished; the shoe sole he has just stitched; the back of the book he has just bound. Until it is just so and a little more, he is not content. His device is "make a good job of it," and scrawled with his broad-leaded pencil on the whitewash of his workshop wall are the words: "By hammer and hand all Art doth stand." So, if he turns his attention to other things, it is ten to one he will exact good jobs from others. He will have good food cooked to a turn; good, sound wine in a good-looking glass; well-woven cloth for his back; good feathers in a well-stuffed bed . . . or maybe horse-hair. He will have good stout books that his mind can chew on; he will see that his cathedral climbs beautifully to heaven; that it gives him pleasure with its frescoes, good emotion with its music, and good comfort with its doctrine. He will have done his travelling as a journeyman and have seen that the world is good; now he will sit by the fire to hear what wonders there are still doing in foreign climes, and he will tell such a travelling fellow to bring him at his next coming such a tool from Toledo, such woollens from Bradford, or such and such sweetmeats from Montélimar for his children. And, above all, he will have good government and peace.

§

Mr. Kipling, apparently thinking that the machinery and middle classes of Pennsylvania were doomed semipiternally to endure, wrote in his hymn to the spirit of the United States of his time:

"The things that truly last when men and time have passed,
They are all in Pennsylvania this morning,"

or if that is not what the hymn means it is so in tune with Mr. Kipling's spirit and with the spirit of the dreadful day in which it was written that that might very well be what it does mean. It is the dream of the Technocrat of Mount Kisco; of the Machine that has usurped all human functions, going on and on till all humanity has passed from the earth.

It is not a new struggle this. I remember hearing years ago William Morris arguing with Engels, Marx's son-in-law, and the joint author with Marx of the *Manifesto of the Communist Party*. And it might for all the world have been myself arguing with the Technocrat, except that I am not, like Morris, a sentimentalist, and that Engels, unlike the Technocrat, was not a sadist dyspeptic—and that I almost never argue on sociological subjects.

I am not doing it now; I am expressing likes and dislikes and prophesying conditionally. That is to say, that I am asserting that unless the craftsman takes again his position in our society, our civilization of the Great Route will for two reasons pass into chaos. For two reasons: the Machine will break down over its economics and mankind will become effete. We are already half-way there. And what is the good of being a Technocrat dictator if you cannot digest a slice of Thanksgiving turkey? Or have to have your stalled automobile pushed off a ferry by little boys?

It will have to be one or the other; take it or leave it, I don't care. I shall go on for as long as I live, spending half my activities on my vegetable garden and the other half doing what I am doing now. I am neither sociologist nor politician. I am an onlooker stating the result of conclusions that have taken me half a century to arrive at. . . . The half-century that has passed since Walter Atterbury and I went sailing to the next State but one. . . . During those years I have rarely been still for more than three or four months on end. I have rolled my hump along, on mule back, in dog-carts, on liners, in carriers' carts, on trains, autobuses, army waggons, my feet, looking at things and listening to men talking. And all the while growing something in soup dishes or aware that something was growing itself for me on the slopes above the Mediterranean—or the Channel. . . . And now putting down what I think about it all.

§

So that, except for the conviction that nothing but a general return to the frame of mind of the craftsman and artist can

save our great, ovally encamped race, I never had any political convictions. I have none now.

I am completely indifferent to forms of governments, and constitutions appear to me to be things harmful when they are not, like the constitution that the great Locke drew up for the Carolinas, merely imbecile. I *like* monarchies, as I like to look at primitive Italian Nativities. But if the Russian Soviet really puts its trust in hammers and sickles I would willingly say that I was for the u.s.s.r. right or wrong and let it go at that. Since, putting its trust in the monstrous collections of wheels that are the Machine, it uses those tools merely as emblems on its banner—as did the French Monarchy with the lily—I don't say anything of the sort.

§

My own only profound conviction as far as sociology is concerned is that Humanity will deteriorate further and further until the sense of impersonal property diminishes and dies in the human brain. And only education and the sense of craftsmanship can effect that change.

Property is obviously a necessity for men and women. But that Property must be only something that one has made or grown or something that has been given you by some other craftsman or grower—something, above all, that one can take into a private place apart and examine at long leisure. Such intimate things are necessities. Purchases are only another form of robbery; you acquire them by holding a coin instead of a knife at someone else's throat. They are only yours until, you weakening, someone else comes and holds at your throat another coin. Even to-day few men would exchange a hoe that they have made for themselves for one out of a department store. The one lives in the hand, the other is dead weight.

But impersonal property—above all the sense of, the passion for, impersonal property—is the source of all evil. If Mr. Conqueror were not blinded by the dazzling thought of controlling ten thousand miles away the products of mines he has never seen he would not march murdering onto distant territories. We are dying because men have done that.

One ought to see around one, or have in presses a few yards away, all that one owns . . . one's own hand-made spade, chisel, or paint-brushes, one's own home-made best suit in one's closet; one's own small flocks of sheep and geese; one's own frescoed wall; one's own melon patch. Nothing more of one's own.

§

I think I can say—but I *can* say—that never since I was a child have I had a sense even of property of my own. Certainly I never had any sense of impersonal property. I was once left some brewery shares; but the brewery one day by accident mixed arsenic instead of sugar with its malt. So those shares disappeared and I was left with a sense of having some responsibility for quite a number of deaths. . . . Years ago, going into my own—my very own—kitchen in London at night after the cook had gone to bed, suddenly I was like someone struck dumb with amazement. It had occurred to me that I—and no one else—owned that prodigious array of copper stew-pans, basters, flour-dredgers, pastry-boards . . . a perfect wilderness of things. Like an armoury!

They were my own. I could do what I liked with them. . . . Hug them to my breast; throw them out of the window; decree that they should be melted down; have them all tied on a rope and drag them behind my Studebaker. And I burst into roars of laughter.

I had never thought about them before; or, if my subconsciousness had, it had imagined them belonging to the cook or anybody else. Just a sort of public property that happened to have floated into my kitchen. That was nice of it. Because, if you will permit me to say so, my cook was a damn good cook, and she probably would not have been able to do without her apparatus.

And, when I came to think of it, that was my attitude towards every other room in the house—except the book-room and the drawer in which I kept my ties, collar-studs, and socks. If you had come in and asked me for the wash-hand-stand or the dining-table I should have said: Take

them. Or I should certainly have been ashamed of myself if I hadn't. Even with regard to the books it was not a sense of property. If you had wanted my books you could have had them on condition that you took whole rows, not a volume here or there so that there would be gaps making the remaining books lean up the one against the other . . . for in that case I should go on hitching and fitting for days until I had got other books to fill in the gaps. . . . And then I should go to some friendly carpenter and ask for some wood and knock a wash-hand-stand or a table together somehow. I have, indeed, so often done that, one person and another having gone off with all I possessed, that I cannot any longer remember possessing anything.

I usually write in my home in Provence at an extraordinarily knocked-together table with flanking shelves of walnut bed-panels, supported by sawn-off chair legs and above me an immense deal shelf supported in turn by sawn-off broom-handles and nobody is more contented than I or prouder of his atelier. And when neighbours come in and I show them my contrivance they say: *Tiens, mais vous avez du goût!* as if it surprised them. . . . And sometimes when I shut my eyes and think of my own personal Utopia I imagine myself in a whitewood hut on one of the harsh, bare, sunbaked hillsides of Provence . . . with, of course, a great black cypress for shade. And nothing in it but a camp bed and a table made out of a bully-beef case and a chair made out of two—and an earthenware casserole for boiling or frying and a camp oven which I should build myself outside, for baking or roasting. That, I think, would be civilization.

§

I don't mean to say that I don't like to have accessible to me beautiful furniture and hangings, rare books, engravings, pictures, shaded lamps, lovely bowls of flowers. That is why I am doing my thinking now in Esherick's studio, for he makes the most beautiful furniture with the most romantic-looking tools. . . . How I love tools! . . . And his wood-engravings are a delight to me who hate all other

wood-engravings. Most wood-engravings have an unctuousness about their blacks that make me think I am eating fat pork. But Esherick's are clean and misted and mysterious and ascetic. . . .

And when I say "accessible" I mean, not in museums, but scattered about a countryside, in friends' houses where you can drop in at any moment and be allowed to sit about. . . . As we are doing here! I once lived in a house that was all museum-pieces—and owned them. But I did not own them long; they were insupportable.

I don't see how a gentleman can live in any other way. I know, of course, gentlemen who do. But it seems to me that the meaning of the idiomatic adjective "gentle" implies a person living in harmony with his cosmos. How can you live in harmony with your cosmos if you can let people come into your house without its being implicit that they can take anything they want except your collar-studs, your books, and your tools? . . . And even them if they want them very much.

§

At any rate, it seems to me that humanity would take an immense step forward if that could be the interpretation given to the adjective "gentle" in every dictionary.

§

If I put my head out of the window here and craned out a little I should be able to see the roofs sheltering the Barnes Collection of modern pictures. It is said to be the best collection of modern pictures but one in the world. I don't know. I was once calling on Ezra Pound's parents in Wilmiscote, a suburb of Philadelphia. I think that was the name. So I thought it would be nice to see the Barnes Collection. I got an intimate friend of Mr. Barnes to get his secretary to cable to him for permission. Dr. Barnes cabled back—from Geneva: "Would rather burn my collection than let Ford Madox Ford see it."

§

That gentleman's collection must stand almost on the site of the farm on which I worked years ago. I have told the

story of that period of my life so lately that I won't repeat it here. It will be enough to say that as an experience it was not cheering—not on account of my own feelings. . . . I was only pursuing the determination that I have had pretty well all my days . . . to get as much acquaintance with the life and agricultural methods of the Small Producer as I could. My depression came, then, rather from the social and moral, and, indeed, the purely superstitious pressure . . . the atmosphere of conspiracy and sinister whisperings. People were continually catching me by the sleeve and whispering: "I wouldn't have anything to do with *him*. . . . He would not be good for you." Or: "Poor Jane. . . . *She* had cause to regret that she ever knew the W's. . . ."

What inspired the whisperings were usually religious differences founded on superstitions; sometimes they were political. It was apparently worse than the sin against the Holy Ghost to be a Democrat in that neighbourhood.

Those things did not affect me personally. I was only the hired help of my friend the farmer. He was holding on to a small farm that had been in his family since the days of Penn. Penn had once taken a cup of tea there. Franklin too. The farmer was holding on, I gathered, with difficulty, waiting till the city should stretch out and turn his farm into building lots.*

This was more than thirty years ago. But already the horse-trolley terminus was in the adjoining village. We went there for our mail. It was thus a time of transition. . . . You drove a buckboard to the store, got out, and sat on a chair sticking your feet up on a barrel and gossiped, waiting for the mail, whilst from another barrel you helped yourself to dried apple-rings and chewed meditatively. The harness

* As I have said, I told much of this story in a volume published only a few years ago, but already, I believe, so quickly to-day work the mills of God, out of print. I present these details here again in order to show that I have some sort of right to pretend to know something about small sufficiency farming and the municipal political intrigues of the City of Brotherly Love some time ago. They so profoundly influenced my views of life that I cannot omit the repetition altogether at this juncture.

of your horses was of incredibly aged leather, tied everywhere together with string, but the horses were beautiful, light roan half thoroughbreds. On the other hand, one or other of the great meat trusts was already reaching out its tentacles through all that district, and its tyranny was one that it was difficult not to feel. You could not buy meat in all that neighbourhood, and at the same time if you were a self-sufficing farmer you could not sell sufficient surplus stock to buy store clothes. We lived, on the farm, on Maryland chicken, grilled sweet corn, and hog products, which was good enough. But a nice piece of fresh meat would have been a good change.

§

There were in those days a certain number of self-sufficiency farms still in Chester County, Pennsylvania, and the environs of Philadelphia. But by now they have altogether disappeared, the nearest to be found being in the Shenandoah Valley. According to the United States Census Map issued by the Ministry of Agriculture, the chief agricultural products of Chester County are to-day mushrooms! The greater part of the vegetable supplies of Philadelphia come from the formidable intensive truck-farms of New Jersey, though in Philadelphia, too, the effects of competition, particularly in spinach and melons, from Alabama is making itself felt. I make these vegetable notes so that the earth may not be forgotten.

§

“Self-sufficiently farms” is a funny expression, but it is the official phrase of the U.S. department to denote roughly what I mean by the Small Producer who is to inherit the earth. I propose now to deal with politics, a subject as to which Count Smorlork says that it surprises in itself. . . . As indeed it does.

§

Working, then, on a rather listless farm that was waiting for death as the suburbs crept towards it was depressing. It combined all the disadvantages of living amongst the bitter gossip of villages with the sordidness of seeing good timber

give place to a disordered wilderness of clapboard. That part of Pennsylvania contained some fine elms, and to see them fall before the builder's axe is the most depressing spectacle in the world. It means the oncoming of everything that is the most sordid in architecture with everything else that life should not hold . . . commuters, packet goods, mechanical enjoyments, sports. . . . I don't know what all.

§

Yes, to-day's life in those broad fields and little hummocks of landscape seems to me to be a deterioration. Penn's State was originally one of not too large but very carefully worked "Dutch," English, and a few Huguenot self-sufficiency and wheat-exporting farms. It had State toleration; its various sects and Quakers, Arminians, Mennonites, Huguenots, and even a few Papists stayed short of murdering each other. They, no doubt, whispered the most hideous things about each other's religious practices in private. . . . The things I heard whilst with my feet on a barrel I waited at the store for the mail would make your hair rise . . . mostly about the local Dutch! They would make your hair rise!

Or, if the others waiting were all of one religious persuasion, one heard the most desperate whisperings about all those worshipping beneath every other kind of steeple as large as a tea-caddy. And the whisperings were neither very cautious nor very tactful. My temporary employer was—and was known to be—a relative of intimate friends of mine. Nevertheless, I heard the worst sort of constructions put on the manner in which he had lost his Church membership ticket. And he was spoken of very unfriendly because he had mended fence before Thanksgiving. . . . You must not build wall nor mend fence before Thanksgiving. No one knew why. . . . But I did know that it was not true; my unlucky friend had done nothing of the sort. On the contrary, I had got up one morning before dawn and, tired of having to drive the sheep out of the pumpkin patch whilst we were tiresomely cutting corn in a temperature of 116° Fahrenheit, had begun to mend the snake fences. But my

friend had heroically and rigidly stopped me. . . . And though he did lose his Church membership ticket because he refused to marry the widow Brown, it was because that lady—whom he did not even know—had a nice little property near his own and the Church members wanted to be sure that when she re-married her money should not be lost to that persuasion.

§

I did not find all that very elevating. One might have hoped that Penn's enterprise might have had better results. But at any rate there were the old clapboard—and even some brick—houses, and the high, almost leafless elms in which above the dusty roads the katydids shrilly and continuously let down their voices—for all the world as the *cigale* does in Provence. It was, at least, a life for men. Gossip is not the highest form of intellectual product, but one is nearer life retailing gossip than in reading it in distorted forms in the city pages of newspapers.

And Philadelphia had not become the gorged monster that she is. As she comes back to me, oddly, she was then *all* Liberty Bell and Independence Hall and Washington Square and red-brick house-fronts with sparkling brass door-furnishings and white marble mounting-blocks before every door on the side-walk edges. I had my disagreeable experiences there, but I never thought that I should come to regard that city as the monstrous exponent of the only still prospering industrial system in the world.*

* I am not going—infinitesimally little though it might be worth to that city—to give her the free publicity of repeating her own figures as to the prosperity of industrialism in the Keystone State. For the matter of that my mind reels when I merely think of *Penn's Land of Modern Miracles* as they call it themselves. "*The miles and miles of colourful linoleum issuing from presses.*" "Scores of amazing processes have been devised to inlay, print, and marbleize it until to-day's linoleum patterns rival the art of the Persian rug, the handiwork of the tilemakers of Spain and the product of the terrazzo-layers of Italy." . . . See how even publicity men cannot get away from the traditions of the Great Route!

And "*millions and millions of beans parade before eagle-eyed inspectors.*" . . . And "*she tests the strength of a hairlike spring and chemists reveal treasures in soft coal*"; . . . and "*here it meets a stream of powdered coal and glass-making is a 'heavy' industry*" and "**MILTON SNAVELY HERSHAY SPIRITUAL**

§

Yes, Philadelphia had still, then, the air of being a place "near Shackmaxon" as it was designated on the morning when Penn made with its Indian owners "the only treaty that was never either attested or broken." . . . So let Shackmaxon atone for Gettysburg, which most people believe to be in Virginia. For as to the latter city I never found but one not lugubrious thought—which is that on each side of one fork of its main cross-roads is a public convenience that the coarse French would call *vespasienne*, but which the City Fathers have had labelled in enormous letters: MEN'S COMFORTER and WOMEN'S COMFORTER. Only Philadelphians could have conceived of a sort of prurience that can almost knock you down when it first confronts you. I know that other cities privately apply the name of Paraclete to such institutions, but I know of no other that so prominently takes the name of the Holy Ghost—but perhaps not in vain.

§

Philadelphia, then, and its outskirts appeared to me the most old-fashioned hick regions that one could imagine. I used for quite a time afterwards to tell stories of their inhabitants as if they were Rip van Winkles in forgotten Hudson Valley townships. Then gradually I forgot her.

Nowadays, where I spent the hottest hours I can ever remember, driving fat sheep back into their pasture lots through decrepit snake fences—nowadays it is all one region of commuters ranging from bank-clerks to millionaire exploiters of specifics who will not let people see their

DESCENDANT OF PENN." . . . Nothing less. "Spiritual," you understand. His trustees "own a \$30,000,000 sugar plantation in Cuba and one of the finest suburban hotels in America." It is true that all these and department stores and vast community properties are held for Charity . . . which we are told covers a multitude of industrial triumphs.

Nevertheless, let us make the note that horse-drawn buggies still bring the Martindale Mennonites to church and "historic Christian ceremonies, such as the kiss of peace and foot-washing, are still preserved in a number of congregations" in Penn. . . . They are still, as you might say, in Philadelphia this morning.

collections. It would seem, as I have said, to be a deterioration.

In my day that district was one for men. You ploughed or hoed or made things; you lived in the clean air; you cleaned out stables; you raised dung-heaps. It is true that your main leisure occupation was gossip, and that is not enough *pour tout potage*. But the cinema and the dancing-hall would have come—and you could even then go into Philadelphia for the theatre and night life.

The unfortunate commuter of the white-collared type has no life at all—except the vicarious type that emanates from going to murder trials on off days or reading of the crimes, misfortunes, or misdemeanours and gettings quick-rich of others. Or he attempts to keep some sort of manhood alive by attending on baseball games and dreaming that it is he who performs the feats of his heroes. Above all, his existence is without privacy. He lives and dies in crowds.

He is at least harmless, usually gentle, usually honest. The millionaire, on the other hand, is a public enemy. I do not write that from the sociological point of view. I dare say millionaires could be quite good employers of labour. Or it may be impossible to be a good employer of labour. I don't know. If you are out to sweep a whole system away the details of that system are unimportant.

But whatever is produced by mass-production is deleterious to the vitality of the public: the very process of mass-production is deleterious to the public. It is appalling to think that there are millions and millions of human beings to-day who never have and who never will taste pure food, sit in a well-made chair, hear good music played except mechanically—or use all their muscles, or so much as cook well or properly polish the woodwork of their homes. And over all that Stygian bog of horrors the millionaire floats, the cynosure of all those grovelling beings. He is the final product . . . and the most fell enemy of the craftsman.

§

The millionaire cannot exist without mass-production; men cannot exist with mass-production—and remain men.

But what is necessary is not the extinction of the millionaire by sociological expedients. What is necessary is such a change of the public heart that the accumulation of immense wealth shall be universally regarded as being as shameful as any other unmentionable sin. Men will then cease to wish for great, sudden wealth and the motive for mass-production will be gone. Then we can begin to think of civilization.

§

Do you happen to know Wood River, Ohio? I don't suppose anyone does. It is a junction of oil pipe-lines. Under a perpetual stink of mephitic, bluish vapours men there live in a landscape completely of metal, pipes, tubes, containers, poles for wires in an endless complexity, rusted and abandoned boilers, rusted and abandoned Tin Lizzies, vast piles of cans. There is not a tree for miles, not a blade of grass. The caption for the publicity poster of this world centre runs: "Here Indians roamed, birds nested, flowers grew before civilization came."

Near Wood River they are enclosing a tract of thirty square miles to make a State reservation. Because it contains the only stand of white pine left in the State.

§

You see in that mournful fact certain traces of a return towards civilization. Even in Penn's State you see it—and in its largest development. Penn, owned, I think, about thirty million acres of forest when he landed at New Castle and was given a twig, a loaf, and a brick in token of seisin of his province. Then began the massacre of trees as brutal as the massacre of sea-lions that Hudson the Navigator initiated—with, of course, the accompanying feature of the drying-up of water-courses, deterioration of climate and of soil, extinction of game and of healthy population and all the rest of the familiar features, so that Pennsylvania threatened to become as barren as the hills of Greece or Palestine. By the beginning of this century, of the 30,000,000 acres of woodlands only 20,000 were left standing. To-day there are again over twelve million acres of forest ground

with imported and increasing game and fish-streams galore. . . . And, of course, a population engaged in conserving the woodlands, the game, and the streams; and for another population hunting and pure air are rendered available. It is a good achievement—but it is an even more important symbol.

§

Because it is the writing on the wall for the Wood River frame of mind.

§

I imagine my gentle readers to have been laughing in their sleeves—and the ungentle ones throwing this book into the fire—because I have again and again said that the only thing that can save our world would be a change of heart. “How,” they say, “can a change of heart be brought about? What sentimentality! What Utopianism!”

Yet here, in this very State where the barbaric yawp of the mass-producer is still at its smug loudest; where to die possessed of a \$30,000,000 plantation, hotels, department stores, community districts is to be proclaimed the “spiritual” descendant of Penn. . . . In this very district that in my day was proclaimed to be the most politically corrupt agglomeration in the world, the change of heart has been so extraordinary that the whole aspect and the very climate of the State has been changed. . . . UTOPIA means “nowhere.” But this is here. And forestry is the most humanizing, the most healthful of all human occupations. It is at once a culture and a craft. From teenet to uset poles and wattle gates you can make thirty different kinds of implements, fencing, and gear from the mere underwood of a forest. I can do it myself . . . and proud of it. It makes me a better citizen; it would make anyone a better citizen. You call a machine that can turn out useless, inferior, or defective objects a miracle. . . . Pennsylvania is Penn’s land of modern miracles. And you forget that you have in your own frame a machine so miraculous that the real sin against the Holy Ghost is to let it go unused. Well, it’s your funeral.

§

I got intimately introduced into Philadelphia politics in the following way. The farmer for whom I was working was not by origin an agriculturist but a landowner employing his time as an architect . . . until the Weir-Mitchell smash half-ruined half the comfortable class in the city of Brotherly Love and its surroundings. Then he had found out how handy it is to have self-sufficiency farming as a second string to his bow. But he still had what is called influence in the city and was determined to give me a good time.

So one day we were cutting corn with the temperature at 110° Fahrenheit in the shade . . . only there was no shade. It was a sudden heat wave towards the end of October and we were quite unprepared for it. We didn't at the moment even know that it was going to be the worst heat wave for a hundred and ten years, so we did not have the alleviation of being able to boast about it.

We were cutting corn all one morning behind the little Colonial farm-house that has now given way to a sham Mexican adobe posada, twenty feet by twenty, complete with patio and all—and pink. We cut with Cuban machetes which the farmer had brought from the war, and the sheep every ten minutes got out of the pasture lot and into the pumpkin patch and had to be chased out by one of us. It was tiresome, but it carried with it the alleviation of letting one slip into the dog-run passage of the farm-house and hack with the machete an immense slice out of the water-melon that stood there. Water-melon is a dull sort of entertainment usually. It is like a bit of sponge that someone has soaked in weak sugared water. But it wasn't then. The sun in that part of Penn. performs a miracle of its own. At dawn it springs straight to the peak of heaven and remains there till sunset, when it falls suddenly down and goes out, so that you cannot see your way home and bark your shins over red-hot plough-handles and harrows.

§

So it was a relief when someone brought the mail down from the corner store and I found in it two invitations to

dinner—the one from the Clover Club, the other from the City's Reform Party. My employer had persuaded the one body that I was a distinguished English novelist, and the other that I was a member of the Fabian Society. The one body you might have called the local equivalent of Tammany Hall; the other purported to be what it called itself. Both sides harangued me endlessly about the local political situation.

Everyone I had met in and around the city had informed me that the corruption of Philadelphia was a record for the world . . . with a sort of pride. On the face of them, things seemed to me to be pretty normal. One of the chiefs of the Tammany organization was said to have given himself a contract for, say, a hundred miles of piping for the supply of gas to the State capitol and for hundreds of chandeliers and the chains for supporting them. That did not shock me much. In Europe municipal contracts were given usually to nephews or sons-in-law of mayors or municipal councillors. A London borough mayor would have a son-in-law who was an ironmonger. He would decide that the railings round the local park needed reconstructing; his son-in-law would get the job together with a ten-year contract for annual repainting. The notorious *maire* of the XIIIth Arrondissement in Paris had a nephew who had invented a new kind of *Vespasiennne*. So those comforters blossomed out extravagantly all over the quarter of the Boulevard Port Royal. There were thirteen of them in the block facing the Santé prison on the Boulevard Arago . . . where they guillotine people. I suppose that at public executions people drink a good deal.

But the case of the Philadelphian *quasi-Tammany* hero offered features that to me seemed special. In London the new park railings were efficient. I know that because coming back from the school in the winter after dark I used to be able to climb the old oak rails and cut off a couple of miles of my way home from school. I could not do that with the iron ones. They were also really painted once a year. And the Paris things also functioned when there was anyone to employ them. But the Philadelphian gas-piping

let the gas out so efficiently all along its course that none of it ever reached the chandeliers. That was perhaps as well, because the chains supporting the chandeliers all broke as soon as they were put up. So that public benefactor awarded himself new contracts for taking up the pipes and further ones for putting others down, netting, as far as I can remember, more than a couple of millions over the transaction. A colleague of his had a brothel and got a contract to build a public girls' school on his own land next door. The teachers and parents did not like this and petitioned for the removal of the brothel. The city removed the girls' school.

I won't say that the city took these things with complete equanimity. It didn't. It had developed a healthy and active Reform Party. That Party also took me to its bosom, as a member of the Fabian Society which I happened, quite accidentally, to be at the moment. That formidable English body called itself defiantly "the gas and water Socialists" and proposed to reform mankind by statistics and the London municipal boroughs by attacks on what to-day are called utility corporations. Mr. H. G. Wells was at that time engineering a spirited internal attack on the tactics of the Society. He declared that the Fabians ought to be more imaginative and I had subscribed a guinea to the Party funds in order to be able to vote in his favour at the Society elections. Come to think of it, that was corruption too, because I cared nothing about the Society and its methods. Still, I thought that any intrigues that could make any of the institutions of my native country imaginative ought to be supported.

So I found myself amongst those confident Philadelphian young men rather as if by false pretences . . . and certainly rather nervously. For I knew nothing about the tenets of the Fabians, because I had failed signally in all my few attempts to read their statistical pamphlets. However, those young men did not want to listen to me on the subject of gas and water Socialism any more than their opponents wanted to hear me on the English novel. Both sides appeared to want to talk to me prodigiously and as a rule very loudly.

I imagine that they wanted me to give them publicity in my home town . . . or perhaps they liked keeping their hands in by haranguing a novice.

The Reformers talked to me of Virtue in general and their own individual purities. They looked the part, wearing Harris Island tweeds, low-collared shirts, red ties, shocks of fair hair. The Other Party were got up to represent Bad Men with cigars and success. They had sleek black hair, hard eyes behind hooked noses, black, braided suits and normally a complete nonchalance. Bad Man No. 1 affected to regard the efforts of the Reformers with amused indifference. He was under sentence for one of his exploits but out pending appeal. He said it would all come to nothing; at the next election he would elect the judges that would try his appeal and that would be that. His lawyer, on the other hand, was more vociferous and startling. He had just come back famous from New York where he had been defending Thaw for the murder of Stanford White. In that *cause célèbre* he had covered himself with glory. His methods at the Clover Club dinner were florid and to me startling. He made an impassioned and not too comprehensible speech in favour of his client and ended by going down on his knees in the horseshoe formed by the tables of the guests and begging them to see that justice was done. I took that, too, to be an effort after publicity in the world outside, for the guests, being all the supporters of his suffering client, hardly needed the admonition.

§

It was all completely arranged, down to minute details of the *mise-en-scène*. The Bad Men's dinner was of terrapin, planked lambs, canvas back ducks, and more champagne than I think I have ever seen . . . to indicate a healthy insouciance. The Reformers provided canned salmon, mutton chops, and a little lager. Their dinner was, however, the more gay of the two because that evening their candidate for district attorney had been triumphantly returned with an immensity of banner-flying and drum-thumping. In fact, if pensive people can be uproarious over canned salmon, they were that.

The Mayor, an Englishman elected by both sides in the hope that he might be impartial, though his term of office proved rather hectic, was present amongst the Reformers, and duly congratulatory.

I suppose the salmon disagreed with him during the night. Next morning he issued a pronunciamento declaring that those Reformers had bribed every elector in the Thirteenth Ward . . . to vote for their candidate. . . . And they had.

§

I have re-recounted this incident with more apparent cheerfulness than I felt about it at the time. Or than I feel about it now. The same sort of thing is going on all the time in all the countries through which our Route passes. And it is one of the contributory causes to the decay of our civilizations. It is not that honest men are lacking in our ranks; it is that, outside perhaps England, which has a peculiar political genius all its own, honest men have absolutely no chance of making their voices heard or their influences felt. There is in no country—not even in France—a Press of any importance that will voice the honest man, since the Presses of all countries, for reasons of mere economy, speak in the interests of the interests that capitalize them. And inevitably, “interests” cannot be honest. The vastness of the sums of money that are to-day involved; the tendency of humanity to say that if you rob in millions it is not robbery; the temptation to tell yourself that if you obtain power over millions of your compatriots you will exert your power for good . . . all these things weigh too heavy in the balance. And most fatal of all, all our electorates without exception are forced to vote not for measures but for men. And to appeal to electorates so vast, politicians, to be successful, must employ methods that are fatal to their own self-respect and to their own senses of honesty. The gentleman who supplied rotten pipes and chains to the public buildings of his State was, in his own eyes, an honest, easy-going citizen who expected if anything your applause; the lawyer who went in public to extremes of taste in defence of his client was at home a cultured and severe citizen;

the Reformers were undoubtedly sincere in desiring reforms of abuses in their city, yet to ensure the return of their spokesman they must needs buy the suffrages of the most unpleasant and corrupt inhabitants of their city. To indulge in a political career is, in short, to have your sensibility deflowered and your morality blunted by continual compromise. Yet it is in such a condition that you take on the very awful responsibility of ruling for a time over vast numbers of your fellow-citizens, your compatriots, or mankind. I have consorted with politicians a good deal, more or less accidentally, in the course of my life and I have yet to hear one of them utter in private life concerning their public functions a single sentence showing the least elevation of views or the least altruistic concern for the welfare or happiness of their constituents. . . . On the hustings, of course, it was different.

§

Yet it is to these beings that, as I have said, not only our public fortunes but our most intimate private hopes and despairs are confided. For it is one of the most despairing aspects of our times that the State interferes daily more and more with our privacies. When I was a young man I no more thought of coming into contact with a regulation of any sort anywhere in the world, except in Prussia, than I should have thought of breaking a law. To-day it is very difficult to live without infringing one by-law or another. And it is only the other day that every inhabitant of this country, myself included, daily broke the law with a sense that we were asserting the rights of man.

§

The practical remedy, I repeat and shall continue to repeat—and the only remedy apart from education—is that though Federal organizations may well be a great deal larger than they are to-day, local units must become infinitely smaller. Cities must break up and be almost without residents. London City to-day has scarcely more than a couple of thousand residents; Rockefeller Centre, with sixty thousand

workers, has no residents at all. The tendency, that is to say, is already there; as hours of work and numbers of the employed in cities more and more diminish the tendency will grow. Power then will pass from the hands of the cities into those of the country parishes. The all-important thing to-day is that we should be prepared for the change. We must have populations as avid to attend parish meetings as to-day they are to be present at bull-fights, murder trials, or football finals. And every citizen must vote on every law.

VI

REALLY TO THE LINE

IT has grown nearly dusk in the studio. Esherick is giving Biala a lesson in wood-engraving. I should have thought it would be bad for their eyes. But artists never seem to bother about that. I suppose the trained eye can see where the lay one can't and engrossment carries them forward. Happy people!

I suppose the artists are the only happy people left in this anxious world.

§

It has been decided that we shall continue this journey only to-morrow morning. We are to go in the bus of some strolling players who have their headquarters in the mists of the valley below . . . across the Delaware border: the Mason and Dixon Line.

It is curious that in this State we should have come across the only constituents of the body politic who are indispensable to the Small-holder Estate. You could get on without almost anybody else. A cabinet-maker can dig, or milk cows; a shepherd at a pinch can make a table. But no one can replace the artist or the player. Those employments are vocations. And you cannot keep people on the land without them. A village that has a great artist has a local pride; one that is the headquarters of strolling players has a night life. So it is queer to find them at home in this land of Modern Miracles.

§

I don't know why I should so dislike this State. Or "dislike" is too strong a word. It would be better to say that I feel restless here—with the itch to get across the border. And it is hardly the country that I dislike. . . . Since we are

not moving on till to-morrow morning we have leisure to think desultorily for a little longer. . . .

The quiet country seen through these tall windows runs in long, gentle lines between the hedges. The grass is a little pallid in the twilight. I could have sworn I heard a horn. You would expect to see the hounds coming back to the kennels, the horn calling in the stragglers, the riders sitting hunched together on their covert hacks, riding slowly, talking in low but contented undertones. There is a little mist rising . . . just as it does at the day's end in the East Kent country. Selby Lowndes' country with the kennels at Smeeth Paddocks. Old Selby Lowndes who came from a trencher-fed pack in the vale of Cleveland and rode seventeen stun at his death. . . . A good pack of hounds, too, is needed to make a country complete. . . . Artists, players, hounds, and . . . oh, say cricket, this being a cricketing State.

And, if you will believe me, there *are* foxhounds in the wood, going home through the Eshericks' garden path—just as they used to do at Cooper's. . . . The white tips of the tails feathering, the white patches of the coats standing out of the shadows like camouflage. And there is the horn calling the wayward:

“Come along home. Come! Come! Come along home,
Come along home. Come! Come! Come along . . . HOME.”

As who should say:

“Le son du cor, le soir
Au bois dormant”

if that is correct quoting of the onomatopoeic verse of Musset's we used to be told to get enthusiastic over at school.

So that you see they have here everything for local pride.

§

I say to Esherick:

“I see you've got hounds in this country.”

He answers, engrossed over Biala's first attempt at a woodcut:

"Yes! Everybody detests them. They will soon be got rid of."

There you have it. . . . I guess the artists and the actors are detested too. . . . Not to mention the cricketers.

§

I mentioned cricketers on purpose because cricket is almost indigenous to Philadelphia . . . and because that city has played a remarkable part in the history of the game . . . which is also a moral standard.

§

When I was in Philadelphia cricket was dying. It is always dying—like bull-fighting and football and civilization. But it certainly was rather dying then in England. People would not go to county matches; tennis was being taken up in the great schools. There was also golf . . . and stamp-collecting. I could feel it dying behind my back as I sat at the Clover Club banquet.

At that feast there was a charming young man against whom I was particularly warned. I could discover nothing against him. He appeared to be what they call a gentleman in England. He was said to have a good deal of money; to be a large landlord; to have shown great public spirit in fighting the beef trusts for the benefit of his tenants. . . . Still, my friends all pursed up their lips and hinted. . . . No. No. I had better not know him. It would not be liked. I could understand.

It was, of course, only that he was a Democrat. And played cricket, which people in Philadelphia were trying to get rid of.

§

Well, next year Philadelphia sent a team to England to play the English Counties. . . . And English cricket came alive again. . . . Because that young man introduced into the English game . . . the googly ball. At least I think it was that young man. The innovator had, at any rate, the same surname. . . . I am ashamed to say that

I did not take enough interest in cricket to inquire if the initials were the same.

At any rate one of the Philadelphians introduced the googly to England and the game came alive again. It came alive because the googly was for the time an almost unplayable ball. Till then you had had fast bowling and slow, and medium, and on-the-wicket bowling and round-the-wicket bowling and yorkers and so on. And the good English batsmen had got so skilful at playing all those sorts of balls that it had become almost impossible to get them out. A stone-waller could stay in for the whole of two days and matches did not finish. And cricket is only exciting when either wickets fall or runs come fast.

And the Philadelphian cricketers took the English wickets so fast at first that games finished over and over again in much less than the statutory three days. Of course the better English batsmen eventually worked out methods of protecting their wickets and their wickets did not fall so fast. But in the meantime the English crowd had got into the habit of going to cricket matches and cricket came alive again. It has remained alive ever since, I believe.

Yes, of course it has. Because, if you remember—but you won’t—a year or so ago Australia nearly declared war on Great Britain because some English bowler had invented a new sort of fast ball to which the Australians could not stand up. They said it was not cricket.

I don’t know that England ever wanted to go to war with Philadelphia over the googly. English cricketers are not so keen as Australians. But Great Britain and the United States might well become embroiled over the respective merits of cricket and baseball. They would say it was because of the question of fortifications in the North-West Passage. . . . But it would be really because some prominent Englishman had drawled that, of course, baseball wasn’t cricket. . . . Let us examine the matter a little whilst we wait for the dinner bell.*

* I am at this point reminded of the Tenby pilot who remarked: “Rocks: Why I know every rock in Tenby harbour. . . . There’s one!” as he ran the vessel on it. Because here the patient and omniscient

§

The googly method of bowling owes a good deal of its deadliness to the game of baseball—which owes its existence to the game of stoolball, which is the ancestor of cricket, which was invented in the playing-grounds of Cheetham College, Manchester, England, in or about the year 1570. Well, the googly is a ball so bowled that it double-curves in the air and when it reaches the ground behaves as if it were a rat avoiding the blows of a club until finally it crawls up against the wickets with just strength enough to knock the bails off and put the batsman out. In itself it is not formidable, but a sudden googly coming in the middle of a series of straight, swift, or medium, round-the-wicket balls will bewilder the finest international batsman.

. . . So the game of cricket was saved.

It was first played with an inverted, three-legged stool

gentleman who reads my proofs drily notes in the margin: “*The inventor of the googly, an Englishman named Bosanquet, has recently died at Ewhurst.*” I had not forgotten Bosanquet any more than I have forgotten Watson of Lancashire, but I did not know that it was claimed for him that he was the inventor of what he certainly perfected. In late 1906 my friend H. of Philadelphia bowled to me at the nets for a quarter of an hour or so balls that broke back both in the air and on the ground and that I found absolutely unplayable. His fellow cricketers who were more used to them played them more easily. They were there called “googlies.” H. afterwards went with a cricket team from Philadelphia to England. I have perhaps exaggerated their prowess there, but if I have I remain unrepentant. *Fas est ab hoste doceri;* and it is even more *fas*, as I learned in the cricket fields of Kent, *hostem laudare*. Isn’t it, indeed, the essence of cricket? I do not lay claim to cricketing—or any other—omniscience? But it certainly seems to me that it was after 1907 that Bosanquet distinguished himself with the googly so that my good faith is at least unaffected. In any case cricket is dead for me. Last Canterbury Cricket Week I saw Kent declare with seven wickets down—to Lancashire—and get beaten by five wickets. Surely a game at which Kent can be beaten by Lancashire is not one for gentlemen or scholars. Why, even the patient New Yorker whom I had at last succeeded in making to understand why there were two sets of sticks in threes stuck in the ground and why the field changed over for a left-hander . . . even then the patient New Yorker, beginning without any explanation to understand how you can spend three days on a bank beside a Kentish field and like it . . . all but cried,

for the bowler's target, the batsman defending it from the ball with a club and running round bases just as they do at rounders—I mean baseball. The boys of Cheetham's who could not obtain the use of a stool used to play without it, imagining the space that it would occupy in the ground. That game is still played in England by poor little boys who cannot afford the paraphernalia of cricket. For at Cheetham's Grammar School about 1570 some genius of the Columbus order suddenly had the idea—in order to make the game faster—of using two inverted three-legged stools twenty yards apart so that there could be two batsmen and two bowlers functioning at the same time. And to make runs come faster the batsmen ran between the wickets instead of round a circle.

§

So cricketers regard baseball with contempt because it is only fit for little boys short of pocket-money; and baseball players regard cricketers with contempt because their game does not lend itself to secret intrigues, whispered instructions, signs from the stands, and all the manœuvres that make the game. The cricketers say that it's boring to be so keen about a mere game, don't you know. And the baseball players say, what the hell, we haven't time to sleep for three days over a mere game like cricket. And so you can go on for ever until you set to trying it out with iron balls that burst and blow your entrails to the moon.

I am quite serious. That sort of idiocy is the cause of almost more ill-feeling between nations than any other department of human folly. And it can enter into *every* department. I don't know to what extent Spaniards, Mexicans, Portuguese, Provençaux, and the rest cherish vengeful feelings because English, Americans, French, Germans, and others say they are loathsomely cruel . . . about bull-fighting. They could, at any rate, if they liked, take the insults philosophically because they can well say that those Nordics know nothing about the matter. But the other day a Virginian lady who has ridden much to hounds in the South said to me :

"You loathsomey cruel English, you *kill* your foxes when you hunt!"

And she gave a spirited account of how her grandfather's hounds had hunted the same fox seven seasons running without killing him. Then one of the hounds killed him by accident to the general regret. Well, in the East Kent we hunted a large dog fox with a black tufted tail at odd times for four seasons and he always got away. Then we discovered that he broke the scent by springing from a wall-top into a pollard willow. So Selby Lowndes gave orders that he was not to be hunted any more—for fear of accidents!

Actually the English hunters have to kill some foxes from time to time. The English country is crowded—with hen-keepers who would poison all the foxes if they were not kept down, whereas that lady's grandfather hunted in relatively deserted country. He could do what he liked.

On the other hand, three days after that spirited lady had knocked me down backwards, I met an agreeable gentleman who was said to be the only owner of a private pack of fox-hounds in the United States. *He* said that Long Island, Maryland, Delaware, Pennsylvania, Virginia, and other American packs killed on an average five times as many foxes as the Quorn or the Pytchley or any of the long-grass country packs, throwing in John Peel and his coat so grey to make weight. They killed four times as many, because the English hounds were inferior and the English masters did not know how to hunt. So where are we—if not in danger of getting into a mess of bad blood?

§

It becomes at this point my duty to repeat once more that we are all one civilization living on the edge of a great oval. Most of us learn, or have learned, a great deal from all the other agglomerations. Almost all of us could learn a great deal more. We mostly don't because if anyone starts to teach us anything—or merely appears to be doing things better than we do—we take it as a personal insult. So we are all losers. Let us consider food. . . . That

is hardly fair in the absence of the patient New Yorker who is our eating specialist. But we are just going to eat.

§

In a very few minutes we are going to go down the hill through the dark wood. And, in a candle-lit room in which every piece of furniture, every dish, every platter, every implement, every piece of textile ware, every article of clothing has been made by hand, we are going to eat a meal in which every constituent—except the pepper—has come straight out of the garden, the hen-house, or the dairy. It is the first time we shall have been able to do this since we left the Roman province that runs along the sea to Marseilles from Ventimiglia, where we left Columbus walking and thinking that he was an emissary of the Holy Ghost who would eventually make a million in the slave-trade. . . . At any rate, he said he thought the first and he certainly did the second.

For the first time since then we are going again to become men.

For you are not a man if your body is built up of long dead meats kept in suspended putridity by refrigeration plus every imaginable coal-tar products from picric acids to arsenical fruit washes. You are x^o man and the rest drug shelf. And your brain is to match. . . . And even with the learned and impassioned help of the patient New Yorker, who has penetrated into all sorts of Wop, Dago, Russky, Hebrew, and Polack markets in cellars and under elevated railroads, we have not been able since we left Provence to get anything really fresh, though we have as a rule been able to get things that have not been treated with chemical preservatives. Those simple breeds without Mr. Kipling's law won't stomach such powders and brews in their foods. . . .

This is not an insult to New York alone; it is one that must be shared by all great and small cities from Constantinople westwards. It is a state of things due, in part to the indifference of industrial populations, in part to absolute necessity. You *cannot* get food as fresh as it should be in a city—unless

you grow mustard and cress in soup-tureens or raise chickens in your refrigerator. And food is the basis of health, and health the basis of mentality. It is no use saying that after a diet of peas grown wholesale in vast fields, forced under electric light, with chemical manure, picked by the ton, left for three days to decay, canned with, let us say, a boric preservative and consumed two years later, a man will be the same as after a diet of the same vegetables grown in the sunlight on a sheltered plot, manured with natural composts or dung, picked by hand and maggoty or inferior pods rejected, the peas themselves not much more than twice as large as a pin head and cooked and on the table twenty minutes after they have left the vines. He won't. He won't be the same either physically or in immediate mentality. Eating dead peas out of a can is a dullness that adds to the slatternly indifference of the mass-worker; eating your own live peas twenty minutes off the vine is a mental stimulant both immediately and during several days of anticipation whilst you watch them coming to the exactly right moment for picking.

Just try growing a little mustard and cress in any old utensil that is slightly cracked so that the earth will not sour under it. And you will get a little fun saying that in three days' time you will invite Mrs. Delane, who is an Anglo-maniac, to tea and give her mustard and cress sandwiches—and a little more fun in giving them and in tasting their brownish sub-bitterness, and a little more in talking it over afterwards . . . not to mention the little bit of engrossed interest that you will have had at watching the seeds swell and burst and send up their green filaments. . . . You will be less of a clod and just a little in touch with the mysteries of the earth from which you are segregated.

§

This is not the exasperating patronage of the alien talking to the inhabitants of the United States in the familiar way. It is a depressed optimist telling the whole world how it may better itself. I address these words to the Universe from the neighbourhood of Philadelphia because Penn's

State in its publicity asserts that it is the one district in the world that has not felt the Crisis—which is not true, for I know an almost worse city—and because of the image of the Millions and Millions of Beans passing on endless belting beneath the Eyes of Hawk-Eyed Inspectors before being canned. But London has got the canned goods fever to-day even worse than the city of Brotherly Love. According to *her* slogan you must Eat Things out of Tins to **SAVE THE EMPIRE**. . . . Nothing less. . . . That is what Protection will do to human beings whom Patriotism has first driven mad.

And the case of France is not much better—or rather there are in France cases that are even worse. Listen. The other day we were asked to dine at the house of one of the greatest names in France. One of the very greatest. A name known over the whole world and having been so known ever since the days of Louis XIV. (I mention the fact not out of snobbishness but to emphasize the horror of what is to come.) It is the first time I have seen the patient New Yorker faint. Because we were given peas out of a can. In spite, that is to say, of the fact that her name is as illustrious as that other illustrious ornament of France—*petits pois à la française*, which is made by cooking microscopic peas with a head of lettuce and only so much water as the lettuce will take up, *sauter-ing* them afterwards with butter straight from the churn—in spite of that that lady is also *Anglo-mane*, and she had heard that in London it was the thing to do. . . . This is the literal truth.

But that, horrible as it is . . . for it is horrible to think of us Nordics spreading corruption even along the great oval swathe where once reigned the Golden Age . . . (and indeed you do taste for a moment some of the peace and joy of that Age when you consume with a tiny glass of Romanée Conti 1929 peas prepared really in the manner of France). I think we might as well at once set millstones about our necks and seek the deep sea. . . .

But that is not the case worse than that of Philadelphia that I am thinking of. That case strikes me much nearer home. Much, much, alas! nearer home.

§

I have seen in a generation Philadelphia turn from a sleepy town of red-brick houses, marble mounting-blocks, and the Liberty Bell, into the horror of lime-works, gum factories and poison gas that we passed through to get here this afternoon. (I know, of course, that the city, suddenly conscious that that is not such a good face to present to the traveller, has plans out to turn all that waterside Maremma into Philadelphian forests, pheasant nests, fertile fields and Philosophers' walks. But that day is not yet.)

Well, in a generation I have seen the Keystone of the Keystone State descend into that Avernus. But in revenge I have seen the little old New York that used to be good enough for me—the little old city that ended at Fifty seventh Street so that buffalo roamed in Central Park and Indians reared their tepees in what is now the Spanish quarter on Lennox Avenue. . . . But I forgot; Professor Cox warned me that it is dangerous to talk of those old days before cellophane. . . . Anyhow, in that same generation I have seen that little old place become a world centre where the best Africans and Asiatics go when they die and in which only the most superfine Europeans deserve to live. . . . So put that in your pipe and smoke it, Bator Rouge!

You will have observed from my prose that I am growing excited.

I am thinking of what I have seen in ten years—not in the course of a generation—on the very shores of the Mediterranean, on the most glorious forehead and frontal of Provence herself.

§

There was a city and port there that not ten years ago was near an earthly paradise. I have known it for about the tale of years of a man in the prime of life and for long my spiritual home has been on its outskirts. It was walled with real Philosophers' groves on the fortifications; it had little, old-enough streets; the kindest and brightest o market women beneath avenues of giant plane trees; :

genial stationary population of an ingenuous honesty; a floating population of Moors, Arabs, Spaniards, African Negroes, sailors ashore, its crowds being a gay delight. It had a theatre and opera where serious performers performed serious works; it had one of the best classical libraries in the world outside the great centres of world-learning. You could dance there to admirable orchestras. There was a café of august traditions where there met nightly through the season the greatest and most agreeable writers, painters, and dilettanti that France and half a dozen other countries could show. You ate there fairly well—you do not as a rule eat well in Provence. But the material was fresh and not too inferior. In addition, as we knew to our delight, it was the cheapest place on God's good earth and the most honest and obliging.

§

It is to-day the dearest and its shopkeepers are as dishonest as the meanest Levantines in the bazaars of Asia Minor and as insolent as . . . But I cannot think of any people so insolent. It is the only place in the world that has not felt the Crisis. . . . For, whatever the publicity agents of Pennsylvania may say, I do not believe that her withers are completely unstrung. . . . Not completely! I remember a few of the things that that Pharaoh-like violinist told me about the state of Pittsburg to-day.

§

At any rate, my spiritual home has become as degraded as the worst back suburb of Pittsburg. As if it were a mining town in boom years its miserable little cement shacks have spread like rashes all over the faces of the solemn mountains; the shady groves along the fortifications have gone; the fortifications have been cleared away, leaving wildernesses of rubble and brick that speculators have surrounded with degraded imitations of sky-scrappers; the once agreeable population has been snowed under by a dull-faced, depressed crowd of industrial workers come from all the corners of the country; the market women are as likely to curse you

as to call you—if you are a lady—“my belle” . . . though they still call you “ma belle” now and then; the theatre is given over to the most vulgar of performances; the famous café has been pulled down to give place to a five and ten; the great plane trees that used to shade and beautify enormously the central boulevard have been cut down. . . . And, as you remember—for the Press of the World hilariously delighted in it—for three days last year we had mass rioting and bloodshed in our streets. The miserable imported industrial workers were utterly unable to live on their quite respectable wages—they are the highest paid workers in the country—because of the fantastic prices of the commonest necessities for existence. So they paraded with red flags and for three days held the main streets of the town whilst the municipal police ran around in the back streets and bashed in the heads of elderly gentlemen looking in at shop windows and the *gardes mobiles* caracoled gallantly on their prancing steeds over the bricks and rubble of the empty squares. That, of course, is political. A prudent police force does not interfere with rioters in a city whose municipality may become Communist at the next elections.

§

And what has been more lamentable from my point of view has been the complete deterioration of the countryside for miles around. The skin disease of tawdry shack-villas has, exactly as in the case of Philadelphia, driven out the truck-growers, small producers, and village craftsmen. The village shops have nothing local or fresh to sell; for miles round the city the little shop windows are filled with nothing but canned goods and packet articles exorbitantly priced. . . . And the miserable industrial and white-collared trolley-commuters ask nothing better. The women are unable to cook; to bargain; many of them cannot even keep their shacks clean—all these failings being extraordinary in French women. . . . But this dejected population is nothing. It is not French; it is not Provençal; it is not even moko-hybrid, Italian-Southern French. It is just the pallid-faced, helpless, hopeless spawn of civilization that may be found

in the back-suburbs of any industrial city everywhere. . . . It is true that many of them have radios and some even cheap cars.

§

And this civilization of a countryside that for a couple of thousand years had gone on living the rather voluptuous, easy, careless life of their Roman ancestors has come, as I have said, with the rapidity of gold- or oil-rush towns. It has been a really extraordinary thing to watch.

Almost every great city that I have known—Paris, London, Marseilles, Brussels, Philadelphia, New Orleans, Rome—has undergone the process of standardization in a commonplace vulgarity. But with them it has gone relatively slowly. A medieval palace here or there has been pulled down to make way for a cinema; roads have been straightened, clearing away in the process triumphal arches and cathedrals; cafés that were famous centres of intellectual life have been swept away and replaced by department stores unrecognizably resembling the tawdry, cheap store next door; market gardens and great parks here and there in the outskirts of all these cities have gradually succumbed to the skin-disease of commuters' shacks until one day one has realized that there is nothing left on the face of the earth for miles but that smallpox. And a similar inundation of exorbitantly priced, canned and packet goods has swept away the regional specialties. And most of the inhabitants have radios and cheap cars on the gradual payment system. And even refrigerators in which their stale food may be kept to get still more stale and tasteless and health-destroying. But that process in those other cities has taken a generation. In my spiritual home-town it has gone like a speeded-up educational film. Nordics—say all whoever uttered the word “efficiency” commendatorily. It is difficult to limit your Northern boundaries very exactly—but that would be a sort of shibboleth. We must put beyond the pale—we must draw our wavering Mason and Dixon line remorselessly beneath every tract of the earth where efficiency is an indigenous growth. That would do the trick. That would

let in the Rhône valley where you eat better than a god for nineteen francs and keep out Geneva, where Calvin walked by Lake Leman if he ever went out of doors. It would let in Burgundy and Paris and the South Coast and London, and keep out Lille, Roubaix, Tourcoing, Liège, Birmingham, Leeds, and the Black Country. We might let out a little loop line through the forest of the Ardennes and so take in Brussels which has still some lowsy, frowsy quarters and one perfect restaurant and a gallery of nearly perfect Primitives with the best Brueghel and the best Poussin and the best Kranachs in the world . . . and the best market square.

Then we should draw the line across the Atlantic, taking in the Azores and the Madeiras and the Canaries and landing in South New Jersey. So we should take in Maryland and Delaware and all the land that Messrs. Dixon and Mason considered to be beneath their line—as far South as the Northern shores of the Gulf of Mexico. Thus we could keep out Pennsylvania where there has been no Crisis. And slipping up through the parts of New Jersey that are below the line, we could loop in Trenton and Rutgers and Princeton because of her spire—and I wouldn't resent it if you let in the bathing-places on the coast and any truck-gardening-small-producing townships . . . and Elizabeth because Steevie is buried there . . . and that filling-station where the bus stopped and there were nice lawns and bright flowers and they were mowing with scythes. . . . And anywhere else you like until we go over the Palisades and take in New York where—I had almost said : Thank God—the Crisis was about as bad as could be.

Yes, we must get in New York. . . . I for the moment am bossing this Route, if you please, and I'm damned if I will leave out the only great city that I can inhabit with comfort. . . . I know that, when it is a matter of climate, the patient New Yorker will insist on my inserting here a note—as to how the steam heating of all the apartments I have had in the course of a generation on Manhattan Island invariably gave up whenever the thermometer went below freezing. . . . Invariably! And the steam-heating of all

my friends in the Village, so that I could never at such times either warm my feet on their radiators or take a bath in their bathrooms. . . . And how my built-in refrigerator always went off duty whenever the temperature went above 102° Fahrenheit, or we wanted ice-cubes for cocktails or ice water. . . . And how the Fifth Avenue landlord of my pre-'40 last winter's apartment spent a fortnight in it with claw-hammers and wrenches and hand-pumps, saying in chorus with his assistant with their strong Armenian accents : "Yes, Mr. Ford. No, Mr. Ford, you'll haf zum nice eat termorrer. Yes, Mr. Ford ; no, Mr. Ford." And of how . . . But that is, perhaps, enough of that.

§

How romantically the roof ridge of the old house bulks against the stars now the mist has a little settled. There is a poem by Walter de la Mare which begins :

" 'Is there anybody there?' said the Traveller,'"

and ends :

"And how the silence surged softly backwards
After the plunging hoofs were gone,"

and which contains the beautiful lines :

"When he remembered the dark night's
Inhospitability."

Well, the house looks like that. It is very old and kindly. But no dark night's inhospitality for us ! We are going to eat baked and boiled and roasted meats and fishes and game off platters of perfumed wood in a long, low, old room where the dark furniture shines in the contending reflections of the candles as still as nuns and the great fire roars and leaps like lions above the logs.

§

Wait a moment before you lift the latch. I want to get off my chest my reason for disliking Philadelphia. If I leave it till we sit with the good meal in us, stretching out our

legs to the fire, I shall be in too good a humour to express dislike for anything. . . . It was this way, then.

To attend those two politicians' dinners I had to spend two nights in the city—and they were the two most horrible nights I have ever spent in my life . . . and will be so until I come to make the sea-voyage westwards about which you will presently hear.

I have told you that during those days the thermometer stood at 116° in the shade. The city editors of the local papers, anxious for the credit of their city, reported it as being only 106°—but they were wrong. In any case the nights were much hotter.

I had taken a ground-floor room in an hotel on Walnut Street and —th, because the hotel was recommended to me as having the aspect of an old English coaching hostelry and as being run by a real jolly, cordial old English host. . . . And I had been recommended to choose a ground-floor room so as to be able to get out of the window in case there should be a fire. . . . And in Philadelphia the flanges of the wheels of the trolley cars ran on the granite setts of the streets because the iron rails had been worn away. And they ran on both the main and the cross-town streets every two minutes throughout the night. And my room had windows on both streets. And I am a man who habitually sleeps in the open air. And there was not another room to be had in the city, because of the elections.

To guard against the second night I had bought an electric fan—a thing as yet practically unknown in the city of Brotherly Love. When I ran it it blew the sheets off the bed; when it did not the contrast made the heat even more unsupportable than it had been on the first night. And canned salmon always gives me nettle-rash. And the Reformer who sat next me at dinner had told me a grisly story of how he had stood on the top of the unfinished statue of Penn with another man. And, suddenly turning his head, he had seen the other man with a convulsed face making ready to throw him over the side. So, when I managed to get two-minute naps between the attentions of the nettle-rash and the electric fan and the screaming of the car wheels,

I was on the top of the Penn statue, which is on top of the city hall or something high, and a man with a convulsed face and outstretched claws was creeping towards me. And I suffer, anyhow, badly from the *maladie des hauteurs*. If I knew the English for that I would put it into English.

And in the morning the real, jolly, cordial replica of an old English host tried to charge me forty dollars for the extra current consumed by my fan and, roaring like an old English town bull when I refused to pay, snatched my grip out of my hand. It was all Dr. Talcraft Williams could do to get him to take two dollars and give me my grip.

Dr. Talcraft Williams was one of the kindest editors I have ever known, though I had made a mistake with him the night before. Walking away from the Reformers' dinner I said to him :

"It's very kind of you to have given me the opportunity of seeing some of you politicians at play." He sprang from my side three feet into the roadway and exclaimed, holding his umbrella on high like a sword :

"If this were not a perfectly new six-dollar umbrella I would smash it over your head for calling me a politician."

You may open the door now. . . .

How the withered oak-leaves scurry golden along the dark path as the light streams down on them, and how hospitable the long, low, warmly lit room looks ! The house is very old. It looks as if the robbers and goblins of the Brothers Grimm had in the old days stolen round it in the darkness with fingers to their lips. But now, in these woods, it would have been Noble Redskins, smoking pipes of peace. Because of the only treaty that was never either attested or broken. . . . I don't know. I seem to have made this part of the Land of Modern Miracles rather attractive. And when I look at the map I see that Philadelphia is actually a hair's-breadth south of the Fortieth Parallel. . . . What do you know about that !



“WAR = MURDER”

P A R T T H R E E

B E L O W T H E L I N E

I

BELOW THE LINE

I HAVE said that I always feel gay when I get into Delaware, and I have always got into the South through Delaware—except once when I went through Gettysburg into Virginia. I did not then feel gay at all. Not even the twin Paracletes could do that for me. Because after being impressed by them you go through the battlefield—which for me is the fatal spot of the modern world and you visit the diorama, or whatever it is called—which is pretty grim—and pass the doorstep on which sat on that day the only woman who was killed at Gettysburg. Which is perhaps more grim, though I do not know just why it should be so. The death of one woman more or less does not seem to matter when a world is falling in ruins. Because the fate of humanity was settled by the repulse of Pickett's charge. Over that field Destiny cried with a loud voice: *All aboard for the Industrial System*, and Heaven only knows when we shall disembark!

§

But I suppose that to be the one woman killed when a world falls in ruins is to be marked out as a type. There were plenty of women killed and worse by Sherman's licensed plunderers and one does not much bother about them. They were murdered like anybody else. The other was killed by just a stray shot—in the middle of her domestic operations. So her death makes her a Type—sticking out in the pages of history.

I see her sitting by her stove, a long way from the battle, and not very interested. . . . I know, of course, that she was not actually stiting by the stove when the rifle bullet entered and made that obscure shack become for ever a *locus classicus*. She was, I suppose, killed on the stoop that one sees as one slows down a little in passing to get a look at that pathetic ordinariness. But my mind sees her like that because of another woman—in Pont de Nieppe in 1916.

She was sitting by her nearly red-hot stove, her head bent over my dripping tunic whose sleeve she was sewing up. On the corrugated iron roof of the kitchen the rain fell in such merciless torrents that the crepitating noises completely drowned out the sound of the shells that the Germans were throwing from Lille into the church not fifty yards away. You could not hear them, but every half-minute the pots boiling on the red stove solemnly jumped up and sat down again. And that Flemish peasant woman never moved, only her hand with the needle went backwards and forwards.

§

It looks as if that war had pretty well wiped out the results of Gettysburg. Gettysburg riveted the Industrial System on our necks, and it looks as if by crossing the Belgian frontier near a place called Gemmenich at four o'clock in the morning of the 4th August, 1914, the Germans started rolling a ball that has made the world impossible for Mass Production.

§

But we have just passed the frontier of Delaware and we ought to be gayer than this.

There are, at any rate, places which, when I pass them, make me become automatically gay. Avignon is one; Washington another; the Gare St. Lazare going inwards or outwards; Valence where Provence begins, going Southwards. . . . And, of course, Sandy Hook—going either way.

And we are sitting in the largest bus I have ever seen—that of Mr. Dieter's company of strolling players. You can stroll about in it as if you were in a Duchess's boudoir, and from the rear seat cannot make the driver hear. And it rolls along like a leisurely buffalo.

I think that is what is most attractive about the whole expedition—its leisureliness. Actors as a rule rather frighten me. They are always in a hurry and you can never settle in your mind what they really are or whether they really know what they want to do. You meet a gentleman with an Astrakhan collar to his coat, and you are told that he is

Mr. Ponsonby Petowker Pillingworth and that you are going to take him to lunch at the Algonquin. But he is in a tremendous hurry and says with fatigue: "Oh, ah, yes, the Algonquin." And you don't know whether he is really Mr. Pillingworth or Richard III, who wants to take a taxi to Bosworth Field and shout for a horse.

But with our present companions it is not like that. They seem to be the most leisurely people in the world, going about well-known jobs, with the complete taciturnity of those who are completely sure of where and why they are going and what they will do when they get there. They are like people who are going to fix up water-pipes or kill hogs or sell tobacco crops on loose floors. . . . With a complete unanimity. Someone says: "Have you got the back-scratchers?" . . . something eccentric like that. . . . And they all move off unanimously and without further words. And they look just like you and me. . . . That is to say, they look like you. It might be rude to say that they looked like me.

§

We arrived this morning half an hour late, and panting, at their manor-house. Their headquarters is so lost in flat fields with bewildering complications of cross-roads that we might never have got there at all. But the moment we crossed the threshold of that rather dim, great mansion, peace descended on our anxious spirits. No one was in a hurry. People sat about at long tables, pouring milk into cups of coffee as slowly as people in slowed motion pictures. People got up and fetched overcoats from upper rooms and descended spectacular, winding stairs with the actions of fainting princesses.

Someone said:

"Did you put the hoes away?" and we all drank up our coffee.

Someone said:

"Have you fed the lambs?" and we all moved into the hallway and picked up cameras.

Someone said:

"Have you watered the spinach?" and we all filed out on to the steps and stood at ease watching the fat, well-to-do Hampshire lambs crowding up against the fence beyond the lawn. And slowly that immense bus rolled and heaved to the bottom of the steps in the clear, cold morning.

It gave the effect of the approaching of doom; it gave the effect of a herd of elephants, being torpedo grey—a compact herd, pushing shoulder to shoulder, without stragglers; and it towered above us on the steps with the effect of a prison wall.

Then someone said :

"Have you got the Turk's Head Compressors?" and we all filed into the bus. It was mysterious and impressive. As if each of those questions had been military words of command and we troops deploying to them.

§

But, of course, it had to be that way if it was to exist at all successfully, that Community. Their life was almost ideal—that of peregrinatory players who were quite good Small Producers and home-centred Small Producers who were also very good and intelligent actors indeed.

And those questions that were always answered by "Yes," were indeed words of command, signals to move, because if the hoes were not all put away and the lambs fed and the spinach watered the Small Producer would suffer, and if all the properties were not on board the bus they would not be able to play *Tartuffe* to the children of the Holy Child Convent near Arlington that evening, or Dreiser's *American Tragedy* in Washington to-morrow afternoon.

§

So here we are in the State of Delaware. But we had hardly got into Hollyoak before perturbations came over me. . . . Coincidences. . . .

A long way in front of us down the straggling street, at about five and a half feet above the side-walk, was a conical object—as it were a sugar-cone with its top cut off, of a bright, peculiar scarlet. That could only be—but could it

be . . . in the State of Delaware? That head-dress? . . . It did not seem possible that it could be . . . but it was . . . a fez. On a Levantine head!

Now, you know, a fez! . . . Over the driver's shoulder, a long way away up the straggling street that might be in any old market town in England with lanky people on the side-walks, their hands in their pockets chewing straws and watching us pass!

I am, as it were, hypnotized by that scarlet patch approaching me as we heave and roll between the old house-fronts. Beneath the fez there develop, on the one shoulder, masses of white. Goatskins, of course; on the other shoulder, baddish scarlets, trying blues, obfusc yellowish patterns. It is one of those Levantine fellows that we see on the Rade, strolling along between the fezzed negro troops and the Catalans and the Italians, in the hot sunlight beneath Puget's statue of the Navigator—the Deity who helped me find the *Life of Raleigh* after the Little English Girl had watched me lying under the wheels of the camion in the Street of the Merchants. . . . You see how it all weaves backwards and forwards.

It is extraordinary and mysterious. . . . And what does it betoken? What sort of omen is it?

§

For they *are* mysterious and extraordinary, these fellows. . . . I dare say they would be commonplace enough, sordid tricksters if one really knew anything about them—like the Yankee Pedlars we shall soon be reading about. But one never gets the chance to. You cannot ask them questions; if you did they would answer you with incomprehensible jargons. They are the commonest objects, nevertheless, of our sea-shore.

They are said to lead the most miserable lives; sleeping in the stinking bottoms of cellars; living on a handful of beans; the slaves of unconscionable *padrones*, who bring them over in droves from Algiers or Morocco and send them out into the sunlight covered with that ignoble and tawdry junk that is now getting closer and closer to me.

They are said to be . . . but they are undoubtedly . . .

the descendants of the Algerine corsairs. For six centuries their ancestors made the civilization of Provence as precarious as here for a century or two did the Cherokees. They ravaged the shores of the Mediterranean, carrying off thousands of Christian slaves to their Dey. It was they, probably, who taught Columbus to be the atrocious slave-dealer that he was. . . . No one knows what that fellow did before he turned up in Portugal. As like as not he was helping the Algerines to carry off Christian slaves. . . .

And there they are now, the Corsairs selling mouldy goatskins and shoddy rugs that purport to come from the Orient, approaching you with the carneying smiles of prostitutes, appearing to be about to propose to initiate you into the unspeakable delights of the East . . . and actually offering to sell you for a thousand francs a rug that has been manufactured out of rags picked out of the sewage dumps of the obscurest parts of the East End of London and cost their padrone seven francs.

§

That fellow is looking intensely at the pipes and gadgets in front of a scarlet and white filling station. We are rolling, as we approach him, as if we were going to nudge his shoulder.

Now would be my chance to talk to him. To discover how he got here and how he likes it and who were his remote ancestors and all that. . . . But it can't be done. I am at the rear of the bus and can't make the driver hear. Biala is up in front talking to Mr. Dieters. I am afraid I offended Mr. Dieters this morning over the slow-motion coffee. . . . They were talking about the bad taste of people wanting to be present at the Hauptmann trial and I lost my temper or my head and exclaimed to Mr. Dieters, who was just opposite me, that he was personally responsible for that trial. He in common with every inhabitant of the country. Then it was his duty to go and see how his representatives were dealing with the life of a man. Not to stop at home denouncing the bad taste of people who were doing their duty.

I don't know if his feelings were hurt; he did not say

anything. But they may have been, so I cannot very well ask Biala to ask him to stop his bus whilst I talk to a pedlar in a fez.

The bonnet of the bus is level with that Oriental. He has a cigarette hanging from his lower lip.

They say those fellows are really police-spies in France. They are paid to sit about in cafés and public places and, since they appear to know no civilized language, Communists and conspirators and *cambrideurs* and *comelots du roi* talk before them freely. . . .

You observe that none of the inhabitants of Hollyoak takes the least notice of him. What does that mean? It might mean that there are colonies of these Mohammedans all over the State of Delaware so that they are familiar objects. How do I know! I know nothing about the State of Delaware. No one does. No one ever met anyone from Delaware. The most I ever heard about the Diamond State is that someone once said to me: Delaware is ruled by one man, isn't it? . . . Which is what has always made Delaware seem a sort of fairy-tale State. As if the feudal system may be here still alive. . . . They certainly boast. . . . But no, it is other people who boast for them . . . tourist agencies, and so on, that they still plough with oxen at Henlopen Acres and draw water from the well there with a bucket and that sort of wooden arm called . . . But what it is called in American I never can call to mind and in English it isn't called anything in particular. Anyhow, I have been taken to see the span of oxen at Henlopen and seen them draw water with the arm . . . and thrown pennies into the well for some sort of luck, I forget what. Perhaps to pick up someone in the bus and get-married-quick. . . . Anyhow again, no one is taking the slightest notice of that Oriental studying the scarlet and white gadgets of the filling station.

§

That may be because the inhabitants of Hollyoak are as bored with exotic passers-by as are the inhabitants of London where a Zulu in war-paint doesn't get an eyelid raised for him. That may well be. Hollyoak appears as asleep as one

of the dead cities of the Zuyder Sea. But actually as much tonnage passes through its streets all day and all night as goes down Fifth Avenue—at seven in the morning. At any rate a couple of decades ago, as you know, Senator Du Pont said he would lay down a monument a hundred miles high across the State, and the resulting Du Pont highway carries a hell of a lot of traffic. But I don't know whether it is the Du Pont Highway that goes through Hollyoak or only one of its tributaries. I don't know anything about the Diamond State, except that it is—or some people say it isn't—called after the terrapin of its waters. . . . At one time if you hired a slave in this State you had to contract to feed him terrapin only three times a week. Nowadays you have to pay about a dollar an inch for terrapin . . . as much as for some diamonds. It is progress, progress, progress all the way.

§

Because terrapin is pretty good eating. Pretty good! . . . And if you have to pay a dollar an ounce for it you *know* that it's good.*

Educational, that's what that is.

§

As we pass him, that dark-featured Oriental with the almond eyes, the tip of the nose boring into the upper lip, the heavy black moustache sweeping away to left and to right bestows on me through the bus window a sardonic glance. The eyes dilate for an instant and then are suddenly extinguished . . . expressionless. As if he had recognized me and did not want it known.

§

But don't believe that anything more romantic than that is going to happen. He may have been a French police spy,

* The pained (at any exaggeration) but still patient New Yorker, at Washington, D.C., makes the constatation that the actual price to the retailer of the six-inch terrapin at the moment of making the objection is \$42 per dozen in Washington. (The terrapin farmer gets \$23.)

but it was not me that he was sleuthing. He may have recognized me as having seen me frequently on the seats in front of the Café de la Kade. Or he may have been the fellow from whom I once purchased a diseased goatskin. That went like this: I was sitting in a restaurant on the Place de l'Observatoire in Paris and accidentally caught the eye of one of these ruffians. He interpreted that glance as an invitation to come and display his wares to me. And his delight was so candid and his subsequent sorrow when I told him that I wanted nothing of his was so profound that I could not find it in me not to give him at the least the joy of bargaining. So I asked him the price of the goatskin on his shoulder. He said that it was a remarkable goatskin; an almost magic hide; it was fit to drape the shoulders of Nur el Jehar, the favourite of the Sultan. Its price was therefore 144 francs. I said I would give him seventy-two—being perfectly certain that he would never accept such a reduction. He said: Done! . . . Just like that. The shops as I went home carrying that abomination seemed to be full of goatskins, priced at from twenty-two to thirty-one francs—though I had never before seen a goatskin in any shop window.

And the really odd thing is this: A year later a member of my family wanted a goatskin coat and when I went to a furrier to obtain a skin the cheapest I could get cost frs. 288. Now I am ready, if you insist, to concede that this set of circumstances may be merely a part of the usual phenomena of prices. It is not unusual for swell retailers to charge the public eight or ten times the sum received for any commodity by the Small Producer. The patient New Yorker has just called our attention to the fact that the terrapin farmer receives from the fishmonger about half what the fishmonger obtains from the public. But the terrapin farmer pays infinitely less to the boys who in the swamps catch the terrapins for him—from three to five cents apiece. . . . And if you eat in a restaurant you will have to pay any sum the boundless fancy of the restaurateur causes him to fix—say five dollars apiece.

So with the goatskins. The Small Producer—the actual

raiser of the goat—will get anything from ten francs to six piastres for his cured goatskin according to the latitude in which that emblem of original sin was raised. When it has passed through the hands of collectors and forwarders it probably costs the padrone of the Levantine or the small French shopkeeper from fifteen to seventeen francs. The small shopkeeper, having the imagination of a small shopkeeper, will charge you from twenty-one to thirty-two francs for the skin. The boundless imagination of the be-fezzed pedlar will not go beyond frs. 144, and you can beat him down to frs. 25. But the unbounded imagination of the professional fur-seller will let him rise to frs. 288 for an article that originally cost frs. 10. And his trade-combine will not let him take one penny less.

§

These excursions into the usual phenomena of pricings are put in here merely to make the reader feel happy. Being the eventual consumer he will normally consider himself the slave of the eventual retailer. Let him, then, take pleasure in the thought that, compared with the Original Producer, he is a free man indeed. He at least can refrain from purchasing. But the miserable goat-breeder or terrapin catcher damn well has to sell his produce at the price fixed for him by his purchaser's combine or he will starve.

And the reader may draw additional pleasure at the thought of the millions of goats and terrapins that are every year slaughtered and burned . . . to keep up the prices.

And he may get final joy in the additional thought that all these people who stand between him and the Original Producer—the collectors, the forwarders, the market auctioneers, the first and second wholesalers, the retailers, the restaurateurs—and even the padrones of the Levantine pedlars . . . *all* of them are perpetually on the verge of bankruptcy . . . Every one of them. And the red-fezzed pedlars are so near starving as makes no difference.

Yes, you are right. This is a magnificent and generous civilization, this of ours. Let us think of something else.

§

We are, in fact, in a region where we can really think—a region of a normal flesh heat whose fruits are the peach, the almond, and the fig. And from now on we shall be in such regions; the burden has fallen from our backs and we can frisk it. . . . We could even get married. Often. Apparently at every farm-house along the road. So the placards say, decorating every hedgerow tree. . . . By innumerable retired ministers. The churches must find it difficult to fill their pulpits. . . . But perhaps we are really in Maryland. I always seem to get through Delaware in ten minutes. Bear in mind that this is the smallest State in the Union—except possibly Rhode Island—and has the smallest population of any of the national divisions—except possibly Nevada. The population of Delaware is 23,000, that of Nevada, excluding Reno, 22,987—more or less in either case and allowing for seasonal variations. The greater part of the Nevadan population go to New York in spring—so I was told by the only Nevadan I ever met—to exchange their nuggets for new fashions. No one ever met a man from Delaware, so I don't know. I believe they stay at home all the year round—as well they may!—driving the Henlopen Acre oxen and paying their taxes. For this is the only State without any possible exception at all that has no debt.

§

It is about as large as the English county of Sussex, this State that consists of two counties, and three at low tide—one of the two or three being Sussex County and the other Kent. And the climates are very similar, for in English Sussex you can raise peaches, almonds, and figs . . . also William Penns. And most of the seaward farms of English Sussex raise a yearly team of draft oxen—not for the sake of picturesqueness but to do the ploughing when the motor-ploughs break down just at seed-time—and to provide manure and to fatten towards Christmas and for the children to ride on. Only the English plough oxen are black and stand out finely against ploughed fields.

And then again the natures of the populations must be very similar—lazyish, kindly, slow, trustworthy. And . . . *obstinate!* And Cobbett called English Lewes the town of clean windows and pretty girls . . . and could you not say exactly the same of Lewes in Sussex County, Del.? . . . And I have something else up my sleeve. . . . The county emblem of Sussex in England is a hog and her motto "*Wunt be druv!*" . . . Yes, says you. . . . But in 1884 the State Legislature of Delaware passed a law regulating provisions for the extinction of fires. To the act was attached the clause: "These regulations are intended to be observed in the counties of Kent and New Castle and by such inhabitants of the County of Sussex as can be induced to observe them."

I do not, you understand, guarantee the accuracy of any of the statements made since we crossed the line. We are, thank Heaven, now in a region where with large breaths a man can be a man. It is only in Nordic territories that accuracy passes for a virtue. Besides, how can one be expected to verify one's references when one is in a bus. . . . And I don't want really to *know* anything about the State of Delaware. I want to be able to regard everything here as a fairyland. It would be dreadful if one discovered that the famous span of oxen of Henlopen Acres was really only kept for pretty, or that all the gracious houses with the swamp-cedar shingles or the imported English brick walls were merely restorations like those of Williamsburg. The sort of fact I want to know about this Delmarva peninsula is that although one hundred and twenty new industries or enterprises have been started in the State of Delaware since 1925, more than half of them have since died and have not been replaced. That is good: that ought to teach a lesson to the lugubrious Huns who have turned whole tracts of North Carolina into a Black Country with a hideousness all its own, or who, after having murdered thousands of Tennesseans in the Battle above the Clouds, turned the view of the Moccasin Bend into something that at night intimately resembles Gehenna and that by day is just hell. . . . These crimes bring their own Nemesis. I don't know that it is

very gentle and joyous, but it is intimately satisfying nowadays to read the wails that are going up from the Massachusetts industrialists. They imported in Boston bottoms 80 per cent of the slaves that laboured in the Southern plantations and, when that trade was stopped to them, started in to ruin the South with tariffs. With chastened satisfaction they thanked the Almighty who permitted Lincoln to be timely removed so that cheap labour might be plenty for Northern capital's employment. And now they are wailing because, they allege, Southern cheap labour is ruining their own industrialist enterprises. It is, in short, lawful to learn of the enemy—but it is pretty foolish to teach your slaves how to use your own gadgets.

§

Wilmington—which has two weekly markets because the Quakers and the other brands of Christians could not sell their chickens and peaches on the same day—has lately developed into a great shipbuilding seaport with an immense overseas trade. It retains, nevertheless, in its districts remote from the water, most of its old sleepiness, so that, going through it some little time ago, I really fell asleep in the car and dreamed that there had been pack-mules in the inn-yard where we had halted in the hope of finding food at an unusual hour.

. . . But for all I know they may really have been pack-mules. What queer survivals mayn't you find in these regions that were once all parts of the Old Dominion?

§

It is that that is the charm of the South. It is the charm of any South, of Provence, of pre-, and no doubt of post-Mussolini Italy, of most of Spain, particularly of all Portugal, to a little extent of the South Coast of England. But, as we happen to be in this particular South, let it be this Midi that we consider for the time as *the* South.

And indeed, it has its claims to be so considered. If you say "Provence" you mean the South of France; if you say

"the South Coast," you mean the shores of the English Channel. But if you say "the South," *tout court* it is ten to one that you mean the country of Lee and profusion and Stonewall Jackson and irresponsibility and of Washington, and the feudal tradition and of Jefferson and Monticello and of odd, old things turning up and astonishing you in odd old places in an unnoticeable temperature, where for most of the time you don't have to think of the weather because peaches grow best in a world where it is most usually just at skin heat.

That is the South. It would describe any region along the Great Trade Route, but it applies particularly to-day to the South that was martyred after the Civil War of the United States of North America, because the problems then raised are newer and more unsettled than those of any other South. Because of that it is the South that most immediately jumps into the mind when one uses those two syllables.

In much the same way when you say "the North" to-day you mean the region that had a Tea-party and imposed an "accursed" tariff that ruined the South of the planters, that sighed with discreet relief when Lincoln was murdered, that swarmed in the South like locusts and that now has to foot the bill in a world headed for disaster.

§

There is a spot near New Castle the thought of which sends a peculiar shiver through me—whenever I think of it. It is a sort of alarming white triumphal arch made of papier mâché or three-ply wood or tin or cellophane. It proclaims—just on the spot where the first Lord Delaware landed and took seisin in the shape of twigs and bread and things—that this is the gateway to the North. So it is presumably now of cellophane, though I do not think it was when I last saw it. It has something of the Arc de Triomphe, something of the arch of Titus outside Orange, something of the arch of Hang Ko Sai outside Pekin, something of the Comforters of Gettysburg, and a general architectural air of having been designed by the architect of a Roxy cinema. It is, in

short, what you would expect the gateway to the North to look like.

When it confronts you going North your heart sinks into your boots; when you look back on it going South you feel as if after hours of waiting you had crossed one of the most imbecile frontiers that anywhere impedes the flow of civilization along old roads. You have escaped from infinite aridities.

Aridity is the note of every North—of Yorkshire in England; of the Lueneberger Heide in Prussia; of the Department of the North in France; of Geneva on the shores of Lac Leman. A clean, cold, thin, tinny note of regions where food is not touched by the human hand—the note of grim peoples now and then trying to be cheerful in creditable circumstances—of regions where honesty is only a policy on a par with the other policy which leads septentrionals to recommend their raiding generals to leave invaded peoples only their eyes to weep with.

You look northwards under that Arch and see the concrete speedway going away over waters and lands, hurrying, hurrying towards the eternal nothingnesses of Northern ideals. And you think that towards whatever thing it goes it will never attain either to profusion or to leisure . . . nor yet to thought. But it will surely attain to packeted mass over-production that shall cause millions of starving children to roam the streets seeking in the gutters for crusts of bread that no human hand has touched. . . . Yes, children. . . . Millions of them. Starving. Without sufficient food. . . . Why, even in Mexico where there is starvation to spare there are regions where they will hand the passing traveller half a dozen oranges.

§

But I am letting my feelings run away with me. It would be better to be cold and to say that in that region traversed by that road there are according to unofficial figures twenty-one million—21,000,000 persons lacking the common palliations of life. . . . The fruits of Gettysburg! . . . And you may add Vicksburg if you like, celebrating the 4th July in real style.

§

A queer thought comes to me. Whilst in this brave bus we are jogging towards Baltimore, at Bloomington, Ill., they are holding a freezing-chamber over the heads of stalks of corn . . . with the idea of evolving a type of maize that will withstand frosts. Already they have evolved a type that "can withstand a temperature nine degrees below zero for three hours every night." With the consequent over-production of corn products caused by corn being grown where no corn would grow before, the unemployed of the country will be raised from twenty-one to twenty-two and a half millions. To be ready for that, near Sandusky—at this minute whilst we roll through Maryland—over a thousand police recruits from all over the country are practising their gats on ingeniously jumping dummies in a newly erected permanent camp. There will be a thousand more next week, and so on down the centuries.

§

We are by now well away from the Gateway to the North—and Heaven knows what we may not find from now on.

§

And what jumps most immediately to the inward eye that is the bliss of bus travel—for unless you sit on the front seats where your legs and feet will be assaulted by the shoes and bundles of entering or descending travellers every time the bus stops, so that, though you can stretch your legs, which is paradise enow, it is an Eden with Gehennic intervals—unless, then, you sit on the front seats. . . . Excuse me! I am trying, as it were, to write the thoughts of Dreiser—because shortly I shall be on the topic of religious intolerance—the thoughts of Mr. Dreiser in the polyphonic sentences extending over several pages of Monsieur Proust, who, however, is dead, so that one need not give him his Monsieur. . . . Unless, then, you sit on the front seats of a bus engaged on long-distance travel, the only bliss you *can* have, for you see nothing but the flat emerald lushness of long grass fields interrupted every few seconds by the

white placards with immense black typography that invite you to get married—and of course in States North of Maryland it is not lush greennesses that you see, but forests of corroded twelve-inch piping amongst clouds of poison-exhaust gases . . . that being called Progress as compared with lush greenness and invitations to partake of a sacrament . . .

Though it is perhaps wrong to speak of marriage as a sacrament, since it is only by Rome that the rite is accorded that honour. . . . And it is only this morning that I read in my paper that in Edinburgh a crowd of some thousands of cleanly, industrious, economical, sober, manly, liberty-loving and I suppose Protestant Scots has set about and assaulted a nun and her thirty little girl charges who were going to some Catholic celebration in that city and that all the traffic of the streets round Prince's Street has had to be held up so that mobs could conveniently chase solitary priests going to the same destination. And this is the twentieth century and . . .

Well, we are in the State that perhaps most of all is a monument to religious intolerance. . . . For if Papists and Quakers had not been bashed on the head in the streets of Lichfield and London and Portsmouth and anywhere when the King of England was a Papist there would not have been any Maryland . . . or any Delaware. Or even any Penn. . . .

§

But reading that paragraph of news from the Northern Athens of John Knox and the Shirra has a little spoilt my style that getting again on to the Great Route had rendered a thought luxurious . . . as any draught from any North will kill any profusion of growth. (It occurs to me to make the note that, in the eighties, Charleston used to be known as—or to style itself—the Social Athens of America. Nevertheless, the generations of that day were already lamenting that Charleston gatherings no longer had the elegance and *ton* that they used to have in the days of the great parties of Mrs. Brown in the 'seventies.)

But let us forget Edinburgh and steady ourselves. . . . We were talking about bus travel.

The only resource, then, that you have to distract your mind from the pins and needles that beset your sedentary parts—unless you have one or other of the front two seats near the door—must come from settled thought about a given subject. The country you cannot see except for the rather alarming section of concrete highway that is just before the bus; your legs you cannot move because the person before you is leaning back and has his or her head practically in your lap. If you let your thoughts wander at all it will come always fatally back to the pins that are progressing up your spine and the needles that are getting further and further down your thighs. So you must seize on a topic—or two or three topics—and exhaust the one or connect the others. . . . It is difficult because you are faint with hunger, it is three hours to the next halt; we are a quarter of an hour late and shall be three before we get to the halt, so we shall not get anything to eat this night again. . . .

But let us make the determined effort. We are going to think about religious intolerance and whether political constitutions or soils and climates are of the greater importance in moulding the destinies of countries. . . . Thus New England is industrial because her climate is that of the seventh circle of the first portion of Dante's *Divine Comedy*, whilst her soil is compounded of boulders and clay and her constitutions were originally mostly those of Crown Colonies. But Delaware, Maryland, and the Carolinas were Palatinates . . . the first two of accidental and fortunate growth; the others with written constitutions evolved by John Locke. . . . So that . . . Oh, and the soil of all these States is practically generously alluvial and the climate only just this side of the ideal, whereas in New England except for a few patches in Vermont, Maine, and New Hampshire there is practically no alluvial except along the courses of the swift, short rivers. . . . And then again we must not forget that along the whole extent of coast of North Carolina there are no harbours and the shores are rendered unapproachable by sand-banks, shoals, and

currents. So that, Locke's constitution breaking down before it could even be put into execution, that unfortunate Cinderella among the States of the South—and she is a Cinderella who has remained among the pumpkins and cinders and has found neither glass coach nor diamonds nor fairy prince nor yet shining slippers—that unfortunate Cinderella among the States drifted in the earliest days into being, as it were, the dustpan for all the criminals and outlaws who were chased out of Virginia, Penn's State, the other Carolina, and almost everywhere else in the Western Hemisphere. Then, being without any powers of resistance at all, she fell more than any other of the Southern States a prey to the carpet-baggers and the capital of the . . .

§

Oh, good gracious! . . . The hatpin of the lady whose head is in Biala's lap—apparently, along with the Henlopen oxen, they still wear hatpins in Delaware—has run right into that artist's wrist. And Biala says she will not be able to make any drawings of Washington. . . . And the pink disinfectant fluid is in the grip overhead under three other grips. . . . And the pins and needles have spread to *my* wrists so that I cannot tie the handkerchief round hers. . . .

§

Yes, by Heaven, I will never travel by one of these Company Buslines again. . . . Why not call them omnibuslines and be done with it? It is one of the most uncomfortable ways of not seeing this country in its vastness. I suppose going long distances in a Black Maria would be worse; or being taken for a ride with a porous plaster all over your face. . . . But if you want not to see the Colonial mansions of Virginia or the Painted Desert or the sun setting through the Golden Gate why not stop in your fire- or radiator-side chair at home and turn on the radio and order up sandwiches and coca cola from the drugstore or go to the movies. Or take a bath. Or even the Flying Columbian whose trials we have a little forgotten. . . .

Because, whatever you may do on these journeys you do not see the country, and all towns look exactly alike. I defy you, from the windows of one of these enormous hearses, to tell Nashville, Tennessee, from Wilmington, Delaware, or Lexington, Virginia, or Little Rock, Arkansas. You might perhaps tell Natchez from Pinehurst, N.C., or Salem, Mass., because you cannot ignore the Mississippi and the great old warehouses on the bluff are unmistakable . . . and indeed for me the most beautiful spot in the country is the sunken road that runs for miles winding between great banks for all the world like the remains of the Old Route in parts of the South Coast—from Natchez to the South.

Otherwise police regulations for the great charabancs insist on their taking direct or by-pass routes in the outskirts of the cities and you pass through rings of gas-meters and garbage dumps and negro quarters and cheap shopping districts and all the lugubrious industrial sordidnesses that if our great towns had any respect for their reputations they would put underground as the British Post Office does with its electric wires and posts that used to disfigure every English country road. And you say:

“Camden, N.J.” or “Philadelphia” or “Lexington, Va.” . . . “I see we have forty-five minutes here. . . . Just time to stretch our legs and get a bite of real country ham or go and see the Liberty Bell or the House where Whitman lived or Lee’s tomb in the little chapel . . .” But don’t believe it. By the time you have done holding your nose to keep out the sewage-plus-gasoline stenches of the suburbs you will have arrived at the office-plus-cafeteria of the Company. And you will see a landscape of counters covered with packets of popcorn and chewing-gum and tooth-brushes in cellophane and candy antiques and detective weeklies and monthlies. And you will be forty-two minutes late and in the three minutes left you will wolf down some paper-thin slices of Chicago ham that tastes like de-flavoured cornflour between slices of bread that tastes the same except for having been wetted with Thousand Island dressing on half a lettuce leaf that was perhaps young at the taking of Vicksburg. And with a bottle of coca cola under

each arm, to the howls of the bus conductor, you will stagger back into that bus . . . and in ten minutes the next five-hour stretch of pins and needles will be well under way. . . . In all the voyage from New York to Madeira by way of Memphis, Tennessee, Baton Rouge, and the Southern Route, it was only at Winchester—or perhaps some other Virginian town at which we were not scheduled to stop for more than three minutes but which had been fought over and through eight times in the two wars—that we got a taste of decent food. The war spirit, I suppose, there got hold of Biala and she told the conductor that she would stab him to the heart and slit his tires with her palette knife if he did not give her time to find something to eat, since we had tasted nothing for thirty-six hours, and was it the policy of the Busline Company to reduce all their passengers to skeletons to save gas and weight on their tires? And the Bus Conductor said, all right, lady, take all the time you want, and went away for a quarter of an hour to discuss the Miami fight with a friend on the other side of the road. And Biala produced from somewhere that I was too faint with hunger to notice, four six-inch-thick sandwiches of hot barbecued wild turkey and thick, thick grilled country ham and just dripping with the best barbecue sauce I have ever tasted, the bread being of the thickness of match-box wood and apparently real pumpernickel. And the conductor stayed his bus whilst we consumed them on the front seat so that we should not be jolted. And the ersatz-coke that we drank was ice-cold and then cold and delicately flavoured with mint. . . . Oh, sir!

Oh, and of course in my malediction of the food from New York to Madeira I don't include the okra soup, and fried chicken that was given to us by hospitable unknowns who at Lexington drove us all over the town to see Lee's tomb and Stonewall Jackson's and the stone to a negro and the stone to the memory of his impoverished owner erected by another negro and all the beautiful houses and lawns and college buildings of the loveliest town in the New World . . . and fed us as above. . . . Name of Dickson. . . . So that when I forget thee, O Lexington, Virginia, may my tongue forget its savours. . . .

And, of course, there was a ham at the Allen Tates's at Clarksville. . . . But I'm naturally not maledicting the cooking of the private and hospitable houses we came across on the Great Route. . . .

§

But what is happening? . . . What *is* happening? We are surrounded by water and paths—and *pyrus japonica* blossoms—pink and rendered pinker by the sunset. . . . And marble buildings. . . . And I am gay. . . . I could dance as gaily as I could on the *pont d'Avignon* . . . and there's room enough in this enormous bus. . . .

And Biala comes down from beside Mr. Dieters to say: "This is Washington. That's why you're gay. You are always gay when you're in Washington. And you're going to see Isa. . . . And there will be a party. . . ."

I gasp:

"And . . . and Baltimore. . . . You don't mean to say we've passed Baltimore."

"You were having such a nice sleep," says Biala. . . . "And there did not seem anything special to see in Baltimore. It's rather an ugly town, I should say. . . ."

You see what the great through and by-pass motor roads do for fair cities. . . . I had meant to ask Mr. Dieters to drive us down Eutaw Place and the square where the First Monument is, and . . .

§

I had perhaps better explain. . . . *This* journey is the one with the Strolling Players. . . . But I have seen these roads not so infinitely often—but often enough to mix up one journey with the other. And, being deep in thought about religious intolerance and constitutions written and spontaneous and soils and climates, it was natural that my mind should have run backwards over various journeyings. I do not believe that I can have been asleep because, surely, I remember a large, buxom, rather mad and dangerous lady who at the Baltimore stopping-place ran about saying that she wanted to report the conductor for insolence . . . because she had been given seat No. 17 instead of No. 14,

which I was occupying. . . . And when the bus was doing seventy-eight she had sprung at the driver and caught him by the arm. . . . But no, that was another journey. I must have been asleep after all. . . . So perhaps I shall never again see Eutaw Avenue and the fountains and the lawns and flowers and the white marble steps going up to the stoops. . . . And the thick trees under which we young men used to stray and hum: "Baltimore girls, come out to-night" . . . or quote under our breaths: "Was this the face that launched a thousand ships? . . . *Tempi passati, Tempi passati!*"

§

But heavens! Here are a hundred thousand fezzes against tens of hundreds of white marble pillars. . . . No, I am not mad. . . . There are a hundred thousand men in fezzes in Washington to-night. Just that. . . .

And here on the hotel steps are the patient New Yorker who, choosing the better portion . . . No, that's not right. I am mixing in yet another journey. . . . Anyhow, the patient New Yorker came on by train this morning and now is standing, the long figure full of some irrepressible emotion, beside the marchioness-petiteness of Isa Glenn. . . . And that Parisian ex-expatriate comes running down the steps and, making it impossible for me properly to thank Mr. Dieters, exclaims in a voice trembling with as it were white passion:

"I've found a place where one eats. . . . Isa has taken me to a place where one eats more than passably. . . ." Miss Glenn says:

"Fordie, how *thin* you've got."

"I don't mean to say," the New Yorker continues, "that it's as good as D——'s at the Gare de l'Est. Certainly it's not as good as the Pré aux Clercs at Dijon. . . . But you remember that place near the Hôtel de Ville at Brussels where we ate so exquisitely that night. . . . Well, it's as good as that. . . . A little—just the shadow of a shade on the heavy side . . . But . . ."

And that usually staid person raised his hand, with the

fingers closed, to his lips and blew a kiss to the Universe. . . . And the secretary of legation, who is coming to Isa's party, has got a pass for Biala to hear Huey Long read *Madame Bovary* and the *Book of Common Prayer* to the Senate, so we shall have a drawing of Congress in Session. . . . Who says Washington is not a gay place . . . and what price Geneva now? . . .

Three gentlemen in scarlet fezzes are trying to climb up a lamp standard that is swaddled in palm leaves so as to look like a palm. . . . All the lamp standards are swaddled in palm-leaves so as to look like palm trees with luminous coconuts a-top. . . . This is where you would, wouldn't you? say *Vogue la galère!* . . . It is a long cry from the day when, according to Henry James, you descended from the Capitol "*on trébuchait sur des vaches!*"

II

"OF HIS COUNTRYMEN"

THE most engaging—or do I mean enlivening?—attribute of Washington is its sense of elbow-room. . . . I know, that is to say, exactly what I do mean but I cannot find the exact adjective—the *mot juste*. It is the more annoying in that I want to write about religious intolerance, constitutions, and soils, and don't in the least at this moment want to write about the characteristics of this city.

But before I can do anything else I have got to discover why it is that one always feels gay as soon as one sets foot in the District of Columbia. One feels, as I have said, gay in Avignon and in New York and on crossing the Mason and Dixon Line. . . . What, then, unites those localities? New York and Washington are both cosmopolitan. . . . But the last thing you could concede to Manhattan is elbow-room, and in Avignon there is even less. On the other hand, New York is no sort of administrative city which Avignon is because of the Palace of the Popes. . . . And New York is cosmopolitan . . . which Washington eminently isn't. . . . And Washington is not full of sharks . . . which Avignon unfortunately is.

So I sit in my sitting-room in my Washington hotel, surrounded by my travelling library of reference and all the maps and guides to these parages that I have been able to get hold of . . . and don't know where I stand. . . . Because nothing is so distracting as not being able to get hold of the adjective that you want.

My sitting-room is a just anywhere sort of sitting-room—and insurpassably quiet . . . with the sort of quiet that not even a San Remo earthquake could disintegrate. And exceedingly moderate in price. There is no view to distract one. A white house wall pierced with windows confronts me, and far down below are the tops of trees. Washington resembles London in that it contains no street from which you cannot see a tree, and it is like Paris in the great number

of trees that align its streets. So, here, one is . . . just anywhere in a large, easy city, quiet and able to think. . . . And above all sure—for in that the patient New Yorker is infallible—of something decent to eat when the thinking is done.

§

You would not think that religious intolerance was a plant of such tough growth. Yet the population of Edinburgh, which one had thought to be, though Nordic, a civilized city, is evidence against it. Not to mention Mr. Hitler. *A quelquechose*, however, *malheur est bon* for, as I have pointed out, but for religious intolerance you would not have had the States of Maryland, North and South Carolina, Delaware . . . and even Penn., which I could do without. Or at any rate you would not have had them in their present States. If the dominant populations of those States had been Anglican by faith you would hardly have had the Declaration, and almost certainly not the war, of Independence. Indeed, I have heard it said that England lost her colonies because the English officers, not knowing the social prestige attaching to Nonconformity in the South, asked the Anglican parsons' wives and not the wives of the ministers to their dances and tea-fights. That is quite possible. I can imagine British officers finding it impossible to believe that Wesleyans or Presbyterians or Baptists could belong even to the outskirts of the nobility and gentry to which the minor clergy of the Church of England are by courtesy attached. And, of course, if they raised against them the ministers' wives they could have no chance of success, since they would be invaders in a hostile country, whereas if they could have secured the goodwill of those ladies, the countryside would have been at least neutral in Maryland, Delaware, North Carolina, and no doubt Pennsylvania. About South Carolina I don't know. The hornet State wanted a war, and, once engaged on it, would probably want to keep it up. . . . It would be going too far into military technicalities to explain why it is much more difficult to carry on a war when the civilian

population is hostile. It is sufficient to say that it immensely affects your supplies, your communications, and, above all, your information.

Anyhow, that is the opinion of my friend, a Southern lady who knows infinitely more about the affairs of the Colonial South than I can profess to know. It is not my affair very much, and if I wanted to *approfondir* my knowledge of the subject I do not know that I should know where to look it up. But the speculation is interesting because, should it be true, it would be the last instance of religious differences playing a part in an Occidental war—a war between so-called Christians. No doubt religion played a considerable part in the struggle of the Irish for independence, but that struggle can hardly be called a war . . . unless the Irish want it to be called one, in which case I shall be happy to oblige by withdrawing the words.

The matter is one which I am anxious to determine because once we can be certain of the date as to which religion ceased to be the *causa causans* of the organized murders called wars, we shall be able to some extent to estimate where we are going. It is to-day a race between some sort of civilization and the Machine; civilization must be much more enlightened than it is to-day if it is to have any chance. But no sort of civilization is possible when difference of opinions can be considered a pretext for murder . . . or even for physical violence.

§

The idea, then, of physical aggression as a cure for someone else's heterodoxy would seem to have died out of the Anglo-Saxon mind towards the end of the eighteenth century—or, of course, earlier in the Colonies, if we do not accept the theory of the militant Nonconformists of the South. . . . In England the last mass religious persecution was attempted also during the War of Independence. London, that is to say, was held for five days by a riotous mob who burned and slew in the determination to eradicate from those islands the belief in the Real Presence and the Immaculate Conception—in June 1780—at just about the date when Corn-

wallis and Clinton had subjugated South Carolina, and Rochambeau was arriving at Newport with 6,000 men.

But actually the Gordon Riots were—like the late occurrences in Edinburgh—of Scotch origin and occasion and, in common with the thousands of murders of Jews and Communists by Mr. Hitler, must be regarded as Nordic manifestations for which we have for the moment no cure to offer. We must, I mean, regard all Norths as being outside our civilization and, as best we can, must clean out our own house before, if ever, we attempt to deal with them. It is sufficient to say that the bloodiest wars, massacres, despoilments, and plunderings before the age of Sherman and Grant were waged in the name of the Redeemer, but that by the oncoming of the nineteenth century the more southerly parts of the world west of Constantinople had discovered that individuals or communities believing in the Real Presence, baptism by total immersion, the Second Coming or the non-existence of the Deity could live, physically at least, in comfort side by side with individuals and communities who believed something else or did not believe anything at all.

That was an immense advance in the psychology of humanity. It coincided with an immense retrogression—the world illusion that mass, national and race, wholesale murder for commercial profit was a practicable idea. . . . It is inconvenient but it would be a good thing if we could from now on drop the word war and in every case substitute “murder,” “armed robbery,” and “piracy.” For the word “war” gives a certain air of dignity to the occupation of fiends. In the days of Lancelot, in the Middle Ages, when a Pope could decree that there should be no fighting on Wednesdays and Fridays, in the days of dynastic and religious wars you might—I don’t say that you ought to—discover some sort of dignity in the art of cutting throats and setting fire to cities. The officers of the ship of an ancestor of mine were, during the interval of the peace of Amiens during the Napoleonic wars, tried by the English naval authorities at the request of the French for that “contrary to the laws of war and the dictates of humanity”

they had fired glass from their guns. . . . And I have always been proud of being remotely connected with such an admirable phrase . . . but the admirable nature of the phrase conceals the fact that if you shoot anything at all at anybody, you are committing murder. . . . So that, if you insist, I am ready to set Stonewall Jackson and R. E. Lee and even Sir Lancelot in the same category as Sherman and Grant. . . .

§

"I'll be hanged if you shall for Lancelot," says Biala, who looks in to say that she is going to the Capitol to make a drawing suggested by Mr. Huey Long reading *Madame Bovary* to the House of Representatives.

§

Don't consider that the above passage on the Conception of Murder as a Remedy is a digression from our immediate purpose, which is that of religious intolerance, constitutions, soils and climate in the colonial South and their influence on what is left of civilization to-day. Murder was for long, and is still, so much considered as the only remedy and cure-all for the ills as well of the body as of the soul that, in the consideration of anything in times past and to-day, it must be regarded as for ever below the surface . . . so only just below the surface that it may at any moment crop up.

A race to the south of you enjoys a blessed climate and a fertile soil. . . . And at once you from your mists say: "Let us consider murdering them and ourselves grow olives and oranges on their fertile cliffs above the sea." A race to the south of you believes that the earth goes round the sun, whilst you know that the sun goes round the earth. And you say: "Let us to the glory of God consider murdering them so that Truth may prevail during our possession of their lands and the so-called astronomical instruments which have permitted them to evolve that damnable heresy."

Or a race to the south of you has evolved so on the whole satisfactory a feudal civilization on account of the absence of towns, the fertility of the soil, the negroes you have sold them, that they will no longer absorb the wooden nutmegs

that are your main source of subsistence . . . and worse, they have evolved such a standard of manners and public speaking that at the Continental Congress they have organized you have to order your semi-savage delegates to hold their tongues and keep themselves as little in evidence as possible. . . . And you—who never learn nor forget—well you know what you did. . . . It is that soul that we have to stop going marching on.

§

North Carolina, then, was provided with a written constitution by John Locke, who was accounted a great man in his day. . . . The greatest of Philosophers as they called them.

The country was to be more or less of a palatinate—like the county palatine of Durham in England that, except for nominal tribute to the Crown, was almost completely independent. The government was to be by a sort of federation of baronies, the senior peer to become Palatine for life. There were, of course, all sorts of constitutional safety-catches and reasonable Utopian escapements, the only main provisions of importance being those of complete religious tolerance and the maintenance of the rights of the Briton. No enactments contrary to the liberties secured by Magna Charta and the—unwritten—British Constitution to English liegemen were to be enacted by the governing hierarchy of peers.

I don't have to tell the reader that the constitution broke down before it could be put into force. . . . Carolina—all the lands between 36° and 31° N. were granted to the Earl of Clarendon and his associates in 1663 . . . by, of course, Charles II, who insisted on religious tolerance for the sake of the Papists. The "Fundamental Constitutions of Carolina" were drawn up by Locke in 1669 and sanctioned in the same year. Charleston was founded in 1670. (Pennsylvania was granted to Penn on March 4, 1681, and Pennsylvania founded in 1682.)

I make these constatations rather as an *aide mémoire* for myself, taking it for granted that the reader knows more

about the colonies than I do. He can hardly know them less . . . or rather he can hardly know them less systematically, for, from the days when Stonewall Jackson was my childhood's hero to those when I wrote a paper for an army examination on the strategy of Johnston at the battle of “Shiloh or Pittsburg Landing,” as the examiners insisted that it should be called . . . I don't know why . . . and from then onwards my preoccupations have been very much with the agricultural South, and, as to points that appealed to my imagination, I have done a great deal . . . but really a very great deal of unsystematic reading. But even at the early age when I wrote the paper on Shiloh I gave more thought to what would have happened had Johnston not been killed than to his actual tactics in a battle that, on account of the complete incapacity of Grant, was not militarily thrilling.

That was perfectly proper, if a little unusual, since in, at any rate, English military parlance “tactics” means provision for the actions of troops actually in contact with the enemy, whereas “strategy” implies the whole conduct of a war. So that in writing about what Johnston had it in his mind to do after one of the two crucial battles of the war I was within the ground suggested by the title: “The Strategy of General Johnston at Shiloh.”

So, in writing an account of travels in the South, I may be pardoned if instead of descanting on old houses or dead and gone gallantries, I am more taken by the constitutional case of North Carolina in Colonial days. I have never been in North Carolina, except for Pinehurst that is no more representative of the State than is, say, Juan les Pins of Provence, and until lately I was inclined to regard North Carolina as being, along with Georgia, a sort of ugly duckling of the country south of the Line State. She was a State that as far as I knew had never distinguished herself. Her sea-shore had served for nothing except homes for pirates; she had made little out of her climate which must have been always one of the loveliest in the world—even along the 40th parallel. She was the Tarheel State and that was all there was to say about her. Her main income, as was

the case with parts of the Provençal sea-coast, came mainly from the inactive pursuit of sticking little tin funnels into the trunks of fir trees and collecting in the little cups hung below the funnels the precious resin from which tar was manufactured. And, after the war, North Carolina had succumbed to the Northern industrial invasion with a readiness that, as far as I knew, left her as hideously pock-marked as the industrial districts of Pennsylvania itself. . . . Indeed, one day a bus in which I found myself going to Charleston stopped for a quarter of an hour or so in front of the University building on Chapel Hill, and an inhabitant got in and began to talk to a friend already in the bus about all the glories of North Carolina. . . . About its having the largest cotton denim factory in the Universe and the largest all sorts of other things. (I have looked them up since and find they included the largest hosiery mill, the largest towel mill, the largest damask mill—each respectively in the Universe—and the largest underwear factory in the United States. . . . I wonder what happy land contains the largest in the world. . . . Bradford or Leeds, I suppose, or some such hell.) And, said that inhabitant, pointing to the pleasant-looking Old South Building of the University, you may think that in that place they teach only mush and flummery, and that the boys who go there are afterwards only useless lumber. . . . But that wasn't at all the only side. . . . For apparently the University had a Science department that, said that orator, would end by making the Tarheel State the Mass Product and Ersatz cynosure of the world "In every department of Trade." . . . Though it was getting on for ten years ago I remember that fellow's heavy voice as he repeated twice over "In every department of Trade." And the bus carried me onward with a heavier heart than I have had for long and long. . . . And then I happened to come across in Charleston a pleasant North Carolinian who begged me to read an article about his State that had just appeared in one of the monthlies. It consisted, as far as I could see at a glance, of the usual sort of bilge about factories, and was distinguished by an exordial paragraph that struck me with

despair—despair that any human being should have been found to write it. . . . The paragraph haunted me for years, coming as it did after that conversation in a bus. . . . And then, by one of those coincidences, the other day the identical article was given me in Toulon by a friend who was giving up housekeeping and thought me a fitting recipient for a considerable part of his library. And here is the paragraph:

"My last impression of North Carolina was an industrial nocturne . . . a blaze of tiered lights, a roar of sleepless machines, the picture framed in night as black as once it was among the pine-forests of the State's origin. With those shorn forests there has passed away forever [sic] her Golden Age and instead she stands upon the threshold of industrial power."*

§

And so my depression at the thought of North Carolina reached its deepest—in the summer of 1926. . . . And then I made the acquaintance of a young lady who, in addition to the charms of the South, possessed the engaging habit, at odd moments of elation, of, as it were, kicking up her spirited heels and exclaiming that, Tarheel born, Tarheel she intended to remain. . . . That gave me the idea that you might love even that poor State. And then I met some agreeable people from the neighbourhood of Winston Salem who assured me that, far from being merely industrial, North Carolina's chief interest was in the noble herb tobacco; and they introduced me to some people from Duke University, Durham, who were of Ohio origin and they, knowing my interest in gardening and craftsmanship, assured me that not only was the truck industry that was growing by leaps and bounds the most important interest of the State, but there were *pro rata* more self-sufficiency farmers in South Carolina than in any other State in the Union. And these men lived in houses built by remote ancestors owning neither furniture nor clothes not made

* Mr. Melville Chater's article is not all as bad as that. It contains some tribute to the natural beauties of the Blue Ridge uplands and the sand-banked sea-shore and it shows some awareness of the merits of peaches and melons as part of the products of the State.

by hand, a great many of them never seeing money from year's end to year's end, the average amount of cash handled by such families being not more than \$200 a year. How the Carolinian statistics may really compare with those of, say, the Kentucky highlands I don't know for I have been told by professional Kentuckians that their State contains more sufficiency farmers and craftsmen than all the rest of the United States plus my Provence put together . . . and then some.

That is perhaps exaggerated, but the United States farming census maps seem to confirm the claim that Kentucky has more self-sufficiency farms than North Carolina, except in the Piedmont and Tidewater districts of that latter State—certainly self-sufficiency farms appear to be thicker on the ground in these districts of North Carolina than in Tidewater, if not Piedmont, Virginia.

§

The matter is more important than it may seem. Our theme—the theme of this book—is that, if you could get rid of wars, national barriers, patriotisms, politicians, and written constitutions, you might, at the hands of the Small Producer, experience a return to a real Golden Age. So the survival is a pre-eminently industrial State of communities of absolutely self-sufficing beings, dating from the first settlement of the Continent by Europeans is of the greatest possible interest to us. And it is of the greater interest inasmuch as we find this community in, precisely, a country that in the beginning was saddled with a written constitution of the most rigid and imbecile type.

Certain basic truths are for ever true; certain material truths remain true hardly longer than milk will remain fresh. It remains for ever true that if you stick a feller through it is murder; that if communities do not remain in contact with the soil their populations will deteriorate mentally as well as physically . . . and so on. A truth as immensely important is that a written constitution for ever imposes the stranglehold of the dead on the throats of the living. All laws are bad because they can never meet special cases,

and every case is a special case. But some laws are more injurious than others. Laws that have arisen out of customs may have about them some sanity because they have been evolved to meet at least climates and human circumstances; but laws evolved by the brain of legislators or of legislators sitting in bodies are almost inevitably fatal to the communities affected. And written constitutions are most fatal of all because they impose the mortmain of dead minds on laws that, if they are not to be so many upas trees, must be meant for the convenience of living beings.

That is what makes the case of North Carolina most interesting. Already in the late seventeenth century an attempt to make of the Carolinas a land of religious escape, if not of religious toleration, was made by Admiral Coligny, who tried, in 1562, to establish a colony of Huguenots near Port Royal in the present South Carolina. The settlers, however, had disappeared into the wilderness much as did Raleigh's Lost Colony—by 1563—that year being particularly accursed as being that in which another Protestant Hero, John Hawkins, brought the first cargo of African flesh to the New World. He thus imported the germ that was to infect our whole civilizations of to-day.

Seventy years later the Carolinas, under the name of Carolana, were granted to a Sir John Heath, who made no use of them. This was the first instance of a proprietary grant by the Crown, earlier colonial grants having been made to merchant adventurers' companies with variously sketchy constitutions.

A proprietary grant made the Proprietor practically an absolute monarch with a power to create a practically absolute lieutenant-governor under himself. Provincial assemblies had the power to protest against the enactments of the lieutenant-governor, but they had no power to enforce their protests. They must either rebel or appeal to the Crown, which at times listened to them. In Maryland, which was granted to the second Lord Baltimore in 1632, each emigrant received a gift of fifty acres of land. The Carterets being Catholics, religion was only called Christianity in the charter.

Carolina itself, as we have seen, was granted to Lord Clarendon in 1663, and that author of the history of the Great Rebellion, which is almost the finest prose monument in the English language, applied to Locke to write out a Constitution, which was ready six years later, the city of Charleston being founded in 1670.

The Fundamental Constitutions of Locke were never fully employed, at any rate in the northern portion of the grant, and the eight proprietors of Carolina proved themselves so tyrannical that by 1721 the People appealed successfully to the Crown, who confiscated the charter of the proprietors, appointing royal governors for North and South Carolina, which, by 1729, had been divided.

The differing fates of the two States were, of course, dictated by their climates and soils. The South developed under cotton into large plantations of bellicose and seasonally absentee planters who spent, some of them, the cotton seasons on their estates, and, all of them, the winters in the shining city of Charleston. These large planters got on fairly well with the Crown governors; the shining civilization of Charleston—and even as we have seen its onions—came from England and the children went to that country for their schooling.

North Carolina, on the other hand, developed into a country of Small Producers and self-sufficiency farmers who largely received no attention at all from the Crown except in the few small centres of urban population where the regulators, representing the People, were almost always at odds with the royal governors. The towns on the seaboard took a spirited part in the Revolution, but the inner portions of the Colony remained almost unmoved. Local Governments, when there were any Local Governments at all, being nominally, as in South Carolina, in the hands of the Vestries. On reverting to the Crown the two Colonies reverted nominally to the spiritual governance of the Church of England, and Charleston passed an ordinance to the effect that every new arrival in the Colony must suffer the religious instruction of the vicar on pain of whipping. If after whipping he still refused the ministrations of

that clergyman, he was to be whipped again, and so on until he succumbed or submitted. The population of the city and the surrounding country was three parts made up of adherents to every sect under the Protestant sun with a sprinkling of Papists and only one-quarter of communicants of the Church of England. No trace is therefore to be found of that ordinance ever having been put into force.

The fame of North Carolina for both spiritual and physical liberty became, however, so widespread that not only individuals belonging to every known or forgotten sect, but every imaginable type of criminal from Europe and the surrounding States, crowded into her backwoods regions and, being relatively uninterfered with, formed in that idyllic climate and on that wonderful soil remarkably peaceful communities of the utmost attachment to their land and of a fine frugality and industry. The region acquired, in fact, the nickname of the Land of Going Without, but actual deprivation seems to have been there unknown. Money, too, was unknown. Indeed, I have seen it stated that, as late as the Civil War, a majority of the inhabitants of the mountain districts of the State had never seen a specimen of United States coinage, though there circulated a few Spanish dollars which with chisels they cut up into halves, quarters, and bits.

This did not mean that that population went entirely without its luxuries from outside—for in that ideal climate for a long time there revived a State similar to that that had obtained on the Great Route during the Golden Age. Already before the Revolution pedlars had begun to issue from New England. We must consider them.

Unpleasant, in fact, as it is to have to remember Nordic climates in the District of Columbia, the Nordics will come wriggling in. New England, in the rigours of its climate, its religious intolerance, and the boulders of clay of its soil had developed what the United States Department of Agriculture calls part-time farming. It would be more exact, perhaps, to call it part-time slave-trading, for all this time the ships from Boston and the New England coast were supplying Charleston with negroes at £40 a shot if

they were healthy and vigorous and for less if they were not. . . . More expensive negroes went inland through the other ports; but since cotton-growing was an essentially dangerous industry by reason of its extreme laboriousness, the negroes seldom lived for more than a year in South Carolina . . . at any rate before the invention of the cotton gin. So Boston, with its steady attention to trade, developed, as you might say, a good household article in that particular type of perishable goods and kept up a steady supply. It then turned its attention to the job of getting hold of the wealth manufactured by its \$200 negroes. The whole energies of those Colonies could not be devoted to the slave-trade. It was in any case seasonal, just as farming was, the seasons interacting for both types of employment.

But by 1820 the slave-trade was beginning to fall off in the face of what we may call world conscience, and it became evident to the lusty slavers that if they were to continue to prosper they must evolve a slave-system of their own. They already had a considerable proportion of their population engaged in home industries. Families would engage themselves partly in cash-grain growing, or rough, self-sufficing cultures, and partly in home manufactures. In the beginning their wares were mostly home-consumed, but lusty youths and others who found the home atmosphere insupportable would, even before the Revolution, put packs filled with "notions" on their backs and go seeking partly pleasure and experience, partly profit, into the South parts.

The South in the beginning got most of its luxuries from England, but the pedlars, selling small domestic articles such as pannikins, nutmeg-graters, clocks, ribbons, or tinder boxes, made by hand at home, managed to keep up a fair trade in the districts of the South more remote from the sea-ports. They took in return mostly indigo and simples with which New England dyed its woollens and cured its colds in the head and constipations. And in the remoter districts like inland North Carolina their coming was awaited eagerly. They brought not merely the little gadgets of culture and decoration but the atmosphere of the outer

world, a measure of gaiety, news, gossip . . . conjuring tricks even. They took for those self-sufficers in their ideal climate the place of the Merchants of the Route in the Golden Age and, if they by no means adopted the Open Hand as their tabu sign, the whole situation brought about by the combination of self-sufficers and travelling merchants was an eminently happy one. The housewives of the Carolinas could feel that they were being tricked and beguiled by the travellers, but they gained some conveniences and the trickery was more than made up for by the enlivenment of the outlanders' visits. . . . A Golden Age again, then.

Alas! . . . Round the 'seventy-fives of the eighteenth century North Carolina, as we have seen, staged several demonstrations against the Crown. They disowned that symbol of authority at the county convention of Mecklenburg in May 1775, they had already in 1774 held a Tea Party of their own, and now the ladies of the Colony took an oath that they would not purchase any manufactured goods from England. The example being followed by other ladies of the other colonies, the result was an immense impetus to the trade of the pedlars. Overseas trading being for the time stopped by the war, there resulted also a considerable increase in the occupation of cash-grain or hard wheat production in New England. The New Englanders became, therefore, in the strict sense of the word, part-time farmers with a great trade in both hard wheat and home manufactures.*

* It would be as well to define exactly what is meant by "self-sufficing" and "part-time" farming. That admirable work, *Types of Farming in the United States*, issued by the Bureau of the Census as part of the Fifteenth Census of the U.S.A., thus defines the first:

"Self-sufficing farms in general represent small farms with simple organizations which usually supply a rather meagre living to the operator and his family. . . . They are farms where there is little if any commercial agriculture. That is to say, that they are farms upon which the sales are of minor importance and on which the family living comprises the major source of income."

and the second:

"Two general situations are typified on these farms: Around cities they probably represent farms which are operated by operators whose

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You had, then, your little revival of the Golden Age on the Great Route; and although Boston, that must be always at work ruining the world, ruined during the next hundred years North Carolina as a whole, too, so that Mr. Chater might write his dirge-paragraph to that era in that State, nevertheless, the end is not yet in those favoured regions. . . .

The process by which that *par excellence* Nordic city went to work may be thus lightly outlined. The home-manufacturing plus peddling activities of New England increased steadily after the first impulse of the Declaration of Independence. Roughly navigable roads took the place of the footpaths which had been all that threaded the forests of the greater part of the Middle and Southern Colonies. In the greater portion of those areas the young men of light heart and tongue gave way before bearded seniors with capital and carts, and the proportions of the trade grew enormous. The famous Yankee Pedlar had been evolved . . . who sold the nutmegs made of wood and clocks that wouldn't figger. . . . That must have been one of the earliest verses of my youth, as Sam Slick, the clockmaker, was one of my earliest heroes. He represented, indeed, for me as for the rest of the outside world the cunning, swindling, cozening best

occupation is other than farming and who therefore depend on other lines of business for their principal income. *In areas remote from urban centres* the farm operators on these farms generally report their occupation as farming, but supplement their incomes from work other than farming in their locality. . . . sometimes in industrial centres at distant points."

. . . A definition which would include at once the Eshericks of Paoli, the Strolling Players of Mr. Dieters' Company with their bus, and the citizens of the ideal communities adumbrated at the end of my chapter on New Jersey truck-farming (Part II, Chapter II).

I am glad to see that the writer of the admirable Chapter III of *Types of Farming* makes the comment: "These part-time farms are of a great deal of interest and apparently are becoming of greater importance all the time." . . . This was written between the Census of 1930 and the date of the printing in 1933, so that, although later statistics are not at the moment of writing, we may take it that in the opinion of that writer—whose authority is unquestionable—the part-time farms of the country were on the increase, as I have myself asserted, at least until well into the years of Crisis. There could be no healthier national sign.

of the North. As Stonewall Jackson represented the heroic, mournful South of the country in whose Capital we are for the moment sitting.

§

And, as an appropriate footnote at this moment, comes in Biala waving with an appalled expression a sheet of paper. It represents not so much Mr. Huey Long reading *Madame*



"READING 'MADAME BOVARY' TO THE SENATE"

Bovary to the Senate—and isn't that a sufficient example of the way civilization travels along the Great Route!—it represents not so much Mr. Long reading *Madame Bovary*—for Biala is by way of being no sort of representational artist at all—but it does represent her emotion at witnessing that splendidly educational-obstructional proceeding. And her appalled expression is due to the fact that her emotions have caused her to produce—except for the beardlessness of the Senators—an exact replica of the fruits of her emotions on viewing the politicians of the League of Nations in session at Geneva.

I try to console her by pointing out not only that this proves how true the records of her emotions, and in conse-

quence her emotions themselves, are to themselves. Moreover, it would give me the opportunity—if I cared to, which I don't—of making the observation that, except for their hirsute adornments—politicians the world over are all exactly the same . . . in appearance as in habits. Except perhaps that the politicians of Geneva as being more *gourmands* would probably refuse to listen for thirty-six hours to extracts from the masterpiece of Flaubert, the *Book of Common Prayer*, various cookery books, and other great works of the imagination.

But it is no part of my job, as one very much enjoying at a moderate price the hospitality of this inspiring city and the country owing it allegiance, to comment on their internal politics, so that the remark had better be considered as having been made by Biala's drawings. . . .

It is perhaps more to the point that Biala brings the dismaying news that there will be no chance of our lunching in the place of entertainment so hotly recommended by the patient New Yorker. There are more than two hundred men in fezzes standing round other befezzed ones who have already secured tables. That in the inside of the restaurant. Outside it, the queue of men in similar head-dresses extends considerably round the block. They intend to have the best of everything, those crusaders. . . . And one may make the note that they seem to have taken every precaution towards that end, since two of their number were last night arrested under the Mann Act as being—recidivist White Slave merchants.

This spirited body of lusty carnivallers, dressed all in fezzes and most in Turkish waistcoats and ballooning trousers, to the number of 250,000 or so, has descended on the Capitol to hold, I understand, some sort of Conference. So the elbow-room, even of Washington, is put to some trial.

For myself I find their presence agreeable. I like to be welcomed by fezzes, and for me all kinds of saturnalia, Andalusian fiestas, whether in Malaga or Washington, and all beanfeasts, bank-holidays, and barbecuings seem to be good for the body and soul of the community. Economists, at least, should also approve of them—for what better means

could be found for slowing down production and enhancing the circulation of money?

But in the sort of Capitol-dome formed by the society of this genial city, disapproval of these gentlemen—who are called Nobles—seems to be pretty general. The disapproval expresses itself mostly in wondering what the lonely occupant of the White House can be thinking about it. Taking them in their order of precedence the remarks run like this :

"*C'est très bien,*" say the foreign diplomats who, like myself, are precluded from criticizing the internal politics of this city and country. "But one permits oneself to wonder if such a . . . brilliant assemblage right upon his doorstep must not discompose M. le Président."

"Atrocious!" thunder all the bishops, cardinals, moderators, monsignori, ministers, and minor clergy. "What sort of view of the Country's morality will these unchecked, licentious saturnalia give to the President?"

"How," the Senators ask, "will the President take this farcical caricature of his inauguration?"

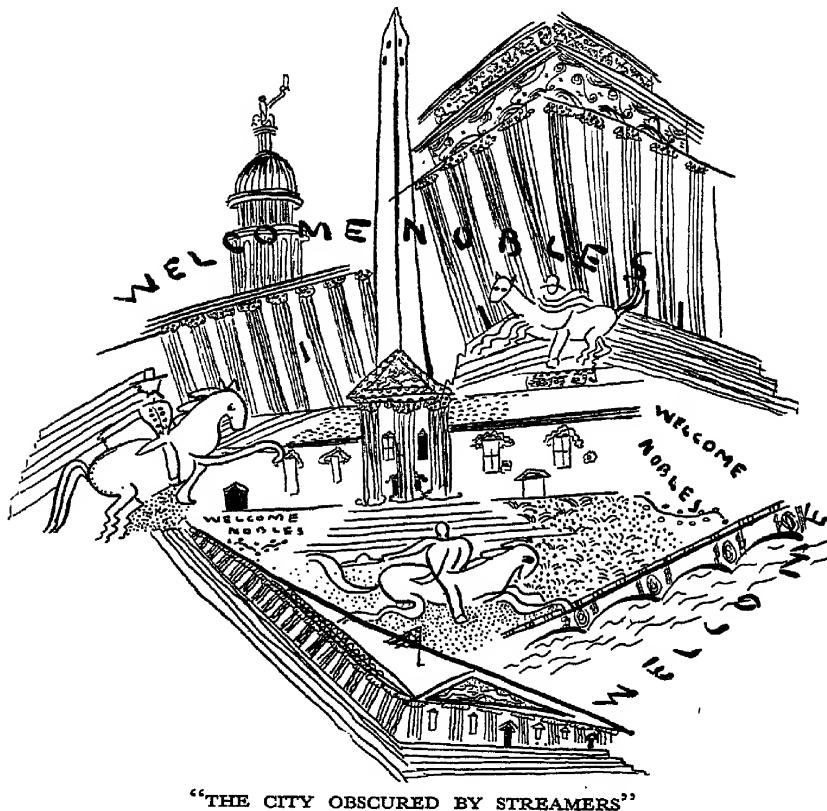
"Hum," say the members of the House of Representatives. "We wonder what the President . . ." and fall silent at that. . . . For after all, the quarter million fezzes cover the skulls of two hundred and fifty thousand voters.

And the Military Circle wonder that the President does not call them out to drive those pedestrians—only that is not the word—out of the District. And the Permanent Officials wonder that the President can wink at the extra expenditure of public money on sweeping up the papers left like snow on all the public places by those barbarians. And the Intelligentsia groan at the idea that the President should have allowed all the public lamp-posts to be swathed in paper palm-leaves and every "vista" of the city to be obscured by streamers bearing the words : WELCOME NOBLES. And Trade feels certain that the President would approve of their telling their assistants to write out special price labels with double prices for all articles they offer for sale to the Nobles—for doesn't Noblesse Oblige? And how better can Trade (which is the Nation) be revived?

And last of all the Old Standers of Washington, shivering

behind their closed shutters and remembering and thinking that they should come first in protocolar precedence, groan:

"What would the First President have thought of all this?"
And peeping down through the cracks they see the befuzzed



Nobles with floating and embroidered waistcoats dancing six deep in the roadway, falling off the lamp-posts up which they have laboriously climbed. . . .

For myself I see Washington humanity in the shape of another immense iron dome of the Capitol—at the base the great stratum of Trade (which is the Nation). Above them is that of the Intelligentsia who do not Count along with the Pressmen who Do. Above *them*, as the Dome begins to narrow

in, soaring upwards, are the Permanent Officials and so, in order of precedence, the strata of Senators, Congressmen, by courtesy the Divines, still more by courtesy and as it were against protest, the foreign diplomatic corps—by which time the Dome will have grown very narrow indeed. . . . And then, above all, the lonely note of interrogation.

§

The patient New Yorker, on the other hand, thinks the image should be a “blanc mange”—a white, cold, usually dome-shaped, jellified English pudding. . . . He would, of course, think in terms gastronomic. . . . But he explains that it is because every body here is always a-tremble . . . like the “blanc mange.” They tremble either with the thought of getting into office and what they will do when they get there or of being kicked out of office and what they will do then. He says that sometimes when you look at the dome of the Capitol you see it quivering—like a too-full swallow’s nest when all the young breathe in at once. That is when all the members are simultaneously thinking of the next elections. . . . But the White House is like the blanched bitter almond that the English stick on top of that end-of-a-meal horror. . . . Hard, white, bitter. . . . Cynical. . . . Not caring really what the Nobles do in the streets.

§

Biala, however, has taken up one of the guide-books with which my table is encumbered. She reads out rather wonderingly:

“As advantageously situated as the Acropolis at Athens; more awe-inspiring than the Capitoline Hill in Rome; more serious than the Senate’s palace of the Luxembourg in Paris; infinitely more majestic than the modern buildings at Westminster where meets the so-called mother of Parliaments; more stern to face danger than the Berlin Reichstag; less barbaric than the Kremlin. . . .”

“Is it all that?” she asks a little bewildered. “I don’t know

anything about Architecture. But *is it?*" . . . And then: . . . "It must be less all that than the Capitol of the State of Penn. Because the gentleman there says that *his* Capitol is more advantageously situated than the Acropolis. . . . Oh, and 'more storied.' . . . It does, of course, a little suggest a sky-scraper. . . . Of course, it isn't very paintable because of all the white marble. But architects don't have to think about paintableness. . . . And there are all the statues too. . . . It is a solecism to render masterpieces of one art in terms of another—meaning that you mustn't paint statues. . . . But it is confusing, isn't it? Because this gentleman, here, says in another place that the cathedral of some Washington saint or other grips the heart with a greater sense of the divine than any of the other storied fanes of the entire Universe in all time. . . ." She adds more hopefully: "But there *are* the Whistlers, aren't there? Aren't they wonderful? You can't say we're a nation without Art when we have produced him. . . . Let's go and have another look at them before we leave. . . . Do let's."

It is obvious that I shall get no more thinking about the constitutions, soil, or climate of North Carolina done in this place. Isa also says that the Nobles have not yet got wind of another lunch place she knows of where you eat in a back-yard under the shade of trees. . . . And here the constitution, soil, and climate all conduce to appetite.

But there is one thing that worries me—or perhaps it consoles. Harry Lee did not say: First in peace; first in war; first in the hearts of his countrymen. . . . He said: "of his fellow-citizens." . . . which is less pretty. Now I have asked hundreds of American citizens and read hundreds of times—what Harry Lee said. And the statement has always been: "countrymen." That distresses the side of me that is pedantic. On the other hand, it rejoices the side of me that is waging this war of country against city. It is fine to see and hear that the natural sense of the country's inhabitants automatically makes the change from city to country. If you place the fact alongside the statement of the writer for the Census that part-time farming is on the increase

you will see that there is more hope for humanity than you might have thought. Because all of us who live on the great oval of the Trade Route are fellow-countrymen, but all the inhabitants of New York and London—and of Washington, Marseilles, and Geneva—are not fellow-citizens.

III

. . . OF OLD, UNHAPPY THINGS

THE patient New Yorker is making the bus driver swear on his time schedule that we shall have forty-five minutes' stop at Winchester, half an hour at Lexington, twenty minutes at the Natural Bridge, forty minutes at Bristol . . . for meals. The driver swears to it all . . . a blond colossus of an infinite tolerance and good humour, who swings our fifty pound valises into the luggage racks with the ease of a child swinging a skipping-rope. . . . This is the type of Nordic we must save for the New Dispensation. . . . What a Part Timer he would make if we reduced his running hours to twenty a week! . . . And what a liar!

That poor Manhattanite spent the whole morning whilst Biala drew in the Senate and I wrote in the silent hotel room . . . the whole morning and most of lunch-time trying to work out a satisfactory last lap for us through all Virginia and all Tennessee to Memphis and the Mississippi. . . . The problem is to get a night's rest somewhere and yet not arrive three days late. He even tried to dizzy *my* head and eyes over the lunch-table with the figures of his time-table—in the tree-shade of the back-yard where we trifled with the bits of lettuce and crab meat and bone-dry toast and guava jelly and tepid white coffee that make for Nordic funerals. . . . But I wasn't taking any. I know my Buslines who take for their motto, not so much WUNT BE DRUV, as CAN'T BE DID. . . . Of course it can't be done. . . . Thus the crux of our problem of avoiding spending a night in the bus lies in the fact that though there are two services a day they run within four hours of each other instead of being spaced over the day. Isn't that really ingenious of the Busline? . . . For see how it works out. . . . You arrive, say, at Lexington at midnight and think you will have a good four hours in bed—if that's any good to you. . . . But your bus is an hour late so you do not arrive till one in the morning. . . . And though the 4 a.m. bus will almost

certainly be two hours late you cannot chance it. So you will have to stand from four in the morning till six on the street, waiting. And you will not really have had more than fifty minutes' sleep. Because, by the time you have roused someone in the hotel to show you rooms, and had a bath and undressed and lost your collar-stud or whatever it is that you lose, it will be two o'clock. And by the time you get to sleep, vexed as you are and in a strange bed, it will be two forty-five. And you cannot allow less than half an hour for dressing and having your bath and shaving and finding your collar-stud—or whatever it is that you lose. So you will have to get up at half-past three so as to be in time to wait those two hours on the side-walk with your valises all round you . . . and, of course, without breakfast. And with no prospect of getting anything to eat all day.

Of course, Lexington being a beauty-spot, you might decide to spend a whole twenty-four hours there. That will mean that after drinking twenty odd cokes you will catch the twelve-one bus . . . and spend the night in it. . . . Or, if you like to, sit up till four and wait two hours on the side-walk for the four-six bus—having drunk sixty coca colas. For Lexington, being a beauty-spot, likes to have its beauty sleep and after nine o'clock there is nothing else to do there but drink coke. . . .

I had a simple northern friend who had occasion to spend a night in a fashionable resort in Virginia. He had an acquaintance there. So he was glad when the acquaintance suggested that they make a night of it. My friend has, like all of us, heard of Virginia nights—of the gleam of the white shoulders of lovely F.F.V.'s reflected in the tall, candle-lit mirrors, and the mournful and handsome descendants of the Fairfaxes and Lees and Colquhouns—I beg pardon, Cohoons—in their blue swallow-tails with silver buttons leaning chivalrously over chair-backs. And the grey-pated negroes playing their fiddles and the clitter-clatter of jewelled necklaces and seal-fobs. . . . And all that.

So his friend came to the hotel after he had dined alone in a room built to hold ninety tables. And they issued out into the pitch-black streets.

When they had strolled four blocks the friend exclaimed with the air of one who has an inspiration:

"Let's have a coca cola!"

So they knocked up an hotel. . . . After half an hour the Virginian said with the air of one who has a very brilliant inspiration indeed:

"Let's go and see the Virginian Lightning come in."

So, in a pitch-black empty square they saw as much as could be seen of three negroes with baskets and a decrepit old gentleman get out of a two-horse bus.

"Good crowd in the Virginian Lightning to-night," said the friend. And after some minutes of reflection, joyously: "What about a coca cola?"

So they had one. And after an hour they went and saw four aged gentlemen and one negress with a basket get out of the R. E. Lee Wonder, which was drawn by one mule. But they could not have another coca cola. The hotel refused to be knocked any more.

I will explain later why I tell this anecdote to the apparent discredit of the Old Dominion State.

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The bus bumps—as all good buses should—as we go off the bridge onto historic ground, having crossed the Potomac.

You may object that the city of Washington is also historic ground. . . . But it isn't really and technically. It is too gay. You can't really think of President Washington or Henry Clay, of Andrew Jackson, among all that white marble cosmopolitanism. You might think of President Harding—but you won't want to. And a place is not really historic unless it has witnessed quite a lot of murders. The British once took the city, but they did not even inconvenience anybody very much except President Madison, who had to move into another house. And at the end of the war—there is only one war here—General Early got into the suburbs of the city. But he was afraid of non-existent troops, for Grant had carried off all the garrison to sit down in front of Petersburg. But General Early did not

know that and went away without murdering anyone in particular.

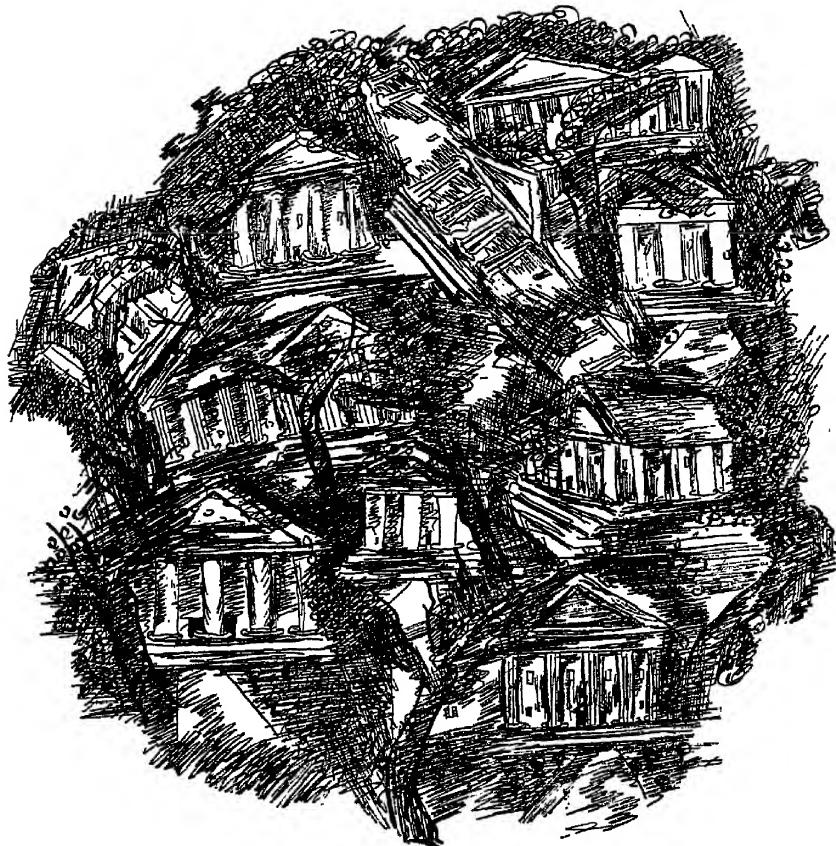
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But in Virginia everything becomes historic at once. . . . Even, looking back from here across the Potomac, Washington itself seems to bask in the tender light of history. I can see President Washington in his cocked hat and ruffles, on the top of the bluff across the water. He is pointing inland with his cane, the young French engineer, l'Enfant, attentive at his side.

L'Enfant now sleeps somewhere quite near here in the cemetery, and it always pleases me to think that in the century or so that succeeded his death, though every kind of financier, speculative builder, and jerrymanderer tried to get changes made in the plans of the city, it was always to l'Enfant's original plan that they had to return, so strong is the Mediterranean influence even at this distance away along the Great Route. It has to prevail here because of the suave climate, the white sunlight, the material at disposal, the slope of the hills, and the tempo of the thoughts in the mind. You could not, building in wood, achieve any dignity or harmony except in this style, nor could you here think leisurely in any other form of building. Nor, indeed, in buildings that never get far from the Maison Carrée at Nîmes could you have dwellings other in shape than that of the here traditional dog-run arrangement. You build a temple with the peak of the roof above the entrance; then to get as much head-room as possible on the upper or upmost floor you must have your corridor in the middle. And the lower corridors must be below that one. So the dwelling-rooms must open out on each side, and there you are.

I am bound to say that, with the contrariety that distinguishes a proper man, the house I like best of those that I know in Virginia is Gunston Hall, with its red-brick suggestion of the age of Queen Anne in England. But I dare say it is the box walks and timber round the house that really take my fancy and the staircase and other interior fixings . . . and the relative smallness. Westover and the

Nelson House at Yorktown, in the same style, would be too lordly for me and their gardens have not the same attraction. So if you are in the mood to be the Squire or the Lord of



"AND OF THESE MANSIONS IN VIRGINIA"

the Manor or the wife of the Colonial Governor you may have them for me.

And of these mansions in Virginia the catalogue would seem to go on for ever and ever . . . and then you would have forgotten . . . oh, say Chatham, "where Washington courted Martha Custis, Robert E. Lee courted Mary Randolph Custis, and Abraham Lincoln visited the Army of

the Potomac." . . . A sentence that seems rather naïve. . . . You would have thought that Lincoln would have chosen some other place in which to visit his legalized murderers . . . or that his biographers would be silent about it. . . . For what would Lincoln have thought or said or done if he had met the mournful shade of his first predecessor? . . . who was a Virginian. It would have been much as if Mr. Hitler should meet the shade of Christ . . . who was a Jew. Only worse really, because Mr. Hitler at least is not Christ's "fellow-citizen" and, since Mr. Hitler is not a Christian, there is no reason why Christ should be first in his heart.

But, from the historic point of view, what is important about the Old Dominion State is the profusion of these buildings and courtships and visitings of armies. The profusion! . . . I don't profess to be an authority on Virginian colonial houses . . . and I am glad of it. But what I am still more glad of is that, though there are several catalogues of historical and picturesque buildings of Virginia, I don't know of one that is complete. That is the real note of profusion. You love countries where the soil is beloved and hallowed by suffering and the voice of poets. But you love them still more when you know that for you they will be inexhaustible. They will have so many buildings in gentle decay, so many battlefields, the memory of so many old unhappy things that you give up the idea of coming to an end of them. And, above all, they won't stick out. You will come unawares, and when you are not in the least in a sight-seeing mood, upon some delightful, uncatalogued, forgotten fragment . . . and then you are glad that you are not an authority and swear that you never will become one. That is the desideratum.

Obviously Virginia is not Provence or Liguria or Andalusia and Richmond and Fredericksburg are not Rome or Paris or Granada. And poor martyred Williamsburg is not Oxford nor the Quarter of the Sorbonne and you will not see the Castle of the Popes dominate the Shenandoah Valley.

But in their own ways they are good enough. . . . Good enough, really for anybody, simply because once you have

passed the State line you don't have to go sight-seeing to see things simple and beautiful enough. You can walk along any road anywhere and come upon something to add to your mental stock of memorabilia.

It is no good saying that the view from any high place in North Dakota or Wyoming or Illinois is as good as the view into Virginia from the Blue Ridge or that territory in the Wheat Belt is as good to look at as the Shenandoah Valley—or the Tidewater or Piedmont. It isn't: they aren't.

The silent-upon-a-peak-in-Darien trick is good enough once in a while and pioneering is an amusing enough occupation for people with inhibitions. The sight of a log-cabin newly erected beneath Sequoia pines may stimulate the imagination to the point of seeing futures for the descendants of those hairy squatters. But immediately comes a dreary period of money-grubbing and sordidnesses amongst empty cans and garbage dumps in an earth polluted and unloved. And history begins to be made. . . . You climb six thousand feet to see—if the mists permit—through a telescope at a distance of ninety miles the roof of the shack in which President Coolidge had tea with Mr. and Mrs. Minton Winesop II. . . . That sort of thing.

Virginia glamour has been overdone because it makes such easy writing—just as do Paris or Provence or Taormina or the Holy Land . . . or almost any neighbourhood on the Great Route. But it makes easy writing just because it is authentic. You don't have to bother about getting in an atmosphere; it is done all ready for you. So you overdo it . . . unless you are a very good writer indeed. There wasn't really the profusion of cocked hats and scarlet coats at the race-meetings; the ladies' dresses would look pretty homely affairs to-day; the silver teaspoons may have clicked romantically while the Indians yelled without the houses—but there would not be very many of them and the candle lighting for the routs and levees was a pretty dim affair. When Lord Dunsmore was in Norfolk County in 1774, only one local gentleman could be found who was dressed sufficiently *de rigueur*—in a great plumed hat with enormous silver buckles on his shoes—to dance with Lady Dunsmore.

Hospitality was on an incredible scale and that alone cut severely into the planters' power to purchase furnishings and gear from England or France in the days when the only currency was tobacco of varying prices. And, as I have already pointed out, slave-labour farming was not immensely profitable even in good years and when the planter himself was incessantly directing the labours of his estate. Fluctuations in values of crops occurred then as now. When tobacco went out of use as currency the planting of that weed fell to a mere fraction of its former acreage. The price of tobacco immediately rose, and so much tobacco was planted next season that a large part of it could not be sold. George Washington was left with forty thousand pounds unsaleable in his barns. . . . And it should not be forgotten that though Jefferson actually died in Monticello he died bankrupt and was only allowed to die in his house on the suffrage of his creditors and mortgagors . . . who, anyhow, could not sell the estate. . . . It sold eventually for a mere \$25,000, plus the value of the practice of the chemist who bought it on his retirement from business—and who at once cut and sold the timber and shade trees and planted indigo, rather unsuccessfully.

Jefferson, of course, was an artist with the extravagances of the artist. He had set himself at any cost to have the most beautiful home in America . . . and he got it. As he says about his purchase of the MSS. of Ossian, money was to him completely inconsequential in comparison with the thoughts you may have over beautiful poetry or in a beautiful house. So he set himself to follow out the lordliest designs of Palladio. . . . The Mediterranean again! And he surpassed them . . . "with some faults," said the Marquis de Chastellux who visited him at Monticello in 1782. And the Marquis adds: "We may safely aver that he is the first American who has consulted the fine arts to know how to shelter himself from the weather."

That is the great note, of Jefferson and of Virginia. He broke his back over his palace as the Roi Soleil broke the back of the French nation over his palace of Versailles. But it was only his own back that he broke. His profusenesses

were extraordinary. When the British burnt the Library of Congress—which was housed in one room—Jefferson sold his own library to the Nation for almost the same sum as the chemist afterwards paid for all Monticello. . . . You think that pathetic, the great artist and scholar having to sell his library which had been the patient collection of years because he was pressed for money. . . . Not a bit of it. He was certainly pressed for money. But at once he unearthed from Williamsburg a library almost exactly as large and quite as carefully selected. It had been warehoused there for forty years.

You will say that the end of Jefferson is a salutary warning against extravagance. But it isn't. It is an incitement. He had the glory of a satisfied passion, the glory of immense achievement, and he retains the glory of having splendidly influenced his countrymen towards civilization. For what is wrong with the world is not that it contains too many men who indulge in extravagant expenditure on the arts and the cultured amenities of life. It is that there are too few.

§

Let us then say that Jefferson stands for the best that is in Virginia—for, if you like, the best in the modern world that began when the Golden Age came finally to an end. . . . Say when Columbus founded the city and port of Novidad in an estuary which seemed to him adapted for the embarkation of the slaves he proposed to ship to Europe. I don't myself mind how much you praise Virginia. But it is well to remember the fate that befel Aristides, who was too monotonously extolled as being a just man.

Virginia, then, until the first shot was fired on Fort Sumter, represented a type-civilization that it is convenient to call feudal—a type that is probably one of the only two systems of body politic that have ever proved at all satisfactory in this world.

Humanity divides itself into two distinct varieties. There are men too supine to interest themselves in public affairs. For these the state of feudalism is best adapted. There are in the alternative those who are prepared either to watch

public characters with unceasing vigilance or who refuse to have any public characters at all, preferring themselves to attend to their own public affairs . . . or to have no public affairs at all.

You had both types of body politic well represented in the lands through which we are passing . . . there were the highlands of the Kentucky, North Carolina, and Virginia Piedmont climatic and terrene system, where life remains to-day much as it was in the earlier Colonial times. And then there was, at its best developed in Virginia, the quasi-feudal system of the great plantations of the Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and, say, Richard Henry Lee type—which has disappeared. Both were almost equally favoured in climate, soil, . . . and an atmosphere of at least some sort of religious tolerance.

The practical disadvantage of the Golden Age—or part-time farming—type of civilization is its relative defencelessness from attack from the north. It will have the tendency to group up into small communities. Being contented they will be unwarlike, being prosperous they will not be overpopulated, and being independent they will be disinclined to place much power in the hands of whatever federal organization they may have evolved. They will also as a rule not possess much civilizing influence over the outer world, whilst they will have the dangerous reputations of being themselves Golcondas or lands where grow fabulous apples of gold.

The disadvantages of feudalism at its best are in part similar. A feudal unit had the great advantage of having a head which could be lopped off if the Community did not prosper or was discontented. Thus being forced against their wills to pay taxes to the Crown as well as doing suit and service to their feudal lord, the tenants of the third Earl Percy met him as he came home from hunting and cut him in pieces with razors. Or thus the inhabitants of Great Britain have always dealt with their kings—from Edward II, who could not make his country prosperous with the plunder of the Scots, the princes in the Tower, who could not govern, and Henry VI, who lost the famous plundering-ground in

France, to Charles I, who irritated and be-panicked not only his relatively few surviving feudal lieges but the great merchants who were replacing them.

By the time of the development of the Colonies the temper of Anglo-Saxondom had changed so that actual, federal-centred feudalism had become impracticable. The sort of palatinate that Locke evolved would not stand up in face of a populace who believed that there should be no taxation without representation. A few great lords drifted along on their possessions until the revolution, but they, like the Crown itself, were mere survivals—as it were the last of the dodos. . . . Until you developed the Modern system of representatives with obscure and almost illimitable power, no responsibility and such a grip on the electoral machine as to be practically irreplaceable except before tremendous gusts of public bewilderment or despair. It is not merely the lands through which we are passing that are afflicted with this class of political machine. Every nation along the great oval which is the extension westward of the Great Route is almost similarly accursed, be-panicked, and engaged in seeking expedients, each more desperate than the other. . . . And the most favoured expedient in every nation is the putting up against a wall of all alien nationals and all classes of his fellow-citizens obnoxious to the individual who proposes expedients. It is, indeed, as Mr. Dreiser said, a problem. . . . But . . . put 'em up against a wall, the Technocrat continues to asseverate.

§

The other great disadvantage of the feudal cosmogony resembles that of the assemblage of units of Small Producers. It is that, flourishing as a rule and tending to self-centredness, they exercise very little educative influence on their northern neighbours and they will have the appearance and reputation of easily gained wealth. The most salient instance of this tendency in the history of the Route is the destruction—the complete wiping out—of the gentle, beautiful, and highly-cultured feudal civilization of the Troubadours by the North French in the thirteenth century.

The wiping out of the civilization of Virginia in the years 1860-65 has had effects infinitely disastrous to our immediate selves. But one may be allowed the speculation that, if some of the civilization of Provence had spread to their immediately Northern neighbours and so to us Nordics, the horrors and catastrophes that have since afflicted us would have progressed at a diminished speed. We should have been spared the Inquisition, the wars of Religion, very likely the Reformation, the counter-Reformation. . . . There is, indeed, no knowing what would not have been the progress of civilization if it had been proved at that moment to St. Dominic and his northern murderers that the plundering of a civilized people on the grounds of their immorality is not really a paying proposition. The Troubadours were subjected to wholesale murder on the grounds that they were heretics; the civilization of the American South was wiped out by other Northerners who preferred to use slaves in a different way. The result of the one catastrophe as of the other is that to-day we are in a condition more miserable, more distracted, more disunited, and, alas, infinitely more bloodthirsty. And do not try to evade the question by saying that this is an exaggeration or a piece of casuistry. It is not. Until the days of Napoleon they still talked of the laws of war and the dictates of humanity and were horrified at the idea that broken glass should be fired from cannon. The chivalry of the chivalric ages was a real thing; the loss of less than six hundred lives at Balaclava sent a thrill of horror round the entire world; the lives of non-combatants were spared whenever possible by the Prussians in the Franco-German War. Even in 1914 traces of belief that the non-combatant was sacred still obtained and rumours of atrocities shook the whole world. . . . The *whole* world. Or to be, for an instant speculative: I do not suppose that if a scientist had offered St. Dominic the use of poison gas at the siege of Béziers he would have refused it. But he would almost certainly have felt remorse similar to that of Bismarck after he had employed it. He showed sometimes some traces of humanity.

But to-day, such has been the gradual growth of cupidity

under the Industrial system and the diminution of sensibility caused by familiarity with the wonders of science, that the most civilized amongst us views with equanimity the fact that our elected rulers are all preparing at this moment—the chosen rulers of each one of us at this moment—this very moment—are preparing planes and bombs that will wipe out the populations of whole cities. Whole populations. . . . Every man, every child, every woman, every child in the womb, every cat, every mouse, every flea, every streptococcus and other bacillus. Don't you think you ought to do something to stop it? Yes, you.

§

"One hundred million dollars of damage has been done to Georgia," writes Sherman in his despatches, "twenty million inured to our benefit, the remainder simply waste and destruction." . . . And again: "War at its best is barbarism, but to involve all—children, old men, women, the helpless—is more than can be justified." Yet he let his army carry on in its rapine—"lest its vigour and energy be impaired."

He let Columbia be burned by his troops who were drunk. He acknowledges that they were drunk. The German troops in Liège and places in 1914 are said to have committed atrocities when they were drunk. I do not know whether they did or did not. But the Great German Staff had at least the decency to deny fierily that their troops were drunk. Sherman, however, let Columbia be burned and then laid the charge against General Hampton, the Confederate General . . . that Hampton had burned Georgia. In his *Memoirs* he says: "Now I confess I did it pointedly to shake the faith of his people in him." . . . Yet General Hampton was a soldier and Sherman passed for a soldier.

§

To save myself the trouble of looking up these passages in Sherman's memoirs and despatches I have copied them from the latest—to date of writing—apologist for Grant. It is incredible that to-day an apologist for Grant could be

found. But just because the writer is an apologist for Grant I will go on to quote his description of the behaviour of Lee in the enemy country.

"Lee issued orders, on arriving in Pennsylvania, that non-combatants were not to be molested, that no houses were to be burned, and that when food was taken it was to be paid for. Lee happened himself to run across one of his men in the act of stealing. He had the man tried and, on being found guilty, he was shot."

General R. E. Lee was a Virginian. Like Washington. And like Jefferson. I make the comment not so much for the sake of Virginia as to emphasize the fact that to be born in an atmosphere of culture is sometimes of advantage . . . and still more that it is an advantage for the world that men should be born in an atmosphere of culture. . . . Because when you read about Lee you feel better . . . and it is good for the world that you should feel better like that. But if you read about Sherman you might say: "After all that is the way wars should be waged." And you might go on to say: "After all it is the more humane way because it shortens wars and so fewer men will be killed."

It was, no doubt, with that end in view that Washington—Lincoln's Government, not the Virginian general—wrote to Sherman: "Should you capture Charleston I hope that by *some accident* the place may be destroyed, and if a little salt should be sown upon its site it may prevent the growth of future crops of nullification and secession." . . . The reader should notice the word "Nullification"; it is a precious light. The writer of that was Henry W. Halleck, but Lincoln has to bear the responsibility for it—along with every civilian who voted for him.

§

I am aware that I show some inconsistency in writing down Grant and Sherman and Sheridan and the rest as murderers whilst at least adumbrating admiration for Lee, who lies in the little chapel at Lexington, or Stonewall Jackson, who died at Chancellorsville and was as brilliant a cavalry general as Ney himself. . . . Or if you like to say that

Chancellorsville was a more brilliant battle than Ney's I will not contradict you. . . . Or perhaps I will, because Ney was pretty wonderful. . . . But, anyhow, Jackson wins out on his last words.

But I am anxious not to present the aspect of a fanatic because fanatics do harm to the causes that have the misfortune to be espoused by them. . . . Or most times. It is as well to say with no uncertain voice that every soldier, general, or impressed private, is a murderer. Every human being who in the future shall employ against his fellow-man any lethal weapon. The soldier is not less guilty than the gangster; he belongs to a larger organization that is all.

But that being said it would be idle to add that it is not lawful to analyse and prefer this or that humanity or expediency of war. Lee deserves well of mankind because he observed the laws of war and the dictates of humanity. . . . They are the "dictates" of humanity, not merely laws or international agreements. Every man in the world is made better by the record of the observation of those dictates. It is unnecessary to tell the world that the writer who recorded the action of Sir Philip Sidney at Zutphen is doing more for humanity than the brilliant short-story writer whom I won't name because he invented and applauded an Allied civilian who refused water to a dying German because of the Belgian atrocities. Quite good writers will write like that when wars are on. . . . That is one reason why one should not wage wars.

§

And, looking at the matter merely from the military point of view, it is merely silly to say that the butchering of civilians shortens wars and is therefore more humane. . . . Or burning their houses or crops or furniture or clothing. I suppose that if you completely wiped out a whole nation, civilians plus armed forces, you might stop a war. But, horrible as they are, modern methods of war are not as efficient as all that—and not-quite-stamped-out peoples develop a philoprogenitiveness, a tenacity of purpose, a vindictiveness. . . . A ruthless conqueror may well shiver

when he thinks what will be the fate of his grandchildren when, against weapons that minute by minute for a century the Scientist has improved in deadliness, they have to begin again on the war that he has just concluded. . . . Look at Austria to-day expiating the faults of Charles V. Consider Ireland, the perpetual thorn in the flesh of Great Britain. Remember France, impotent after Sedan yet remembering for forty years the word "that they must never utter but for ever cherish in their hearts." What has happened to the dynasties that for centuries oppressed and harried Poland? . . . Surely a prudent people waging a war would order their generals, whatever they did, never to enter foreign territory. . . . That at least.

§

I think Franklin did a great deal towards spoiling the world for us when he enunciated the words: "Honesty is the best Policy." It is a horrible truism that Victorian Anglo-Saxondom seized on with the enthusiasm of Gadarene swine rushing to destruction. It is true that honesty pays. If you do not shortweight your customer he will come again . . . and you will get more of his money. So it is with diffidence and misgiving that I utter words that should be truisms: War, then, never pays. Never, never, never. It is like the devil with whom you make bargains thinking that you will get round Him when the date for payment comes. You will never get round Him. You will burn for ever in Hell.

§

But that is only a very surface fact. When Christ told you that you should love your neighbour as yourself, very fortunately—or with the wisdom of a God—He offered as a reward a place in heavenly mansions. . . . Something remote. If He had said that to love your neighbour as yourself is the best policy He would have been a mere precursor of Poor Richard whom no one in the deep interstices of his heart can much respect. Yet nothing is more true than that that is the best policy. You cannot be prosperous if you do not live in a community of prosperous people.

You won't be able to get a good price for your eggs. If you mop up all their goods and money you will have a lot of money but your money will become worth nothing, and you will have a lot of goods but they will be worth nothing because there will be no one to purchase them. You cannot eat much more than a half pound of meat a day. Or sit in more than one chair at once.

These are such truisms that one is ashamed to put them down. Yet they are such truths that the world is dying because no one remembers them.

§

The world is dying because all across it has run the terrible mania for putting everybody but oneself up against a wall. Everybody. . . . Alle Juden, alle Christen, alle Franzosen. . . . Every Jew, Every Wop, every Dago. . . . Tous les Etrangers, les anglais, les boches, les américains. . . . From every State in the world, in every tongue, that one cry mounts to Heaven. . . . That shibboleth has run across the world with a rapidity ten . . . no, but a thousand . . . times greater than the mania that set all Christendom warring against Saracens, Provençaux, Bulgarians, and Moors . . . for the greater glory of the Redeemer and the recovery of His birthplace.

You must kill, you must kill, you must kill. . . . In the first place for the benefit of your fellow-countrymen. . . . I beg pardon, I mean citizens. . . . Then what? You don't much prosper because you have killed your world markets. . . . So what? . . . I will tell you what.

The dizzy air trembles above every one of the nations of Christendom and Heathenesse with yelled aspirations to Heaven for the blood of every inhabitant of every other nation. . . . But beneath that there is another note. . . . In every one of those nations half or part of the nation is beginning to yell for the putting up against the wall of the other half or part . . . and both halves or parts are trembling. In France the whole population is filled with anxiety. In every street Royalists, Fascists, Socialists, Com-

munists are, each within their group, inciting the other to acts of violence . . . and trembling at the thought of what will happen to them if the other fellows win. Over the whole of this country spreads the mighty unease, the Right trembling and arming itself against a Left that trembles at the thought of what the Right is preparing against it . . . and yelling that all the Right must be put against a wall. In Spain a lately oppressed Left enacts reprisals against a fallen Right . . . in a panic at the thought of what the Right will do to it if they are not now exterminated and get back into power. Italy is engaged in murdering the inhabitants of a country to its South. In Japan—at this moment—having learned the Wisdom of the West in the Yoshiwara, Authority is being murdered by the upholders of Authority . . . because Authority has shown reluctance to murder the inhabitants of a country to her South. . . . And we are all starving, and careworn . . . and getting ready for our graves. This is no exaggeration. These colours are by no means overcharged. You can read all about it in the papers. . . . If you can tear yourself away from the Sports pages.

§

Is it worth while? Are the adjectives of execration that I have lavished on the politicians at Geneva not deserved? . . . I selected the politicians at Geneva—which you thought a digression—because I am precluded from criticizing the politicians of this country or of France or of any other country whose hospitality I am likely—at a moderate rate—to enjoy . . . which means to say all the countries of our Great Route except those of my own country. And I am not going to bang the politicians of my own country all by themselves, for they are certainly not more venal pimps and prostitutes than any of the other gentlemen. So it seemed expedient to find a band of politicians of all colours and countries playing their parts in Switzerland, a neutral country outside the Great Route—and one that I shall never willingly visit again.

Is it then worth while? Or good enough? Those fellows

have got us all into this mess. It is time we put an end to them. It is time, that is to say, that we made our voices heard . . . we moderate people who read or write books, visit picture galleries, listen to concerts, weave things on handlooms, make chairs by hand . . . and work on our land. . . . We who are the backbone of our countries, asking nothing of them and giving unceasingly. There is not one of us who wants anyone murdered either wholesale or as individuals ; there is not one of us who is not willing to learn of our handicrafts, arts, and cultivations from the peoples of all the other agglomerations along the Route. And we are the people who survive, who shall come out of the gas-filled cellars and start again on the weary task of rebuilding our civilizations . . . we who have never yet seen any civilization at all. . . . You doubt that we are the people who shall survive the desolation that those disgusting fellows are bringing to pass for all of us. . . . Ah!

§

There is a surprising note to the map showing the Self-Sufficiency and Part-Time farms of the United States—in the publication of the 1930 Census that I have already quoted with so much enthusiasm. It runs :

“The Self-Sufficing farms noted in New Mexico and in South-Western and North-Western South Dakota are Indian farms.”

You would say that it is not very impressive that Indians should be found sufficiency-farming in distant spots. But they will be found all over the country. I was looking this morning by accident at a magazine article on North Carolina. It included a photograph of two charmingly smiling young creatures, with admirable young figures, in bathing dresses, with intelligent Anglo-Saxon—no, too intelligent for Anglo-Saxon, features. They were smiling before plunging into their own river—because they were of the landowning class. . . .

Well, they were Cherokees on their own reservation, the children of self-sufficiency farmers. I do not want to ram the moral home by saying that they are our writing on the wall.

But you may be fairly sure that from time to time they whisper that, permanent as they are, when murders, tariffs, physical degeneration, mental degeneration, and all the other plagues to which we are subject shall have swept us off the earth, they will once more and for good resume their happy hunting-grounds.

§

They probably will, they and the part-time and sufficiency-farming populations that surround them. They have the best climate in the world—that of the 40th parallel N. which runs round the world with hardly any climatic changes. . . . It is a standing grief to me that I cannot find under my hand the text of the report on the climate and soil of inland North Carolina made by the Surveyor-General Lawson at the time of the division of the colony between 1719 and 1729. If it had been myself writing of Provence in my most inspired moments he could not have been more lyrically impassioned. . . . The heavens, the earth, the streams, the fish that swam in them, the wild game, the gentle red men that roamed the forests . . . all these were of a perfection unknown elsewhere upon this weary earth. It is true that Lawson was later burned alive by Indians, but the tribe responsible would seem to have been not the local Cherokees or Creeks but the Yamasseees, who, living under the protection of the Spaniards in Florida, were encouraged to make periodical raids against the Carolinas.

But to see how triumphantly right he was with regard to soil and climate you have only got to turn to the maps on part-time and sufficiency farming in *Types of Farming in the United States*, pp. 62 and 65. You will there observe that in the North-East corner of Georgia, the Western borders of North Carolina, the Eastern of Tennessee, the whole Eastern border of Kentucky, and even on the East of Western Virginia in spots, the self-sufficing plus the part-time farms must account for the thick-set agricultural population in the United States . . . and the most stable, the most contented, and the most prosperous, if cash be not taken as the sole criterion of prosperity.

I will, while I am about it, make one or two more deductions from *Types of Farming* and its accompanying maps. The soils of this region are nearly all either alluvial or residual—taking “residual” to mean the products of disintegration of water-borne rocks, the soils as a whole being heavyish—such as in England are called “good-hearted” and in France would be described as “of the foothills”—a rolling, semi-upland, extending from the lower levels of mountains to a sea . . . as Provence and the Narbonnais do from the Alps to the Mediterranean in valleys and monticules and the Piedmont Plateau itself running from the Appalachians to the Atlantic. This system extends from North-Eastern New Jersey to central Alabama—the portions with which we are immediately interested lying amidst most and being at its widest in that tract. The portions of New Jersey and Eastern Pennsylvania, Maryland and Alabama that fall within the geological system are devoted mostly to truck, fruit, dairy, and poultry cash-farming rather because of their accessibility from great cities than from any special adaptability to such pursuits.

(As we shall shortly be running up the Shenandoah Valley, I may as well here make the note that all that relatively western territory, extending parallel with the Piedmont Plateau from Northern Alabama to New Jersey—the eastern Tennessee Valley, the Kentucky Blue Grass country, and the Cumberland and Lebanon Valleys—which are the northerly prolongations of the Shenandoah Valley in Virginia, are, as to soil, of limestone origin. This gives to all the contours of these districts their striking resemblance to the downland regions along the South Coast of England and the corresponding downlands of North France and their astonishing fertility in the realm of cash—stock, horse, burley and general—farming . . . a fertility which they share with the European districts above-named. . . . *Types of Farming* makes the note that in the uplands of Arkansas and Missouri belonging geologically to this district “small general and self-sufficing farms are quite common.” This only means that self-sufficing farms are crowded out of this district by heavily capitalized specialty farms—as they are

in the Northern and Southern extremities and the Delaware, Maryland, and Tidewater Virginia districts by more or less heavily capitalized cash, truck, poultry, fruit, and dairy farming. But it by no means implies that the whole of these two districts—including even the North of New Jersey—are not perfectly suited in climate and soil to the part-time and self-sufficing farmer. He is merely crowded out by men or corporations of heavier metal.

§

The admirable soils of these parallel districts are blessed with rainfalls and potential growing hours as follows:

The Piedmont region nearly as a whole receives 40 to 50 annual inches of rain, a narrow strip of the Tidewater Carolinas averaging 55, a small portion of Virginia only 35. The Shenandoah Valley system also averages 40 to 50 inches, which we may call an ideal rainfall for countries of the Great Route that are not liable to frequent droughts. Central Tennessee, most of Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas have a slightly greater rainfall, the Louisiana coast line running to as high as 80.

Now as to the number of days in the year on which you may expect your crops to grow. . . . Except in the corner of Tennessee round Memphis—which is the Western extremity of our travels . . . in the greater part of Tennessee, then; in the North of Alabama, Arkansas, and Georgia; in the greater part of North Carolina, Virginia, Delaware, and Maryland, and even along a tiny strip of New Jersey and Long Island proper, the average length of the growing season is stated by *Types of Farming* to be from 180 to 210 days—which seems to be about the ideal length for part-time and even for sufficiency farming. In a tiny corner of the Virginia coast, all of the North Carolina coast, all of South Carolina, except its southern coast line; in central Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and the Memphis corner of Tennessee, the average length of the growing season is from 210 to 240 days. To the South of those districts, i.e. on the southern part of the South Carolina sea districts, the whole of the Florida, Louisiana, and Gulf of Mexico

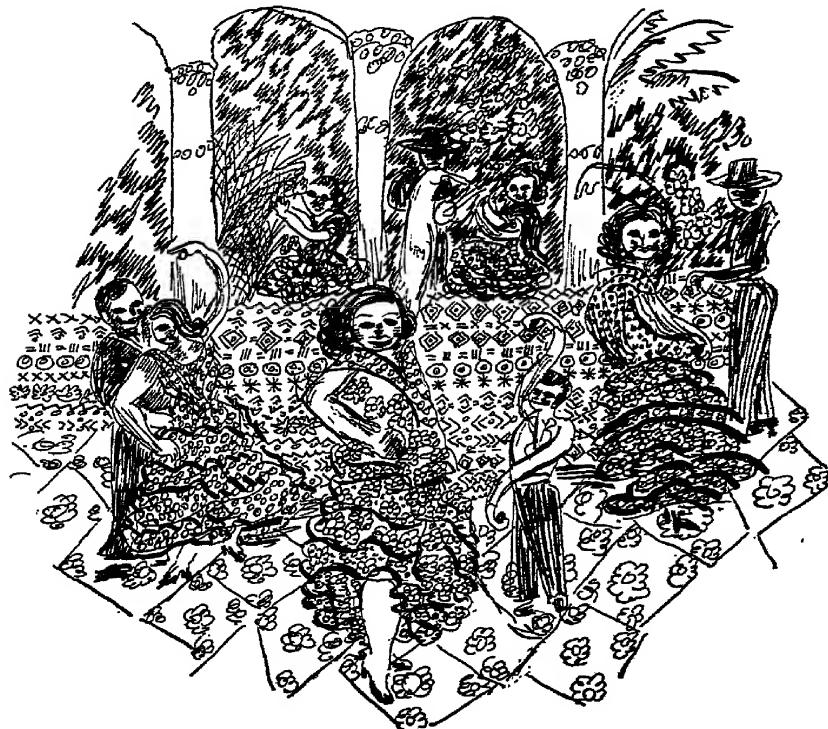
coasts, as far as the United States is concerned, the average growing season is anything from 240 to as many days as you like in the year. This means that all that great tract is given over to cash-specialty farming—the growth of tobacco, cotton, rice, citrus fruits—the oranges of Florida being as good as any you can find in the world . . . which is saying a good deal from me who grow my own oranges and in good years eat as many as a dozen or a dozen and a half a day. . . . Not all of my own growing.

Thus, in all these Southern-South districts, as in the Shenandoah Valley and its continuations, as long as cash farming continues to be practicable, capitalized or quasi-capitalized—share-cropping—forms of farming will continue to prevail. But I have lately seen the ruin of the South predicted with authority. Apparently the invention of a cotton-picking machine is to give Australia the chance to ruin Southern cotton; ever-increasing tariffs will enable Europe and the East to stop for ever the export of all kinds of Southern tobacco—and the same with rice. . . . How all that may turn out I do not know. . . . But I do know that the statistics I may seem to have introduced rather arbitrarily into a work that should be light and entertaining—those statistics prove without any shadow of a doubt that, as far as America is concerned, the whole of the land we are going through from North New Jersey to Memphis, Baton Rouge, Natchez and thence to the port of embarkation for the Madeiras—practically every inch of that great territory is absolutely suited to cultivation by the Small Producer—the combination of Self-Sufficing, Part-Time, artist, craftsman, productivity. . . . For the new Golden Age.

§

Exactly the same climatic and soil conditions prevail—from the average 180 day average growth, 50 to 60 inch average rainfall, on limestone soil of the English South Coast to the 365 day average growth, 60 to 80 inch rainfall, residual-soiled foothills of the Alps in Provence and Liguria we have flitted through and shall flit through again before we are done . . . exactly the same conditions, then, prevail

along the whole of the older part of the Great Route. . . . I don't know that the Western loop has not the advantage in that the greater part of its rainfalls takes place in the summer. But I don't know that that is not counterbalanced by the fact that in Provence, the Narbonnais, the fertile parts of Spain and Portugal, Liguria and all round the



"BULL-FIGHTS, ANDALUSIAN FIESTAS, BANK HOLIDAYS"

Mediterranean to Jaffa—wherever, in short, the Romans once ruled—we have been for, say, two thousand years evolving a Small Producing frame of mind . . . and with the appropriate beanfeasts, saturnalia, bull-fights, Andalusian fiestas, bank holidays, feasts of the Church, set all round the year like jewels in a ring.

§

For, whatever you may think me, do not think of me as a

kill-joy. If I were Mr. Wells I should here see a vision . . . which is difficult because we are just running into Bristol and the spectacle of factory horrors is destructive to visions. . . . For Virginia too has a few regions of savagery . . . two or three "largests" . . . the largest clay-pipe factory in the world, for instance. . . .

But we may here get something to eat before plunging into Tennessee. . . . There may be something open. . . .

But it was not to be. . . . By a miracle we arrived on time—at 11.45—but . . . The patient New Yorker is making some remarks. . . .

. . . I had better get on with my vision.

I see then this great band of the northern hemisphere—and naturally other parts of the southern—closely occupied with part-timers, prosperous, contented, industrious but not too industrious, efficient but not by any means too efficient, outside the arts, crafts, or cultures. With relatively little attention to intensive cultivation this band could support and house all the populations of the world. . . . It is astonishing how little ground can support a man. If one cares to believe the scientists amongst farmers—like the consulting agrobiologist, Mr. O. W. Willcox of Iowa—the whole world could be fed off Central Park. . . . At least, that is not exactly what he says, but his message may be summed up in the words of his Introducer, Mr. Alvin Johnson. . . . "The ruthless application to the best lands of the best (agrobiological) methods within our reach would throw more than four-fifths or more of our farm lands out of use and expel four-fifths of our farm population from the open country." . . . A vision that I confess to finding disagreeable. And another scientist wrote to me the other day to say that in his twenty-by-twenty backyard he had grown as much wheat as could be produced by ordinary farming methods on fourteen acres of good limestone soil. . . .

Well, we should have to stop short of that. . . . And it must be remembered that food manured with chemical manures—except guano nitrates—is not the same as food produced by ordinary intensive cultures, lacking flavour

and, as a rule, the characteristic consistency of natural products. . . . Still, I am not to be taken as maniacally opposed to all artificial manuring. I use it occasionally myself in a country where natural manure is, owing to inaccessibility, difficult to obtain . . . often enough, indeed, to be able to say without any doubt at all that melons, sweet corn, egg-plant, and strawberries chemically manured crop a very little more heavily and are markedly flavourless as compared with the same fruits and vegetables when naturally produced. You will not find these dicta confirmed by scientists or large cash-growers—but I may be taken to be fairly impartial. I mean that I should welcome anything that would rationally reduce the hours of work needed for agriculture on condition that the quality of the food did not suffer as it has hitherto suffered.

§

Not overcrowded then—for I must repeat that the only certain remedy for over-population is increasing the standard of living of a population. . . . Not overcrowded, sufficiently, not injuriously occupied, there is no reason why upon the Great Route the Golden Age should not revive itself—merchants, pedlars, and gipsies and all. I do not see that there would be any necessity to suppress the great towns. A certain metropolitan spirit is a necessity in the world—it is, indeed, Civilization itself. New York, Paris, London, Rome are cultural necessities of the Route and there is no reason except local jealousies why the South itself should not evolve a Metropolis. There would, indeed, be every reason why she should if she is to contain the greater part of the population of the country. But the great cities would become essentially pleasure, night-life and art centres, losing completely their administrative and industrial aspects. . . . What little administration there was—for we should have reduced that to a minimum in the hands of part-time Administrators chosen by lot or merely hereditary, I don't care which—might perfectly well be conducted from Washington for the West . . . and after all, why not Geneva for the East? . . . It might be as well to have your

Administrative centre a disagreeable city in a disagreeable climate—so as to prevent men from too much desiring to become Administrators. On the other hand, home life would be probably so agreeable that it might be difficult to find people ready to assume the ignoble job of Administration. But with Geneva to cure the one type and Washington to attract the others we might do pretty well.

All other agglomerations except seaports and university, historical and beautiful towns would gradually disappear; towns like Pittsburg or Leeds being assisted in their disappearance. . . . And, your work for the supporting of yourself being reduced to a minimum, there would be no reason why you should not spend a third or a half or two-thirds of the year in travelling. That would be a mere matter of arrangement with your neighbours. . . . Or you could spend it in pacing trackless solitudes, galloping on mustangs round stock, baring your he-male breast to the breeze off the waste spaces. Or you could be a member—or the conductor—of a football team on a cup-tie tour in Eastern Persia, or of your local opera troupe to La Scala in Milan. . . . Or you might even be permitted to gain millions and millions of gold poker chips at Monte Carlo and billions of dollars' worth of the stock of deceased Utility Corporations on Wall Street. Or, after obtaining the necessary certificates of character and attainments, you might, if your tastes lay that way, become a pedlar and pass your life travelling between Memphis and Cathay. . . . I think I should put in for that. . . . And yet . . .

You know, sitting in this bus between Bristol and Knoxville, in the black night I am surely travelling. . . . But beneath the pins and needles that have invaded my whole frame goes another tingling. . . . It is getting on for June. . . . I start so that the head of the elderly gentleman from Staunton gets a jolt on my knees. . . . What is that fool doing with my vines? . . . Over there where it is already dawn long past and the song of the nightingale mixes with the sound of the surf from the Mediterranean. . . . And even my mustard and cress in the soup-tureen in New York must be dried up by now. . . .

IV

I ASK YOU . . .

WHEN I for the first time attained to the city of my dreams—and that was not on this journey—the first thing that struck my imagination very forcibly was Mrs. Tate standing in the attitude of the statue of the French Republic—or to the French War Dead—whichever it is that the bus passes in the yard of the Louvre. . . . The white statue nearest the statue of Lafayette presented to the French Nation by the Ladies of the South. . . .

Mrs. Tate had that same air, compounded of the expression of a Mænad and the attitude of Niobe who, as you remember, mourned for her children . . . one foot and one arm stretched forward, offering me, not a laurel crown but a small cellophane-enveloped yellow packet. Behind her, in an attitude of scholarly reserve, was Mr. Allen Tate, looking at the ground, and melancholy, one knee bent. . . . In precisely the attitude of British privates awaiting the order, at a military funeral, to fire a blank volley over the coffin. And Mrs. Tate thrust that packet into my hand exclaiming in a voice that combined tremor, sob, and the high note that characterizes the ladies of the F.F.V. in moments of emotion:

“I ask you!”

§

I wish I could manage to tell two anecdotes at once. For if that one narrates my first and strongest emotion in Memphis of the Mississippi, my strongest emotion, after my childhood, in connection with the State itself came to me in France during the first Battle of the Somme. My battalion was marching into the line; the goat—not the magnificent white one with the silver shield between its horns that had been given to the Regiment by Edward VII—but a little, thin, Picardy nanny that had adopted the battalion and ran always in front of us of its own accord—the goat, then, preceded the scratch band we had got together, jumping now

and then into the hedges on either side of the road when it saw a particularly attractive rag or tin can. And suddenly the band dropped giving the drum and fife effect and, just before it was timed to fall out and let us go on, that ragtime collection—and every man sang too . . . heavens, didn't they sing! And what voices the Welsh have!—that ragtime collection of musicians burst out with:

"Way down in Tennessee, that's where I'd like to be,
On my old Mammie's knee; she thinks the world of me.
And when they meet me, when they meet me, just imagine how
they'll greet me
When I get back, when I get back . . ."

Only we sang "if" instead of "when." . . . And I assure you the State of Tennessee would have felt complimented if it had known how sincerely we 678 men—who were soon to be not more than 215—desired to find ourselves within her border. . . . Not even the professional Tennessean lady whom I met in Boston and who told me she was dying because she was not in Knoxville and that I had never, never in my life seen such a magnificent sight as the local doughboys marching through Nashville in 1917 . . . not even she could have more wanted to be in Knoxville . . . than we did.

But isn't that song a queer instance of how culture travels backwards and forwards along the Route?

§

At that time—in July 1916—I had never been in Tennessee. I had never, indeed, been further West in Virginia than Staunton, which struck me as the pleasantest city in either the State or the States. I had meant to go on to Lexington. But we had ridden on horseback—yes, it was that long ago—from Charlottesville, and I had watched for a couple of days the representative of a relative, on the local loose floors. He was buying tobacco for the French Régie and I was thinking, then, of going, as the saying was, into tobacco, and it was lots of fun. But the buying took longer than we had expected and we had to give up going on, so it was not

till many years later that I saw that Carcassonne of the West. . . . I mean Lexington. Thus I always imagined it as resembling the place that heard the shot . . . which is



"SMILING DARKIES IN A THICK TROPICAL VEGETATION"

good enough in its way. . . . And in just the same way Tennessee until four or five years ago was, in my imagination, a scene of innumerable and smiling darkies in a thick

tropical vegetation of odd trees and lianas and mangoes and thatched African jungle-huts and gleaming white teeth and eyebrows. . . . Something steaming and tropical and Swanee Riverish—going to the tune of Dixie.

§

So that to plunge straight out of Virginia into her western neighbour is to receive an effect of muted strings—not so much by contrast with the stretch of country between Abingdon—which is a pleasant little place—and Bristol, which isn't—as because one is slightly dismayed by finding oneself on an upland road with, apparently, Chanctonbury Ring, straight from Sussex in England, on a range of downs perhaps four miles distant. It was here, or hereabouts, that Tennessee made the nearly fatal grab at me that I have recounted in the early pages of the book. . . . And shooting past the very spot in this hurtling charabanc, I have to shiver a little. Supposing Tennessee should again have a shot at my life. . . . I hasten to compound with the State by pointing out that, according to *Types of Farming*, the average rainfall of most of the State is of the normal Great Route perfection and has the advantage of occurring in bulk, mostly in the summer months. But, as to the little corner that contains Memphis itself I have to remain unrepentant. There rain, heat, and the average length of the growing season exaggerate themselves with the result, I suppose, that Memphis is the Metropolis of King Cotton, and the hippopotammon—the o being long as in the Greek omega—can there tranquilly reproduce their kind . . . and the rain distributes itself through the year. And there, too, a certain luxuriance appears to creep into Nature and domestic affairs. . . . I have a vision of a planter's house . . . of several planters' houses, but one in particular just out of Memphis . . . that was everything that a planter's house on a great plantation should be to satisfy the European appetite . . . and me. . . . A big house dating, I should think for the most part, from since the war, with big rooms, one in particular enormous and lit by large paned windows from both ends, with a bluish atmosphere, and great logs

burning in a high fireplace. . . . It was raining. . . . And, what was most material, seen through the large plate-glass windows, a perfect wilderness of vegetation—creepers climbing over tall trees that thrust their arms to heaven as if they had been men putting on heavy coats, and a profusion of enlarged European flowers and flowers from the Bermudas and flowers that I supposed were indigenous. And peacocks wandered nonchalantly in and out of the room, and it was quiet, and profuse, and hospitable. . . . A life seeming to run on wheels in a deep shade.

§

But most of Tennessee seemed to me to be by comparison . . . let me put it . . . anxious. It was perhaps because the professional Tennesseans seemed to be too declamatory to be very convincing. Or it may have been that I was making—a possibly very false—historic deduction from the relatively late settlement of the State. . . . Or perhaps from books that I had read. . . . Or perhaps it was merely because the State was really passing through a bad time. At any rate, I seemed to feel the whole country as it were abstracted and as if listening . . . as a farmer sitting by his fireside does not pay much attention to what is going on round him because he is listening for sounds from the barn where a heifer is doing not too well with a first calf . . . or for any other bad news.

§

And it does not seem to me that the states of the South that were, roughly speaking, extensions of the Old Dominion out of which Maryland and Delaware and the Carolinas were carved—that the post-revolutionary States, Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, and even Georgia, can ever have had the air of settled and tranquil wealth that obtains to-day in all the States of the Old Dominion, except perhaps North Carolina. . . . Louisiana and Florida were, of course, in another category.

Roughly speaking, Tennessee should have been approaching some sort of settled wealth between 1825 and 1830. . . .

But the Tariff of Abominations was enacted in 1828 and William Lloyd Garrison founded the *Liberator* in Boston in 1831. The one struck a deathblow and the other sounded as it were the passing knell not merely of the great quasi-feudal estates but of any possible prosperity for the South.

§

Let us deal very cursorily with the question of negro slavery before going on to the real Abominations of the world. For, believe me, all the evils from which to-day we suffer came from tariffs—though whether the first malignity between human beings preceded the first tariffs or whether the first tariffs caused the first malignity is as difficult a question as which came first, the hen or the egg. . . .

The question of slavery comes only very incidentally into our immediate purview. It was—or to be more exact the method of its abolition in the South was—one of the contributory causes to the existence of the prodigious stranglehold that the Industrial System has established over our comity of nations. But if the Nordic section of this continent and their sympathizers in the Eastern hemisphere had not at the instance of their commercial subsidizers raised a sort of religious afflatus against the peculiar institution in the South, the Civil War, which was merely a struggle between two commercial interests, would never have taken place. And the war was a very great calamity for all humanity. It gave a tremendous impetus towards mass-production—and it heightened the rate at which humanity was already going towards the belief that murder was the most efficient method of securing for the murderer the possessions of his neighbours, whether fellow-countrymen or beyond the artificial boundaries called national. It rendered Peace impossible.

§

Let us begin at once by saying that it is abhorrent that one human being should be the property of another. Let us even premise that it is a natural abhorrence such as all created beings feel for the excrement of their species or all human

beings for the reptilia that crawl upon their bellies. That is perhaps going too far, since by all the great civilizations of the past slavery was regarded with equanimity. But let us concede it, for our space grows short. Or let us say that Humanity since then has developed a different moral sense.



"HERE SURELY SPEAKS THE NEMESIS OF AFRICA"

Or let us say merely that Humanity shudders—as I really do—at the thought of the incurable wound to the body politic that is caused whenever one race enslaves another.

There is a point on one of the inextricable tangle of country roads in Tennessee where, whenever I have passed it, a voice seems to say:

"Here speaks the Nemesis of Africa."

For, whatever you believe or disbelieve in the Hebraic compilation that we call Holy Writ, guard yourself from shaking off the belief that God visits the sins of the children unto the third and fourth generation: and if there were no God the effects would be the same. . . .

A car approaches that spot rather sensationally, going perforce with caution down a steep, bad road on a bankside and having to pass over a level-crossing onto a right-angle turn. So that, rather suddenly, the car still hesitating, you see a great tree, its foliage very far from the ground and, sheltering beneath it, a row of what in a London slum would be called squalid tenements. They are the old barracks provided by the local slave-dealer for newly arrived slaves. The local inhabitants appear to regard them without emotion but, myself, I have never passed them without seeing them all in black—as if a sable patch surrounded that spot in a valley bottom.

Please understand. I am not a philanthropist, I am a moralist very amateur. I have no noble faith and no glorious aims. I desire simply to see things in this world—its public affairs—conducted in a ship-shape fashion. As far as I know the African slaves in the American South did not have too bad a time. . . . Except for a short period in South Carolina, before the evolution of the rice-husking mill and the cotton gin, negroes being cheap then, a slave was a valuable piece of property. He was worth more than a pedigree cow or a prize blood-horse—and he was more productive. So it stands to common sense that he was treated as well as such a beast, with the idea of keeping him in as good working mettle, and preserving his life as long as possible. No doubt there were Sadist planters in that day . . . but Southern public opinion no more tolerated a man who was habitually brutal to his negroes than to-day it would tolerate a man who was habitually cruel to his cattle or his cats and dogs. . . . That is the merest common sense. . . . It is impossible to think that in a social organization that produced Jefferson and Washington—who were both slave-owners—even though it died at the hands of a Grant, who was also one, if a very small one—it is impossible to

think that in such a social organization anything else could have been the case. . . . You may take as suggestive details that the negroes were always referred to as "servants" and that it was considered as disgraceful to send a married negro down the river without his wife as to manhandle him.

Beyond that I do not want to defend the Southern system of slavery. But I do want to attack the methods of the abolitionists and of the manufacturers who were behind them and I can see no word to offer in defence of the hysteria of their methods. . . . That slavery could not have existed into the present day is obvious. It could not have because it was uneconomic and public opinion would have done its work. Jefferson himself introduced three measures into Congress for the abolition of slavery and the modification of its system. He only succeeded in passing one of them—that providing that no newly imported negroes should be allowed to be sold in Virginia. . . . And Jefferson, if he was ahead of his time, would not, had events been allowed to take a normal course, have been so far ahead as all that. Even before the Tariff of Abominations it had dawned on the more far-seeing planters that slave labour was not really economically sound. Slave labour is seldom very efficient and even without that the prices of non-agricultural products were gradually hardening. Cash-farming was in fact doomed even in that early day.

The majority of the plantations were not self-sufficient. Even the small, solitary North Carolina farmers began, with the development of tin ware, to depend on the pedlars for minor necessities. The war of 1812, excluding all imports, gave an immense fillip to the sale of New England part-time manufactured goods such as the pedlars carried, and caused naturally a rise in prices. The part-time manufacturing in the North began very gradually to change into the factory system which, by 1830, was already formidably developed. Peddling—which was the chief mode of sale of the factories as well as of the home-manufactures . . . peddling, then, became an organized commercial system, supporting minor capitalists who established depots at the ends of the great roads on which heavy waggons could

travel and going to outlying districts in light carts or on horse- or mule-back. In the very early years of the century pedlars' depots for the sale of Northern goods were established as far afield as Natchez.

The clothes, winter footwear, hats, and tools of the slaves of the great plantations were as a rule made *in situ* by journeymen workers who travelled on foot with no gear but their tools. A journeyman shoemaker would carry with him only his awls, hammers, and a tree or two. He would put up on the plantation and his leather and heel-ball and thread—which afterwards became wooden pegs—would be found for him by the planter. . . . The prices of labour and of commodities rose steadily.

The rise in the price of labour could be met by training negroes as handicraftsmen, for hire. Before the war in Charleston, Baltimore, and New Orleans, negro handicraftsmen outnumbered white glaziers, painters, shoemakers, tailors. In addition freed slaves, of whom there were nearly a million just before the war, competed disastrously with the white handicraftsmen, many setting up in business for themselves. Thus was evolved the numerous class of poor whites whose existence is even to-day a more lugubrious problem than that of the negroes themselves. In addition gangs of Irish peasants, themselves decayed cash-farmers, were employed in the draining of swamps and other occupations too unhealthy for the employment of valuable slaves and too laborious for the enfeebled poor whites.

The whole problem was itself almost insoluble by the human brain; nevertheless, without the intervention of the hysterias of the Garrisons and Beecher Stowes and their supporters the negro problem might very well have solved itself, for even without the tariffs the planter system of the South must have been ruined by the rise of the industrial North. The more elevated minds of the South had never favoured the existence or extension of negro slavery—Jefferson's Ordinance had decreed that slavery should never be permitted in the territories now stretching from Ohio to Wisconsin. Jefferson Davis himself, a delicate, almost

sickly thinker, formed his own slaves, before the war, into a self-governing miniature republic, letting them do their own punishing before a tribunal of their own. Not a single vote in favour of slavery could be found in the convention that settled the constitution of California, though a large proportion of the voters were Southerners. It had become evident to many of the planters that they would be better off if they hired free negro labour than if they had to be responsible for the complete support of hosts of relatively idle retainers largely for the sake of pomp and circumstance.

It was, in fact, merely the friction set up by the professional moralists that hardened the planters in their ways. Unthreatened slavery must have died of itself; threatened and violently abolished, it has ruined the world.

And it has to be remembered that the planters were perfectly honourable holders for title of a difficult class of merchandise. They were in the position of myself when W. H. Hudson upbraided me for keeping—in as luxurious a manner as I could devise—African finches in London. What was I to do with them? I could not re-export them to Africa. If I did they would be unable to subsist, having been born in captivity. I treated them better than they were treated by the bird merchants. They were certain of food, they had plenty of space in which to fly, they were protected from the hawks, reptiles, and rodents, the fear of whom made their lives miserable in their original homes that they had not seen for generations.

I know that there is a further commercial argument that could be employed against me—but the planters were not very wicked people if they did not perceive that. And for the rest the situations of my finches and their negroes were almost exactly parallel. They could well ask what, if they expelled from the luxurious cages their idle dependants . . . what would become of them. What indeed? They would have but one resort—to become the paid, un-slave employees of the North. . . . But by 1855, in New York alone, there were more than ten thousand destitute children of industrial workers roaming the streets in bands. . . . Does that not have a rather familiar sound to-day?

And it must not be forgotten that the moral revolt from slavery was not so very universal even by 1860 after all the incitements of Garrison and Mrs. Stowe—who had never been in the South or seen a slave. Nor, indeed, was it much more existent in the slaves themselves. The number of slaves who attempted to escape by the underground passage was ludicrously small . . . a few thousands in the course of years out of a negro population of three millions. . . . And during the five years of the war that population left in charge of the women, children, homes, and treasures of their absent masters committed not a single recorded outrage against any of them.

It is therefore not to be wondered that the leaders of the North like Lincoln or Grant—who were familiar with the traditions of the South and themselves of Southern origin—it is not to be wondered at that they were not enthusiastically in favour of the abolition of slavery, though Lincoln himself was determined on the war for economic reasons.

In one of his stump speeches when preparing for his presidential campaign Lincoln says :

“There is a physical difference between the white and black races which will for ever forbid the white and the black races living together in social or political equality. There must be a position of inferior and superior and I am in favour of assigning the superior position to the white man.”

It is true that the speech was delivered in Charleston. . . . But even his inaugural speech contains the better known statement that he had no purpose directly or indirectly to interfere with the institution of slavery . . . that he had neither the right nor the inclination. And as late as his resolution of 1862 slavery was not abolished in the States that had not seceded and seceding States were offered compensation if they consented to the abolition of slavery. As for Grant, when he was the broken-down hanger-on of his wife’s Southern relatives, he attempted to sell his wife’s slaves—there were only two—but without success.

The fact is that slavery, if it made the war possible by enraging the peoples of both the South and North and digging

a moral gulf between the two sections, was in almost no sense the occasion of the war, so that we may here drop the subject after a quite superficial examination. The war itself was a mere incident in an immensely prolonged struggle between two undesirable world tendencies whose end, lamentably, is not yet and whose beginning—if it ever had a beginning—must in the modern world be looked for in the establishment of the Virginia Company in seventeenth-century England . . . or, in the ancient world when first the image of a cow was stamped on a piece of silver.

Before Raleigh—and with Raleigh himself—the world-ideal of securing increased wealth was murder and rapine. Columbus and his successors had no ideas of agricultural colonization. They expected to plunder and later to exploit mines. The taking of slaves was done with a view to increasing domestic comfort and circumstance or to obtain workers in those mines. The idea was indeed mildly abhorrent in European circles; and Hawkins, introducing the virus of the primordial African curse into the veins of the Old Dominion, never conceived of selling slaves into the England even of his day.

But the first American colonists were the first instruments of the first merchants to have the idea of mass cash-farming, and the civilization of to-day—what little there is of it—is dying of the struggle between cash-farming and mass industrial production. Slavery is merely an incident in a price struggle in which cash-farming *must* be worsted. It must inevitably . . . even without tariffs. With the institution of tariffs the ruin must be not only inevitable but incredibly rapid. . . . As long, that is to say, as a cash-agricultural population is sufficiently numerous to stave off the Protection that is the ideal of civic cash industrial producers cash-farming is on a basis of fair equality. It is a necessity for the urban manufacturer just as the products of the urban manufacturer are a necessity to the cash-farmer. The cash-farmer, that is to say, *must* have everything but the specialty that he produces by purchase from the cash mass producer. Everything without exception . . . agricultural implements, household utensils, clothes, articles of every kind of luxury

Congress and the trouble seemed to be solved by Henry Clay. That statesman introduced into the Senate the Compromise Tariff Act by which tariffs were reduced sufficiently to conciliate Boston and the South whilst the North were appeased by the retention of at least the principle of protection.

In 1845 Texas was annexed with the usual fatal hastening of the deterioration of public morals as a result. It led immediately to the inglorious war with Mexico, as to which someone has said that the population of the United States has since spent its time trying to forget it. The Southern States saw in the annexation of Mexico a hope for the extension of a great slave-owning territory in that country. The Wilmot proviso forbidding slavery in Mexico was defeated; the agitation for the proviso caused the foundation of the Republican party.

The discovery of gold in California caused a large population to swarm in 1848 into that territory. It became the 31st State in 1850.

The disappointment caused to the South by the refusal of California to sanction slavery was compensated for by the Fugitive Slave Law which legalized the arrest of escaped slaves in non-slave States. But the real knell of the South had been already rung by the discovery of gold in California. Nearly all this gold went into the Northern States and subsidized enormous industrial enterprises and public undertakings, whereas the South, in no way enriched, fell extraordinarily behind the other States in the matter of wealth. The comparative valuations of property in the North and the South showed such an enormous contrast as to seem almost farcical. A Southern anti-slave thinker who represented the poorer—but not yet poor—white population of the South estimated the value of land in New Jersey at 21·3 times that of land in South Carolina. . . . That is probably an exaggeration, but probably not by much.

In 1854, during the presidency of Franklin Pierce, two new territories, those of Kansas and Nebraska, were declared, the Act providing for what was then called squatter-sovereignty—that is to say, that the inhabitants had to decide

for themselves whether or no they should have slavery. A rehearsal of the Civil War took place, it being signalized by the sack of Lawrence by "border ruffians"; and the battle of Osawatomie, in which abolitionists, led by John Brown, committed a number of murders. In 1857 James Buchanan, an irresolute Democrat, became President and in the same year the Supreme Court delivered the Dred Scott decision. This declared that according to the Constitution of the United States neither negro slaves nor their descendants whether slaves or free were eligible for citizenship. The Missouri Compromise was also declared unconstitutional.

In the meanwhile the sudden influx of gold had had its normal results in the North and terrible commercial disorganization and distress stalked abroad throughout the country.

Public business had come almost to a standstill. Days on end were taken up in both Houses of the legislature by the howlings of imprecations from one side of the chambers to the other, and the imprecations ended inevitably in assaults. The South was enraged to breaking-point by the murders at Osawatomie and the fact that Texas and Nebraska had finally gone abolitionist—the territories being in neither case in any way suited to slave labour. The North was reduced to despair and to threats of secession by the unceasing series of commercial failures and by the results of the Dred Scott case. A secession convention was called in Worcester, Mass., but was unable to meet, the State being unable to find funds for the expenses. In Canada John Brown held a convention of two and propounded a "Provisional Constitution and Ordinance for the People of the United States." William Lloyd Garrison in the *Liberator* called incessantly either for secession or the abolition of the Constitution. Of what good, he cried, is it to live under a Constitution when the Constitution itself makes you slaves to insupportable laws? As against that the leading statesmen of the South were shouting that they would not be the slaves of laws that should take their slaves from them.

In the meanwhile, beneath the surface smouldered the bitterness engendered by "nullification." The business men

of the North cared nothing whatever whether the South should or should not have slaves as long as they submitted to tariffs, which, they said, alone could save the trade of the country. That is why Halleck in his suggestions that Sherman should burn Charleston to the ground and sow its site with salt spoke of it as the birthplace of nullification and secession but forgot to adopt Garrison's phrase: "the viper's nest of the peculiar institution."

In October, John Brown, with his army of less than a score of men, seized the Federal arsenal at Harper's Ferry and entrenched himself in the fire station. It is fair to say that Garrison and the more reasonable heads of the Abolitionist Movement did not give him financial support when they learned that his scheme called for the complete massacre of the slave-holding population at the hands of a negro rising. . . . Brown succeeded in killing a free negro and the mayor of Harper's Ferry. Federal Marines under an officer called R. E. Lee eventually extracted Brown and his men from the fire station and Brown was hanged on December 2, 1859. The North had its solitary martyr and the South had two more to add to the long roll of men that Brown had murdered . . . the free negro and the mayor. One does not hear that their souls went marching on.

§

In November 1860 Abraham Lincoln of Illinois was elected the first Republican President of the United States. He received all but three of the electoral votes of the Northern States and none at all from the Southern ones.

On December 20, 1860, South Carolina seceded from the Union and by January 1861 Mississippi, Florida, Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, and North Carolina had followed the hornet State. Texas came in in February, Virginia not till April, and Tennessee and Arkansas in May. A provisional Confederate Government had been formed in February and Jefferson Davis was installed as its President. He was a man of the scholarly type, a very bad judge of men, obstinate rather than resolute, hampered by constant ill-health.

His Government was, above all, anxious to avoid war and

immediately after the accession of Lincoln tried to open negotiations with the Federal Government. Lincoln, on the other hand, determined on war, refused any negotiations at all and despatched warships for the coercion of Charleston. The Southern Government was thus forced into the technically unfortunate position of firing the first shot . . . which they did on Fort Sumter, an unfinished harbour fortification in which the Federal garrison of the port had taken refuge. Had they waited until Lincoln's battleships arrived they must have lost Charleston and South Carolina as they had lost Baltimore and Maryland. But the firing, not on the fort but on the flag—for no one was killed on either side . . . that technical insult to Old Glory was skilfully used by Lincoln as a fiery cross to call for the rising of the Northern Clans which till then—if we regard as Clans the bulk of the industrial classes of the North—had remained rather surlily indifferent to the situation. . . . The war was, in essence, on both sides an Employers' War, the Industrial Employers of the North having the better war-cries whilst the cause of the Planters was hampered by political intrigues and the temperamental incapacity of their civilian leaders. In its purposes the war reproduces all the other wars that have harried the surface of the Great Route. It was the incursion for plunder of a climatically unpleasing North with ideals of enormous wealth into a region beneath the 40th parallel N. where life was easy, traditions strong, and great wealth by no means either desired or necessary for the leading of an agreeable, highly stylized life. . . . The parallel with, say, the conquest of Provence by the North French is exact. The civilization of the Troubadours was of a highly cultured feudal type, its wealth based on agriculture. In each case the North made skilful use of a moral cry to induce enthusiasm in a rather indifferent world; and again in each case the result, as far as our world of to-day is concerned, was the blotting out of a fairly satisfactory political system and a traditional civilization of a certain beauty . . . in the case of Provence of a very great beauty indeed. . . . And as a result, in Provence as in the South, you have had the spectacle of a

subject population staging a comeback to real prosperity by means of truck-gardening—and cultivating local arts. . . . And once more, to-day in both cases, the prosperity of either set of truck-gardeners is threatened by the tariff wars of their northern neighbours.

§

One may make the further paralleling note that all raids from North to South from the days of Brennus to this moment of writing have been Plutarchian—and have been successful just because they have been Plutarchian. Their peoples have been wanting in political passions or intelligence; their troops have been distinguished by dogged perseverance and acquisitiveness rather than fired by the desire for personal distinction; their territories have always been over-populated; their generals, of the push-ahead order that is as a rule of no strategic talent and which relies on big battalions that may be mercilessly squandered on direct attacks, have as a rule had neither political intelligence nor ambition.* This renders the task of the cold-headed politician-advocate of the type of Simon de Montfort or Lincoln or even Bismarck one of comparative ease. He has almost no political intrigues to hamper his business in hand; he can afford to be relatively indifferent to the cause he supports; he need not fear the personal ambitions of his generals and he can be confident of having at his disposal great masses of men who will either murder or be murdered without much questioning. Souths, on the other hand, leading lives of relative leisure, have always found time for political discussions not merely among their representatives but in all classes of society; separate interests form; discords arise. . . . Thus any South, whether it be France in any wars or the South in the

* It has been estimated—and I believe correctly—that in the Civil War the South took prisoner, incapacitated or killed more Federal soldiers than were to be found in all the troops they put into the line from 1861 to 1865. Grant's losses in the Cold Harbour phase of the end of the war were so enormous that they were never officially reported in full. His army refused to attack further although they knew that they outnumbered Lee's men by four to one.

Civil War, will almost always present a cracked and divided front to the solid, wedge-shaped phalanx coming from the direction of the Pole. Jefferson Davis was probably the worst leader that the South could have found. In contradistinction to Lincoln, who treated the Constitution with contempt whenever he had the occasion, Lee was almost hypochondriacally attached to the Confederate Constitution of 1860, using its provisos to bolster up his most irritating actions and bringing his nation finally to such a pitch of exasperation as to paralyse himself and bring the nation to the ground. Compared with Lincoln as a member of society he was a gentleman and, if you like, a half-saint as against a sharp lawyer; but compared with Lincoln as the defender of a cause he was a dyspeptic pettifogger-pedant against . . . once again a sharp lawyer . . . and one who knew instinctively every rule of the game in the dreadful court in which their suit was tried out. Lee could let his slaves at Briercliff form a commonwealth of their own—which was a fine, and even successful, adventure. But he was utterly incapable of using Stephens' written constitution, which, if you must have a written constitution at all, would have been relatively workable in the hands of any commonplace man with a little knowledge of statecraft and some power of selecting the right civilian and military assistants. . . . It contains, it is tragi-comic to observe, a proviso that any form of commercial protection tariff shall be for ever unconstitutional.

§

Another disadvantage of any South is that she will always be wanting in conviction when it comes to sending military expeditions against any North. The North has its eyes always on the South; its national anthem might well be: *Kennst du das Land wo die Citronen bluehn*, and when the time comes for its over-population to overflow it sets out to pick the lemon flowers with sword, torch, morgernstern, poison gas . . . and Gargantuan enthusiasm.

But the South has no such cause to turn its eyes towards the North. It figures all that as aridities not worth the consideration of serious men. It is true that the Romans

penetrated as far as the North Wall in Britain and into Hyrcania. But that was much more with a purpose of pushing the barbarians always further from the metropolis and solidifying the Pax Romana in its inner territories than with any idea that there was anything worth having in England . . . beyond the tribute of oyster shells.

Similarly in the general large process of establishing their sway as far South as Naples and Sicily, the Normans invaded England from France, which literally is the South of England. But that was merely consolidating a piece of strategic ground that commanded their sea-route to the Mediterranean—an interior affair of Nordic peoples. Equally the Napoleonic campaigns into Germany and even Russia were strategic and dynastic, failing because France was rather under- than over-populated. . . . Whereas, if you want proof of the relative efficiency of a relatively Northern people in the realms of plunder by organized murder, you have only to go to the Louvre in Paris to-day and see the spoils from Italy and Egypt brought back by the troops of the Directorate under the generalship of Bonaparte. . . . Or it would be still more to my purpose if you would ask a normal Spaniard of to-day what he thought of France. You would be astonished to hear him speak of the bloodthirsty Northern plunderers who under Napoleon in the Peninsular War left Spain a desert when retreat was forced upon them . . . and incidentally benefited the United States by setting loose the great herds of merino-sheep whose progeny even to-day so distinguish, as I have pointed out, the flocks of Pennsylvania and the other Middle States.

§

The Directorate and Napoleonic wars would be well worth our study, from our special point of view, if we had the time. They began—like the Crusades against Provence or the Civil War—with a Nordic moral revulsion against Meridional ideas. All North Europe and even the United States revolted against the French republican ideal and expressed their reprehensions, as is usual, in terms of murder. Even Washington participated in the feeling of horror at the

executions of the French sovereigns and consented to become the lieutenant-general of the provisional army which was raised for the little war that in 1797 broke out between the two republics . . . the war in which the U.S.S. *Constellation* captured *l'Insurgente* a month before Washington's eyes closed for ever.

§

I have always wondered what, upon his deathbed, must have been the thoughts of that great man at that expression of Virginia in the evolution of the institutions of mankind. There were the stars of the glorious banner, typified by the *Constellation*, fighting in their courses against the idea of human liberty typified by *l'Insurgente*—the men of Washington murdering, practically in the name of Monarchy, the sea-mates of De Grasse and Rochambeau who had enabled those stars to fly upon that banner. And the banner was the banner of men that would certainly, could they have caught him, have shortened George III by a head.*

I am glad to be able to disinter this instance of want of taste on the part of Washington and Virginia; for the greatest soldier and the best individual man that the country of my birth ever produced and the only one of its colonies to deserve the name of civilized would otherwise appear to me to be too marmoreally unflawed to be supportable. One does not want often to think of flaws in the character of

* There exists in the records of a State that I am always, except for that, gay at entering, the record of a judgment rendered against certain criminals. It says—in the time-honoured ceremonial phrase of British jurisprudence when about to do murder—"You shall be taken from this place to the place from which you came." . . . And there upon an appointed day they—seven of them—should be hanged by the neck. And they should be taken down alive and under their eyes their bowels should be taken out and their bodies should be dismembered . . . and so on . . . I do not wish to distress myself by turning up the record, but those words are so near the original as to make no difference, and if anybody doubts them I will provide them with the reference. . . . The point is that the crime of those abhorred miscreants was that of not being traitors to their king and country. So I think I may allow myself to think that such was the nature of the times that, if they could have caught him, the heroes of the Revolution would have executed George III.

a man who is first in the hearts of both his fellow-citizens and his countrymen. But it is comforting to have, tucked away in the back of one's mind, the consciousness that, two years before his death, the father of his country—who was also a very enlightened part-time farmer—should have made the gesture of taking up arms against the fellow-citizens of Lafayette. . . . It is, I mean, agreeable to me to think that, in three or four days, going in an automobile between the city and university of Baton Rouge, I shall have a heated argument with Mr. John Gould Fletcher. It will be as to the greatness of the military genius and unshakable determination of Washington. And whilst I, with the meridional passion that comes from long baking in the suns of Tarascon—whilst I shower superlatives on the strategy of the Yorktown campaign—which even Cornwallis cordially applauded—Mr. Fletcher with the English reserve and cynicism which his character has contracted from too long sojourning in the mists that surround the Crystal Palace in Thames Valley—Mr. Fletcher then shall be a little backward in confirming the superlatives that I shall be showering on the character of his distinguished meridional fellow-countryman, who, if he did not have the luck to be born actually in Little Rock, Arkansas, came from very near that rose with its agreeable old official buildings, and admirable cooking—though, alas, the patient New Yorker having gone back to New York will not be able to countersign my statement that the Tates and I and others there did eat a really very passable public meal. . . . And let that truth be recorded though the heavens fall. . . . But, indeed, next day we shall eat, on crossing the Louisiana border, some really admirable if rather unduly costly sea-food *à la créole*. And indeed, in spite of the scorn and contempt that that amiable Manhattanite pours out upon the public cooking of his entire country, I will here interpolate the statement that the sea-food of the whole coastline from New York to New Orleans is uniformly admirable in quality, its preparation increasing in excellence as it goes south. . . . The unfortunate New Yorker, however, does not appreciate the products of the finny tribe. . . .

§

That, however, falls two or three days hence. . . . Or no, it doesn't, I am getting the chronology of this voyage entangled. It is now June and my argument with Mr. Fletcher took place in April—because I had to hurry back to New York to be present at the opening of an exhibition of pictures of Provence. . . . See how the influences of the Great Route travel backwards and forwards and are inextricably mixed! To return, however, to the question of the attributes of the South when attacked by the North—any South by any North. . . .

I was glad then, when in Louisiana I was able, whilst pouring eulogies over Washington as soldier, farmer, and even statesman . . . for I must by now have made it plain that I do not like politicians . . . I was able, then, to make a little mental reservation as to his attitude towards the French during their revolution. It absolves one from saying as to everything that he did the fatal words: "Aristides is a just man."

On the other hand the difficulties between the two Republics were successfully smoothed out by two Southerners who have never been in danger of being too marmorealized. The one was Napoleon Bonaparte of Corsica, the other Thomas Jefferson of Monticello and sometime of Nîmes in Provence. The reasons for not considering Napoleon a saint jump sufficiently to the eye. . . . But I have never understood why Jefferson's fellow-countrymen have never accorded the author of at least two documents that shook the world a celebration of his birthday equal to that accorded, say, to Columbus . . . who, though he discovered land in the Western hemisphere, hoped—and believed to his dying day—that it would turn out to be part of Asia . . . which seems to be rather insulting.

But I suppose that, when I have said that Jefferson was an author—and therefore some sort of an artist—I have said enough to discredit him. Jefferson merely created his country by his deathless words. But being thus an artist—and thus belonging to the only class of the community that creates

nations and other things out of nothing—the country cheers up when it thinks that he died insolvent. . . . You cannot, after all, trust those fellows. They *can't* be commercially sound.

Nevertheless, it was a work of art—the Maison Carrée at Nîmes, that saved the young United States from having on its hands a real war that could not have done her any good.—For, setting aside the internal disturbance and the sentimental discredit that such a struggle must have caused her, she had to her South the powerful colonies of Louisiana and the none-too-friendly Florida. . . . Fortunately, Jefferson had been ambassador to France and the powerful effect that piece of architecture had upon his mind made him inclined to think, let us phrase it, that however many million Frenchmen there were in the world at that date, they couldn't be wrong. The actual words that he wrote from Nîmes—Biala has slightly distorted them in an earlier chapter—were: "Here I am gazing whole hours on the Maison Quarrée, like a lover at his mistress" . . . words that cannot be too often quoted since they are the tribute of a great mind to the most radiantly tranquil and beautiful building in the world.

UNTIL AT LAST THE LORD . . .

I WILL leave out here the comment that you are expecting of me—to the effect that here is another instance of the influence of the arts travelling along the Great Route. You can make that deduction for yourselves. But I will ask you to remember that this is not propaganda for France. The Maison Carrée is a temple built by Greek slaves for their Roman masters nearly two thousand years ago. . . . It was, then, the influence of the Greek aesthetic spirit of the age of Pericles that operated for peace two and a half millenaries after the death of Pericles, in a place five thousand miles distant along the 40th parallel N., in a hemisphere whose very existence was unknown to the ancients.

§

I do not know of any more clear demonstration of the difference between the spirit of the North and South than can be exhibited in the immediately following sentences. The shortest definition of Hellenic civilization six hundred years before Christ will be found in the words that it was one of temples and schools. Well, Sheridan, in his raid into the Shenandoah Valley, destroyed not only all food-stuffs, dwellings, barns, crops, and domestic cattle—which, if you like, was his military privilege; he burned all churches and schools.

§

The misfortunes of the South in the war arose because, in spirit, both their civil and military leaders were temperamental traitors to their cause. . . . And by “misfortunes” I do not mean the loss of battles—I mean the horrors of the reconstructionary period which does not seem to me to fall within the scope of my comment. . . . Davis and Lee were inhabitants of the Great Route and as such incapable of realizing that if you wish to defend you must

attack. That is a sad truth that we Nordics have evolved from centuries of massacre, and it is one that, alas, holds as true on the 40th parallel as to the North of it. But a climate which makes for civilization makes also, inevitably, and very properly, for military degeneration. The South could have been saved had Lee and Davis concentrated all their efforts on acts of frightfulness in Northern territory. With the means at their disposal they could, had their wills been in it, have ravaged all Pennsylvania, burned Washington, occupied Maryland . . . and *then* sued for peace. But Davis's only comprehension of defence was to divide his forces up into guards over dumps . . . and Lee's arm was powerless when he had crossed the Mason and Dixon line.

For it is not quite true to say that the stars in their courses fought against the Southern armies. Grant was at his booziest at Shiloh and survived only because Johnston fell. . . . Shiloh being the key battle of the Western campaign. But at Gettysburg all Lee's genius had deserted him and Gettysburg was the key to the heart of the North. Gettysburg was lost because Lee had let his scouts go, Stuart's cavalry being upon a relatively frivolous raid . . . and for once Lee had against him a real general, Meade being the only commanding officer on the Northern side who deserved the name of soldier. . . . For let it be remembered that even amongst murderers there is honour and the definition of a good soldier is not merely that he is one who wins battles, or even one who wins battles at all. A good soldier is one who wins or loses battles with the least possible loss of the men entrusted to him.

§

I have read so many accounts of Gettysburg that I may be a little fogged in the mind about it. I should say myself that the disaster of Pickett's charge which decided the battle was due to a misconception of orders—or rather to orders badly expressed. The order was that the charge was to be delivered when the artillery fire of the enemy slackened . . . the underlying idea being that the enemy's

fire would only slacken when either the guns were short of ammunition or had been put out of action. . . . And the Federal gunfire ceased merely because their guns were overheated.

So in forty minutes the bravest, most practised, and most enthusiastic of Lee's troops ceased to exist in a hell of iron. . . . I don't apologise for using those commendatory adjectives of a bygone age. The virtues of the soldier . . . like all the virtues of us Nordics, are crimes. But to poor men who fall in battle in all the illusions of the performance of sacred duties it is difficult to refuse the epithets brave, practised, and enthusiastic.

And in the end it does not really much matter about Gettysburg. What it is essential to establish is the stultification of Lee on that field and after. And that I think is sufficiently established. The Lee who fought a key battle without properly organized Intelligence; the Lee who lacked the courage to press home his victory of the first day when only forty yards were between his men and triumph; the Lee who retreated after the battle, giving way before a general whose troops were hardly superior in number and vastly inferior in morale . . . that Lee was not the general who, for months on end with only a quarter of his opponent's men, held Grant at bay and fought him to a standstill at Cold Harbour and afterwards. . . . But Cold Harbour was in Virginia. Gettysburg was in Pennsylvania, so Lee's right hand forgot its cunning.

§

And we might, perhaps, be glad of it. That the South lost the war was a calamity. But it would perhaps have been a greater calamity if she had won it by the methods of Grant and Lincoln. The war was lost by civilization—but it was perhaps better that Lee and Davis were true to that civilization and its tradition of non-aggression, and so with their country went down into the great tale of all the glorious losers of the world. There is one thing, thus, for which we do not have to weep. . . . Think about it.

§

For do not believe that the murders called wars are ever "gotten over." They remain curses for ever both for him that murders and to eternal generations of the children of the murdered. The one is accursed by prosperity in sin that time shall fully avenge; the other is accursed by a bitterness that will prove an unending drag on his civilization. And round them all the world is cursed.

Don't believe that because you live in a hut, peaceably, somewhere on the Palisades or near Monterey you will escape the evils caused by the sacking of Spain by the French in the Peninsular War. It is wrong that two Mediterranean races should live in an unending enmity. For the Spanish have never forgotten those horrors nor recovered from their consequences. And it is the province of the Mediterranean races to evolve civilizations. You will suffer if civilizations are not evolved; for you will have to live for ever subject to the psychology of the Yankee pedlars who will trade off to you, for your fine gold, moral nutmegs made of wood and intellectual clocks that will never keep time. . . . Think about it.

§

Nor should you believe that we, living in sheltered spots overlooking the Mediterranean, escape the evils caused by the atrociously prolonged fighting that went all through Tennessee. . . . If the South could have been independent and have had a constitution that would have forbidden tariffs for ever, we in Provence who are agriculturists, too, should be uncursed with tariffs. Or we should be nearing being without tariffs. Or we should have at least an overwhelming argument and example against them.

§

Tennessee, then, seems to me to be an anxious State. Her province in the world should have been to carry the theory of agricultural comities one stage farther. In Virginia you had a pretty perfect stylistic agricultural civilization that had carried cash-farming about as far as it could go as the basis

of an intellectual culture. . . . The time had already come—at the date of the Revolution or a little later—when it was evident that that civilization could no longer be maintained on a basis of cash-farming. Jefferson died bankrupt; Mount Vernon could not be preserved for the Washington family. The plantation centre moved towards the deep South. There sprang up the sudden fortunes that are typified for us to-day in the ostentatious, pillared edifices of Natchez. . . . It was a get-rich-quick philosophy grafted on to the unpretentious Virginian feudalism in a country characterized by alarming chasms between extravagantly rich and hideously poor. The social problem would have had to be solved there—by revolution or by the reaction of civilized thinkers like Jefferson Davis of Briercliff—a *nouveau riche* who had absorbed the wisdom and moderation of the Route.

I do not like revolutions. All the problems in the world could be solved if we—you and I—set our teeth and stubbornly and passively resisted anything that ran counter to common sense and the elementary dictates of conscience. But of the two, revolution is vastly preferable to war. This Civil War in particular was a brutal axe that cut in half all the strands of a growing plant.

§

Tennessee, it seems to me, is a great and very fertile country—one in which the evolution of a civilization of small men could have been particularly easily worked out. . . . A civilization of part-time farmers, part-time artists, and craftsmen beneath which the beloved earth could have smiled.

For the earth responds to treatment and rejoices in the love of man and men who work small patches of earth, attending sedulously on every clod—such men love, each one, his little patch of earth. Consider the difference between the aspects of a closely planted, flowering, fruit-bearing tract of territory and a sheep-down sedulously cropped by small teeth. . . . And then a prairie brutally torn by the twisting tongues of cattle. . . . And then a cash grain farm of forty-thousand acres. . . .

§

Any form of agricultural life is preferable to any sort of industrialism. But no form of agriculture should be practised for cash—any more than should any form of the arts, or of administration of justice—or even of war. The South in the Civil War would have been saved could European nations have been induced to intervene on her behalf. But Davis and his councillors were insufficiently Macchavellian. Nations aid other nations for two reasons. They will be hypnotized by successful frightfulness and they will be allured by hopes of gain. Davis and his councillors could claim that Cotton was king; they could not discern that there was a greater and more roaring monarch. . . . His Majesty Cash Wheat Farming. My Southern friends . . . alas, after this I shall have none left—have never tired of bashing me on the head and howling insults in my ears . . . because England did not intervene on their side. . . . As if *I* could help it. . . . But England couldn't: England would have starved. The war years—so Destiny arranges these things—were years of bad harvests in England and famine in Ireland.

A beetle from Colorado had destroyed the potatoes in Ireland; England had gone industrialist; her wheatlands could not have supported her vast populations even if the wheat would have grown. So in the end it was the cash grain farms of the West that saved the North. . . .

And it was humane-ness that ruined the South. They could have had England and France and Kamchatka and Russia and the principality of Monte Carlo on their sides if Lee would have ravaged Pennsylvania in the manner of Sherman and Sheridan. But he wouldn't; so they didn't.

§

When I was last in Staunton, Virginia—before just now—a tired farming woman who took in boarders offered me the bed in which Sheridan had slept during his raid on the Shenandoah Valley. I said I would rather sleep in her pig-pound than in that black-wood structure. I said, if

I slept there, I might get up in the night and cut her throat and burn her barns. . . . I said a great deal more. . . . In the morning she beckoned me to her barn-end and asked me not to pay for my night's lodging, though she made my companions pay enough. . . . She said that she had suffered so much poverty as the result of the raid that she did not see why Sheridan's name should not be as much use to her as it could.

§

Well, instead of part-time farms you have, as a whole, in Tennessee almost nothing but cash farming of one sort and another . . . cotton and a little stock-raising round Memphis; stock-raising, and general farming through the bulk of the State . . . a little part-time and sufficiency ground in the western highland section. I don't know to what extent share-cropping prevails in the State—and I don't want to. It is not my business to interfere in the internal political affairs of a country not my own . . . and obviously I do not know a hell of a lot about it except theoretically. . . . Share-cropping was welcomed at its invention as a gift from the gods in Eastern France and South Germany, and it seems to work very well in those parts still. But in those regions the share-cropper is a hard, intelligent, market-wise, skin-the-goat sort of fellow, as a rule, and the landowner is more or less in his hands. I once went carefully into the matter of buying a small property on the Rhône . . . on the basis of share-cropping. The land was good enough and the figures of past years were good enough . . . though there was one feature that was curious. . . . Please attend to this. . . . The selling-owner had for an unexpired term of years made an agreement to offer the first refusal of all the crops of all the land not worked by the share-cropper to a great chain-store which had the right to decide what the crop should be. Yes, sir; nothing less. . . . And in France, too. . . . Anyhow, when I considered that and looked at the hard face of that share-cropper who had a long lease and remembered that I knew relatively little about the farming of that district, I decided that I had better not go on with the purchase.

I understand that the system does not work so well for the share-cropper in Tennessee and Alabama and Mississippi. . . . I shiver, indeed, a little when I think of driving beside Mr. Tate—in a good deal of rain over thousands of acres of mud. . . . I was depressed by the look of the share-croppers' huts standing on hen's legs in seas of liquefied mud, down through Arkansas. . . . But that was perhaps because of the quality of the road . . . miles and miles. Between deep dykes of stagnant water beneath boughs draped with funereal moss. . . . I *can't* like moss—or even live-oaks much. . . . I wasn't born in the deep South—I prefer to call it deep rather than lower, which is the technical term. "Deep" seems more respectful.

. . . And there was all that wet flatness and the black, dead trees with the bases of their trunks so singularly enlarged just above the water. . . . And the deep dykes on each side of the straight road that incites to speed. . . .

And Mr. Tate is the most careful driver in the world. But he likes to do his between-seventy-and-eighty. . . . And, of course, we wanted to get to Little Rock. . . . And a gentleman we had talked to in the inn-yard in Memphis had described picturesquely how, at a bend, coming that morning from Little Rock he had just not gone over the edge of the road. . . . And me peeping at the face of Mr. Tate doing his eighty-one, abstractedly—as if he were thinking out a poem. . . . And we are just coming to a bend. . . . And all that water. . . . And supposing . . . because Mr. Tate is a poet—a great poet—supposing he should forget that he is driving and grab for his notebook. . . . Thank God, we are round the bend. . . .

And wasn't I glad when we crossed the immense yellow mud ditch and climbed the bluff to Natchez. . . . And not merely because of the columned houses in which that city abounds. . . . They say that really to "do" those products of boom years takes two days . . . and five dollars!

§

I don't know. . . . I am now back from Little Rock, sitting on the Tates' white-columned balcony, high above

the Cumberland river, with the view of the spires of the distant city. . . . For there are enough spires to suit even Biala here. . . . I don't know. A humming-bird is poised in front of a trumpet-ash blossom just over the white balustrade; a cardinal flies, scarlet, backwards and forwards, between the black branches of a dead tree down the bluff. . . . Biala has gone with Allen to sketch the slave-barracks. The patient New Yorker is scouring the country with Mrs. Tate in the rather hopeless search for fresh vegetables. . . . Yes, you heard right. . . . Fresh vegetables. . . . The poor white who should have kept up the Tates' vegetable garden during their absence hasn't done so. . . .

So I am sitting just thinking, looking over the great green view that is as wide as the view over the Mediterranean from my own terrace on the Great Route. And here I am at the end of that Route . . . where as a child I wandered with Walter Atterbury and trailed and slew hecatombs of Indians. . . . And buffaloes. . . .

It is a very green view running over undulations into, I suppose, Kentucky. . . . My mind is too lazy to consider geography. . . . Perhaps Kentucky is behind my back really. . . . With innumerable kinfolk. Thousands and thousands of kinfolk.

§

That is all right. I don't want to make fun of the clan feeling. It is nice and cushy. I have three hundred and thirteen first, second, and third cousins myself . . . a little more scattered, of course. . . . But it makes for awkwardness for the stranger. You never know whose uncle by marriage thrice removed you mayn't be talking about. . . . There is, for instance, the oldish, deaf, scrawny gentleman in the farm up there . . . carved out of the once forty-thousand-acre estate of someone's family. . . . Forty thousand acres still held by members of the kin . . . in spite of the mortgagors. . . . For him, as far as I can see, the age of Palmerston and Lord John Russell in Victoria's England is more real than to-day, in a Daguerrotype civilization. And the great trees keep his rooms for ever dark while he talks of Gladstone's famous, impassioned speech in favour of the

South and States-rights—which I didn't know about in spite of all I've read about the war. . . . And there are fifteen vegetables for lunch and a chicken apiece for every guest and syllabubs and creams and beaten-flour biscuits. . . . And a guest-house on hen's legs still for any bachelor who comes along. And, I am told, not a penny in the house, our host



"IN A DAGUERROTYPE CIVILIZATION"

paying his telephone bill and postage with sacks of lespedeeza seed . . . if that is the name . . . which is going to make the fortune of all the South. . . . And can I remember the exact wording of the passage of Gregorovius? . . . I shout five times in my host's ear that I can't. . . . And he won't believe me because everyone must remember the passage in Gregorovius and the exact terms of the Irish Famine Relief Bill of 1846—caused by the Colorado Beetle—and the Chartist agitation when Lord Palmerston. . . . Under the deep shade of the great trees with the chickens wandering over the lawns. . . . And, goodness, the rain. . . . Yes, all that. . . . You

don't believe it. But it is all that. Still. Sufficiency farming. . . . No, part-time part-scholarship farming. At its best. . . .

§

And then—I stop to ask a question of this long, painfully thin, ragged fellow, hoeing tobacco near the road . . . a mile and a half from the town. . . . I ask him why in all this country which I can see from this terrace there are nothing but geometrically green patches—striped green triangles of corn, uniform green parallels of tobacco; more corn, more tobacco, more corn, more tobacco . . . one field of peas, more corn, more tobacco.

I say: This is alluvial soil in a limestone region, isn't it? Why isn't there any truck gardening? It is ideal truck-gardening land, isn't it?

He smiles an effaced smile, but yet as if I were foolish.

Don't I know he's a share-cropper? . . . He doesn't know about alluvial soil in a limestone region. But he does know that the landowner for whom he share-crops is mortgaged up to the hilt to a chain-goods store corporation. They have threatened to foreclose if there's any truck grown on the property . . .

§

Round the court-house in the little town, to the delight of Biala, the square is draped and festooned with friezes of coloured people. . . . I don't like to see coloured people; they spoil the South for me. . . . Yet, on the *rades* of the Mediterranean there is nothing gives me more pleasure than to see the shining, ebony, always grinning troops in their scarlet fezzes and slashed faces stroll past the cafés against the azure of the sea. So don't call it race feeling. . . .

Incidentally the patient New Yorker is like a geyser of indignation. In the whole little town you can buy no vegetables except of chain-stores: *except of chain-stores!*—dim, wilted vegetables that will putrefy in your throat and be poison to your intestines. It is not for me to comment on the interior politics of a country not my own. . . . But in

France I can say that . . . it isn't right! The French chain-store that has rights over the property in the île de la Barthelasse in the Rhône that I thought of buying had the right to stipulate that I should grow fourteen acres of peas . . . and then they could refuse the crop except at any price they chose to give. . . . The Tates here had last year three acres of peas below this porch. The chain-store—one of three or four which was the only available purchaser—offered them something derisory—a cent a pound—for their crop. Shucked! So they fed them to the hogs. . . . You can't buy country ham in that little town. . . . You have to take chemical-cured ham from Illinois. . . . And the truck comes from chain-store-owned farms in New Jersey . . . Am I mad? . . . It does not seem right. . . .

I mean on the île de la Barthelasse. . . . Not here, of course. . . . After I had had that experience on the Rhône I wrote about it impassionedly to the local paper and the article was copied into a Paris paper. . . . I don't mean to say that it did much good. There has not been a great movement to suppress the chain-stores who do those things. A question or so has been asked in the Chamber. . . . But France is enamoured of American methods just now. The chain-stores make great progress every day. They tell you you don't know what you are talking about if you object to eating peas out of a can. . . . Another instance of the travelling of civilization along the Great Route.

§

According to *Types of Farming*, there are practically no truck-farms in Tennessee. Fifty round Memphis—a patch of them to the North. None anywhere else. None at all. . . . But a good patch in Alabama. . . . Yet negroes and the poorer whites make admirable truck-farmers.

§

I don't know. This seems on the Tates' balcony an earthly near-paradise. A perfect climate, a magnificently fertile soil. "And all the birds in Heaven there nest in company." . . . The humming-bird over the trumpet-ash—*bignonia*

grandiflora, I don't know what they call it here—has been joined by three others. They are very beautiful. You do not here need jewels. . . . And it is peaceful and lovely and hospitable and kind. . . . I was right when in my youth I said that it is here that I should be. . . . At the farthest west.

But I can't help having in the back of my mind how I came here. Perhaps not on this journey. . . . On another. . . . I forget. . . . Bundling slowly through Alabama between Chattanooga and Corinth . . . on the North fringe of the State with the dogwood blossoms climbing all up the gentle hills, as startling and as beautiful as the almond blossom on the Rhône. . . . The same climate, you know. . . .

And you go by drab village after drab village with dark people draped on the steps and doorsteps and before the gauze doors of the stores. . . . And mules and hogs are a feature on the surface. . . . A landscape dotted with slow-moving hogs and oxen and motionless dark forms. . . . And you bundle through a township. It is famous the world over. . . . Lead-coloured, with a world-famous court-house. . . . And you wonder. And your chest is oppressed. . . . And you bundle along and you come to a village that sparkles with white paint . . . Woodford, I think. And the village green is as green and tidy as a green in English Sussex and bright chintz dresses flit along it.

And you lift up your heart and you say: We're still on the Great Route. . . . And the next village is falling into ruins. . . . And you see a procession of families wheeling perambulators, carrying bird-cages, straggling, limping. . . . And you say: Heavens, this cannot be Flanders in 1914, can it? . . . You remember what we saw at Ploegsteert that the Tommies called Plug Street. . . . And someone in the carriage says they are evicted share-croppers. . . .

And along the Rhône the young vines run parallel, with their fluffy bouquets of green leaves like the inverted skirts of ballet dancers. And the corridas at Nîmes are beginning and all the festivals of the Month of Mary. . . . And this is the same climate . . . and a soil more fertile. . . . Why,

then? Why not have, the whole girdle of the earth round, a land like Provence, where the vines give their juices and the beneficent trees drop their soothing gums and oils and the heart is always glad . . . as in Avignon? . . . Or Washington? . . . Welcome Nobles. . . . And the little hills are full of game and the streams peopled with fish. . . .

§

The Tates say there are none but garfish in the Cumberland here . . . only fit for making soup. . . . Did you ever eat *soupe de poissons* at Aigues Mortes? . . . And I hear the echo of the voice of Caroline Gordon say: "Who wants your mouldy old Provence? What's an olive- to a sugar-tree? Lynch him, girls. . . . Sick the dogs on him, Cousin Alick." . . . The charming farmer who last year was so gay about the fortune he was making in Alabama with turkeys and hogs has been sold up by the sheriff. . . .

§

I don't know. It is all very complicated. Let me rest my mind with the contemplation of literature. On the corner of the great balcony, thrown down, is a limp copy of the literary supplement of a New York paper. . . . Thrown down in contempt! New York and its literary doings are here *anathema maranatha*. . . . Nothing less. . . .

No, this is not a coincidence. You don't find much but paragraphs like this in the literary papers nowadays:

"Just to be just, we should remember the lynching citizenry of the South usually is the ignorant, hot-blooded trash, the leavings of the collapse of the old South's culture mixed with the scum of the North that emigrated to a conquered and defenseless land after the Civil War. Anyone who will question mob members can learn that many lynchers are children of Northern brethren who adopted our land because the stealing was good. . . ."

"The author," says the reviewer who quotes in the literary supplement that passage from Mr. Street's *Look Away: A Dixie Note Book*—"the author saw his first lynching

at the age of fourteen. He has seen eighteen others . . . and he hates lynching with a feeling few Northerners can know."

I repeat that I picked that review up quite by chance. I don't *want* to read: "In this book the shadow of the rope and the flicker of the flame are a continuously horrible background." . . . And I don't want to see the poor white stumble across the landscape below this porch, so emaciated by the hookworm that his flesh, peering through his rags, is almost transparent. . . . I want to think of this place as in the Golden Age—jewelled with humming-birds and laced with the scarlet streak of the cardinal's flying wings. . . . It might be. . . . *You* could make it so. . . . It's not my job. I've got to go to Baton Rouge to defend New York against the flower of the Intelligentsia of the Deep South.

§

I will, for what it is worth, of my own observation make this note. . . . I do not think the structural character of society in the South has much changed as regards the negro. If you have the luck to be attached by any ties to any sort of white family of any standing at all, you will be all right. Your people will see that you have fairly comfortable circumstances; they will be untiringly good to your children; they will develop a devoted affection for some elderly female of your family who will be allowed to bring up all their children. . . . I am pretending that you are a negro. It would do us all good if from time to time we pretended to be negroes. Or poor whites. . . . You will be able to be gay, languorous, ineffably lazy; ineffably dishonest to every one else in the world but to the members of the family of your overlords. They could, for instance, leave the Koh-i-noor on your kitchen table and you would not touch it. . . . But you would annex the loose cash of any of their guests. They will see that you have a good cabin; they will pay for its being painted. They will pinch themseves so that you go well shod and with a full belly; they will almost ruin themselves to protect you from all process of laws. You will,

in short, be better off than any hundred-per-cent Anglo-Saxon worker in Pittsburg, Cleveland, or Detroit.

But if you cannot, by service, by name, by tradition—by blood even—hitch on to some such family. . . . Well, then. . . . Look out. . . . The shadow of the rope and the flicker of the flame will be for you a continuously horrible background. And, alas, you will love her, your Deep South. . . . Otherwise it costs little—or you could work your way—to Liberia. Or to Paris, where there is no race feeling. Or to Tarascon, where to-day the admirable, courteous, and efficient mayor is a negro. . . . Or, if you are on the P.L.M. running down to Marseilles they will listen to your political opinions with deference; they will lend you spare cushions for your curled head; they will offer you wine to drink from the mouths of their own bottles. . . . And let their wives drink after you. . . . I have done that. . . . *Moi qui vous parle.* . . . But that was for Senegalese lumps of ivory speaking a French more exquisite than that of the actors of the *Comédie Française*. . . . I don't want to be Pharisaic. . . . I have in my time gone through agonies in the effort to prevent female members of my family from shaking hands with the most cultivated negro of the United States to-day, on a social occasion. . . . And, quite rightly, it is at this moment (1936) on the cards that I may be killed in an African quarrel. . . . Have you heard of Sanctions? Perhaps it would have been better if I or you or the policeman at the corner had discovered America. I don't think that our first quest would have been a port from which slaves could be exported. . . . And, if it could only have been Sir Lancelot. . . .

§

It is insupportably hot in a large greyness. I don't know where this great upper room is . . . with an outlook through tall, mournful windows on the cranes and gas-containers of a bank that I know is holding off the Mississippi. I have been speaking for an hour and three-quarters defending New York. I am too tired to remember where I am. It is a great room with a lot of hostile souls in it. It is darkened—more darkened than a London room in

November—darkened by the continent of North America hurrying overhead to throw itself into the Gulf of Mexico. . . . And the dust, and the heat and the Figure of Mr. John Gould Fletcher from Little Rock, Arkansas, prowling at the back of the audience asking them why they do not lynch me. And Caroline Gordon starting with indignation at my every second word; and Mr. Tate looking intently at the ground. . . . And the President, Penn Warren, of the University of Louisiana, at my side, asking me if I could keep it up for another half-hour . . . to fill in the schedule before the next Meeting. . . . And, of course, I am the guest of Mr. Huey Long. . . .

§

I go on speaking. . . . *You must have a distributing centre for books. What distributing centre have you in the South? . . . What has New York done to you all? Your Southern books fill the reviewing pages of all the Literary Supplements. . . . Enthusiastically heralded to an enthusiastically waiting public. . . . But New York has done something to them. . . . Something unspeakable. Something not to be defined in words. . . . I hear my voice going on and on. . . . The cranes along the Mississippi bank—levee is the local word . . . are motionless black silhouettes against the driving clouds of dust. . . .*

Oh, yes, this must be an upper room in the Hotel Something. . . . Something Deeply Southern. . . . Yes, we were at the lunch just now where Mr. Huey Long made the astonishing speech. . . . *Well, then, you must set up a distributing centre of your own. Say Richmond, Virginia. . . . A deep voice growls: Damn the State of Virginia. We should not have been beaten if she had come in earlier. . . . We should have had Kentucky and Maryland with us. . . .*

Do you believe the beaten forget? . . . Oh, yes, then Charleston. Or Baltimore. Or New Orleans. . . .

§

Yes, this is the Something Hotel's Assembly Room. . . . We lunched up at the University. . . . Coming back in

the car, Mr. John Gould Fletcher says to me over my shoulder from a rear seat that Mr. Wells has said nice things about me in his autobiography. I say: "Oh, yes, I am told he says I have no education." Mr. Fletcher does not answer. I gather he thinks that is nice enough for me. . . . It is not merely a local product, jealousy.

§

It is really stifling. Would someone kindly open a window? . . . You can't because of the dust from Nebraska.

The Southern book-distributing centre could not be Baltimore. . . . Because Maryland could not come into the war. And Charleston? Not so bad. . . . But Charleston is a seaport. . . . Cosmopolitan . . . that is what she would be. The cosmopolitan taint must be kept out. . . . And New Orleans? . . . Oh, by heavens, not New Orleans. . . . Don't you remember that you are speaking in Baton Rouge? . . . They fall into arguments amongst themselves—editors from Arkansas, Mississippi, Texas, Nebraska. . . . I stand panting.

§

Mr. Huey Long is rather a remarkable man. . . . Not in looks. He might be one of the early heroes of Mr. H. G. Wells. . . . Kipps. . . . Or the autobiographical narrator of *Tono Bungay*. . . . Just anybody. . . . But he made two speeches this morning. One to a gathering of up-State farmers. . . . In a dialect I could not understand. But the speech was cheered to the echo and one of the farmers who spoke spoke just the same dialect. So I suppose Mr. Long was local enough. . . . And impassioned. And convincing.

And then, at the University lunch, he addressed a gathering of University professors, foreign diplomats, naval officers, and the Intelligentsia of the South. And he spoke in exactly the dialect, with the vapidly, with the images—and even some of the accent—of a Cambridge—England—Head of a College addressing his staff on a not very important occasion.

I do not remember him as having said anything very striking. He said he had been accused of interfering with the

affairs of that University. But, said he, without any passion, he did not. If he did why shouldn't he? It was his University. He personally paid for it almost altogether. But he had not interfered and he was not going to. . . .

Quite quietly and indifferently. . . .

A remarkable man. . . . But the crane or something in the fable mistrusted the something else who could blow both hot and cold. . . .

§

It is growing darker and darker. I can hardly see my audience. I have figured it out that if erosion of the soil of this continent goes on as fast as it is going not only will all the great power dams be silted up for good but there will only remain—in fifty years—one arable acre per head of the population. . . . In the South! . . .

My voice is going on talking. . . . I can hear it. . . . What the devil is it saying? . . . I must pull myself together. I say:

"In conclusion I will tell you a story. . . . On Lobden Moorside, which lies between Yorkshire and Lancashire in England, there is a hamlet of sixty inhabitants called Boggarts' Ho' Clough. They speak a language that is spoken by no soul outside the Clough. The story I am going to tell you is in that language. Listen:

"Keawr tho' deawn i' th' ingle an lettн hae a goodly pow. Twar weet. . . . Twar weeter 'n' weet. T'Deluge was a dreeth aside yon dee. T'cook stoo i' t' kitchen 'n' ostler a coom in. . . . Tho'rt weet now seeays cook, tho cont nobbut be weet. Fot me a bucket o' watter. . . ." And I kept it up for a long time—that Nordic invasion of Dixie ears. . . . It can be made a long story. . . . In short, it is the tale of a cook in her kitchen who said to a stable-boy who came in dripping with wet out of the rain:

"You are wet now. You cannot be anything but wet. Fetch me a bucket of water." The stable-boy fetched the water. He poured it over the cook and remarked: "Tho'rt weet now. Tho cont nobbut be weet. Fot it thi'sel." . . . You're wet now. You can't be anything but wet. Fetch it yourself. . . .

Of the sixty inhabitants of the Clough, forty-one died during the Civil War. . . . In that hidden valley in England. . . . Of the results of deprivation during the Cotton Famine. Because they could not get cotton from where we stand. So now there are only nineteen of them . . . or their children. . . . But still, staunch to the old tradition, if a man from Heddon Banks—a mile away—or from anywhere else in the world—walks down their street they cry:

“Yon’s a stranger. Heave half a brick at him!”

S

They have not lynched me.

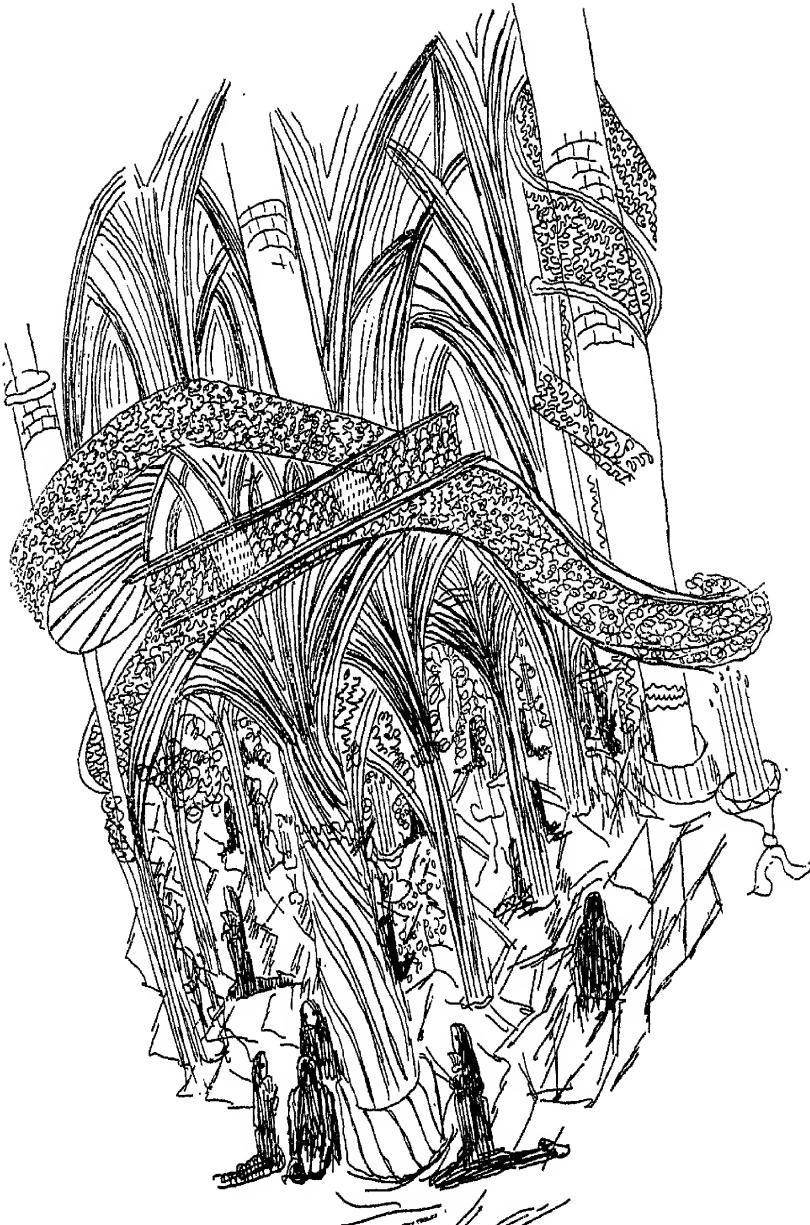
Mr. Tate even laughed a little. . . . And Mr. Phillips, with his unmistakable air of a British diplomat from I forget quite where . . . Annapolis, M.D., I dare say, approaches and takes me by the arm.

“Old bean,” he says, “I dessay you could do with a little and good. Let’s do a bunk and put an eh-mint-julep down.”

Backwards and forwards; and round and round the oval. And round again. . . . *A solis ortus cardine usquam.* . . . What?

C O D A:

TO NO WHERE



THE CATHEDRAL OF MÁLAGA

I

TO GIBRALTAR

I LEFT the intolerably close cabin and its nightmares and went on deck. The decks were wet; I don't know why. They had been swabbed the night before; it does not rain in these latitudes. The ship seemed to be hove-to. Why should a steamer heave-to? . . . Or perhaps it was just because the invisible water was completely motionless. The ship's lights bored green and red nail-holes into the solid blackness. One went up and down, up and down, up and down, with gratifyingly wet feet, across the upper deck and back again. The silence was heaven: it was the first night of just skin-heat temperature that we had had since leaving the New World. And that on the route taken by Columbus and Raleigh and all those tiresome people! And in July, maybe fifty miles from the aperture by which the Atlantic sends soon-dead currents into the Mediterranean.

One marched up and down; the cuffs of one's pyjama-legs dripping, gratifyingly. It is gratifying in a beloved and tepid air to have cooled feet. It was the breath of the Mediterranean reaching one. I ought never to have left those islands.

One marched up and down; thinking of things. But however much I may think of things, I make my about turns in correct sentry fashion. "About . . . turn" as the right foot strikes the ground, and one, two, three, four.

§

You would think it is not the thing for Nature to ape the scenic devices of the stage. The hero or heroine lights a candle on the kitchen table, and after two breathless seconds the cottage room is lit with all the illumination of the Great White Way. . . . At any rate, after some sort of breathless click, the creatures of the night are discovered *in flagrante delicto*.

§

Thus, here, suddenly a steaming, steel-grey mirror surrounds the ship without extending to the horizon. Clumsy-winged silhouettes rise. Caught at it! . . . If we were off the coast of Cornwall they would be cormorants. But we are not off the coast of Cornwall where in the old days the Great Trade Route ended. The Chinese, Greeks, Romans, Italians of Dante's era, Angevins of Chaucer's, the Provençaux of the Good King . . . all those civilized peoples took that to be the ends of the earth. Think of that! Arnaut Daniel . . . and Dante, who voyaged to hell and who had all knowledge, cherished that gross error. So did Cæsar and Archimedes. Any New York trolley-driver to-day knows better than Dante.

§

But here we are returned to the Old World. After riding in the sleds in Funchal that hangs between Old and New, suspended in the transparent water. It is in tortured Africa that those birds have their nests.

§

The illuminating device has clicked again. In a broader circle there are the silhouettes of queer skiffs.

Boats caught by the dawn have airs of engrossed mystery. They and their occupants remain motionless shadows—as if they said: You have caught us. Make the most of it. They might contain smugglers. Or fishermen; or escaping lovers like the two who discovered Madeira in 1344. Or they might be philosophers or merely pilots. In the old times they would have been the subjects of the Dey of Algiers to whom, as I have said, I have always suspected that Columbus supplied Christian slaves, or how else did he get his idea for the city of Novidad? . . . Algerine pirates waiting to take you, the Christian captives, before their most dread sovereign. . . . Wreckers they could hardly be on a sea so glassy. . . . In any case they always have, those embarkations of the dawn, queer projections that might be oars, or trawl warps . . . or draped and concealed guns.

§

One further click. The Dawn does not really trip in on dancing feet. But at sunrise and before it thoughts are long, engrossed thoughts. In the meantime the dawn with an absolute correctitude of gradual progression has widened the circle of visibility. You are in a reverie about the share-croppers of the State of Alabama. . . . You can't well, if you are an incurable Small Producer, not give one more thought to the problems of the extension of the Great Route, whose Loop you have just travelled. . . . Then you look up and "Click," the sight seems to jump, theatrically. You see a grey bluff extend to the indifferent sea the age-long problems of an intolerably ancient and sorrowful continent. The occupants of those boats must be poor and worried people or they would not be out in the dawn mists amongst the clumsy night sea-birds.

§

Because the mists melt, the light seems to ascend from the sea. It is climbing up the grey side of an elephant.

I have been well enough brought up by my pre-Raphaelite ancestors to know that you should not compare the major to the minor. . . . I was once severely trounced by one of my Rossetti connections for writing that the thin, new moon looked like a paring from a lady's finger-nail. I might compare a finger-nail to the new moon. The other way round is sinful.

I can't help it. What I see out there is the mournful grey side of an elephant. And I can never come across an elephant without feeling that it is an intolerably mournful fragment of an intolerably wronged continent. . . . Hannibal even made elephants cross the Alps through the snow. The swine! He must have been another Columbus. . . . Why *didn't* Lancelot do what Columbus did?

This side of an intolerably wronged continent is silver-grey and scarred by innumerable suns, cataracts, winds, water-spouts. So it seems to regard the sea and the still dawn with the painful sagacity you see in the eyes of one of those mournful pachyderms. . . . Those eyes that say:

"I know you will behave to me like every sort of swine.
But Destiny is on your side. It is fated."

§

The masses of grey climb and toss and wallow; ravines go away into them; spurs stand out in redans, giving an air of insupportable secrecy to the valleys between; horizontal clouds cover their brows, and spread out, parallel with the earth as if they were ridiculous wigs: . . . They must have been assumed for the purpose of deluding the Christians of the ship into thinking that they are somewhere else. They don't want to be tortured and gassed and shelled and converted. . . . Going greyer and greyer as the dawn wells out behind them.

§

I said a minute ago:

"I wonder if they can grow vegetables up there." I was thinking with concern of the healths of the pirates of the Riff. They are dark-skinned and alert; scrawny; active fellows. But can they really be healthy without green vegetables? They gallop their horses about and throw jereeds—if that's the name for spears—and rifles with carved stocks into the air at the gallop and catch them again. But can they really be healthy? Their burnouses blow out behind them or they rest their rifles on rocks in the ravines and take pot-shots at obese Spanish officers in yellow uniforms with worsted epaulets and firemen's helmets with red shaving-brushes sticking forward from the peaks. . . . Naughty of them, but fat men should not interfere with Africa. Or any other men. Always in the end Africa gets back on them.

No, I suppose those pirates cannot really be healthy—otherwise the hand of every man would not be against them and they would have satisfactory forms of government to negotiate with the Governments of the invaders. . . . They are, of course, nomads, living on millet, black wheat, couscous, mutton now and then. . . . I think that's about all. . . . My favourite writer on cooking says that you do not

know what food is till you have eaten couscous at the mouth of a camel's haircloth tent of some sheik, in the shadow of palms. The recipe is not attractive* and even at that, having, like the inhabitants of the peninsula that confronts their land across the Straits, next to no vegetables as a rule, the Arabs usually substitute for them merely chick peas and red pepper. The whole must constitute a diet admirably calculated to make you go out and cut Christian throats. Spanish food, on the other hand, must make the Spaniards very ardent to return the compliment. So you have had the unending wars between those two extremities of continents.

§

The individual to whom I had addressed my query as to vegetables in Africa threw up his hands lamentably and fled into the shadows. A Portuguese charcutier, going from Funchal to Gibraltar, on his way back to Cintra; he had been unable to sleep because he thought the boat carried a thousand American gangsters. Now he had been incomprehensibly addressed by one of them. He was wearing purple pyjamas with a green stripe; his black hair was ruffled and his pallid complexion seemed to have been anointed with his own products. . . . Lightly. . . . I dare say I did not look any too good. . . . If it is really fear that makes people declare war I should think he would have been all ready to make war on me.

§

The first-class passengers are beginning to come out on a gallery above—gorgeous cinema stars, holding their coat-

*“. . . Cousscouss of the poor that one eats in the desert round the wooden dish, a stringy chicken and the brownish pyramid of the microscopic pellets of hard buck-wheat flour moistened with a rancid butter that smells of the leather container. . . . Cousscouss of the rich that one eats at the door of the tent, reclining on thick piled carpets, a savoury and rich cousscouss zealously prepared by the women-folk.

. . . It would seem that, in crossing the sea, the marvellous perfume evaporates; that, in changing its sky, the pure buck-wheat flour loses its special flavour with which it was impregnated when, rolling it between their palms, the women make it, all singing in the sun, on their terraces or in their courtyards, their guttural recitatives . . .”

revers together over their throats, hair blowing back in the dawn wind, eyes gazing soulfully into the growing luminosity as if into spotlights. Each with an attendant court of insignificant males, each ignoring all the others and moving with the indifferent, long steps of great water-birds. . . .

I cannot ask them if they thought that green vegetables grew in Africa, because they are as far above my head as Pallas Athene when she rescued Athenians from battlefields.

§

There is no clicking of light about Spain. On the left there suddenly exists a monstrous mound of purple iron rust, shrouded in morose hearse-plumes of mist. It glooms and glowers there, with the night still about its skirts until long after Africa is bathed all silver grey in the sunlight and the little white houses along the water have emerged from the shadows and let down their awnings. There are gay aspects about Africa; there are none in Spain.

No, no gaiety for Spain, the irreconcilable . . . and no green vegetables either. Perhaps, even, she is irreconcilable just because she has no vegetables and her Governments for the same reason are for ever unstable. . . . She retains her purple rust hue until long after the polled-bull outline of the Rock of Gibraltar has interposed between the light and us. . . . And I shall eat two radishes, all the vegetable supply, at Algeciras, and a salad of dried chick peas at a swell restaurant. . . . And from Algeciras, across the boisterous commotion of the little waves, Tangiers in its other continent will look incurably gay.* No wonder Spain had to blot out its inhabitants.

M. du Plessis's recipe, it should be noted, is one for an

* Here is the recipe of M. Baraut du Plessis for the terrifying Spanish national dish, *gaspacho*:

Cut into small dice two fresh tomatoes, two green peppers, two onions, a clove of garlic, and two fresh cucumbers. Put the whole into a very large soup-tureen, season it with a tumbler of olive oil, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, salt and pepper to taste. Add a pound of ice to the whole and let it melt. When the ice is melted throw into the tureen unleavened bread cut into little dice, about as much bread as vegetables and fill up with ice-cold water. Serve at once,

imperial *gafpacho*; the *gafpacho* of every day bears much the same relation to it as does the couscous of the poor Arab to that eaten in the doorway of the rich sheik's tent. I remember eating a *gafpacho* years ago, having missed my way on a push-bike, twenty miles or so from San Sebastian. A miserably poor farm in the mountains it was, offering accommodation for smugglers who, I should think, never came. I hesitate to call it a posada. Posadas should have great, shadowy courtyards, peopled with mules and wine-skins and dwarfs jesting as they throw back their heads and catch the spurts of wine in their immense, laughing mouths. . . .

The patio in this place was completely empty; there was not even a broken plough nor a dejected donkey. A thin trickle of shade on the south side of that yard. I sat on a doorstep in that shadow—it was high noon and they promised me *gafpacho*. . . . It consisted of a stable-pail of cold water. In the water floated raw onion rings, a quantity of brownish, very stale bread, and a few dried chick peas—microscopic pink pyramids that are, of all things, the most difficult of human assimilation. It was not unpleasant to consume in the white heat of that day. Of course, afterwards, riding on my recovered way between the scorching, rust-red rocks, I had digestive pains of considerable acuteness. . . . But I do not think such pains matter if you know what causes them. . . . At any rate, that would seem to be the Spaniard's philosophy, for I understand that everybody, including habitués, is inconvenienced after partaking of this cooling refection. . . .

§

I must not be taken as saying that, in restaurants of the perfectly elegant Spanish *plages*, you will not find a varied and agreeable sea-food diet; or that at inland pensions you will not be bewildered by an endless succession of meat dishes of vast proportions that will be set before you. Red meats seem to blaze in heaps all over the peninsula and, according to the patient New Yorker, the indulgence in too much meat was responsible for the ferocities of the

Inquisitors. The Spanish eighteenth-century cookery books were of an amazing complexity and variety of all kinds. Whole milk lambs stuffed with pineapple, truffles, pistachio nuts, larks' breasts, green and red pimenti . . . and pearls . . . one lamb to each guest, were the merest simple beginnings of meals when the king and a few of his dukes could still jingle coins in their pockets. But I am not thinking of Royal Courts or restaurants near the Gate of the Sun in Madrid; I am thinking of Spain as a possible member of the Federated Commonwealths of Small Producers that I hope you will one day be founding—the Spain of the proper Spaniards, leading their proud, stern, and solitary lives in the folds of that mass of purple rust-red that for ever confronts Africa.

§

The last time I came through the Straits of Gibraltar—in the enjoyable, vanished, white *Providence* of the Fabre line—the ship hove-to off the Rock. And I got infinite joy watching for hours, in the completely lucid water that was lit up by the reflection of the sunshine from the white sand of the bottom . . . watching the innumerable dolphins that drifted in shoals round and round the ship, hanging in space, and then dived clean under the keel and round and round again.

It was because the rays darted upwards and gilded the forms of those graceful, fishlike beasts, a spectacle so engrossing that I completely forgot Rock, Peninsula, and Continent and spent the greater part of my stay hanging over the side of the vessel—forgetting not only my own troubles, of which I had a peck, but also those of a world that had more than sufficient.

The dolphin is a slim, elegant creature. Seen from the side its profile resembles that of the saw-fish, but with the snout much less developed. Like the puma it is the friend of man, and is said to be obedient to him when soothed by music. But it in no way resembles the creature that, in the paintings of the ancients and the Italian Renaissance, carries Arion over the waves on mural decorations, heraldic

levices, and fountains. That stylized beast has an enormous protuberant forehead that swells until it embraces the whole of the body, from the blubber lips that resemble a *retroussé* nose to the forked tail. If that is like anything, it resembles the porpoise—the despised beast that is called by the French *marsouin*, after the Germans' *meeres-schwein*—sea-hog. . . . And whereas the dolphin glides elegantly through the water, the porpoise rolls on the waves with the motions of an intoxicated sailor. It pays no attention to music and is in no sense the friend of man except that its hide provides completely water-tight boots. I had a pair made by the village cobbler at Bonnington in 1903, and wore them on every wet day after that, right through the war, in landscapes swimming with mud, and they were still going and completely water-tight on the feet of my batman long after the world had been made unfit for war. . . . Alas! . . .

§

To-day the sea off Africa, Gibraltar, and Spain is alike ruffled and grey; the wind is from the North-East, the day gloomy and the continents wrapped in melancholy. The bottom of the sea remains invisible and the dolphins are gone. . . . Not a fin. Not a back.

And then . . . dismay and disaster. A Frenchman—the only one on this boat that carried almost exclusively Wop adults, Wop-American schoolboys in howling hundreds going to serenade Mr. Mussolini, and some Palestinian Jews . . . a dyspeptic-looking Frenchman, then, has just approached me. With the air of one glad to be able to communicate something disagreeable, he has asked me in Italian what I am looking for in the water. I say in French: Dolphins. . . .

He declares that there are no dolphins in these seas. I say I have seen thousands of them; hundreds of times; looking at them has frequently dissipated my neurasthenias.

He says what I had seen had been sharks. The sea there had been so infested with sharks that they had completely cleared the waters of all other forms of piscine life.

I point out that there were not even any sharks.

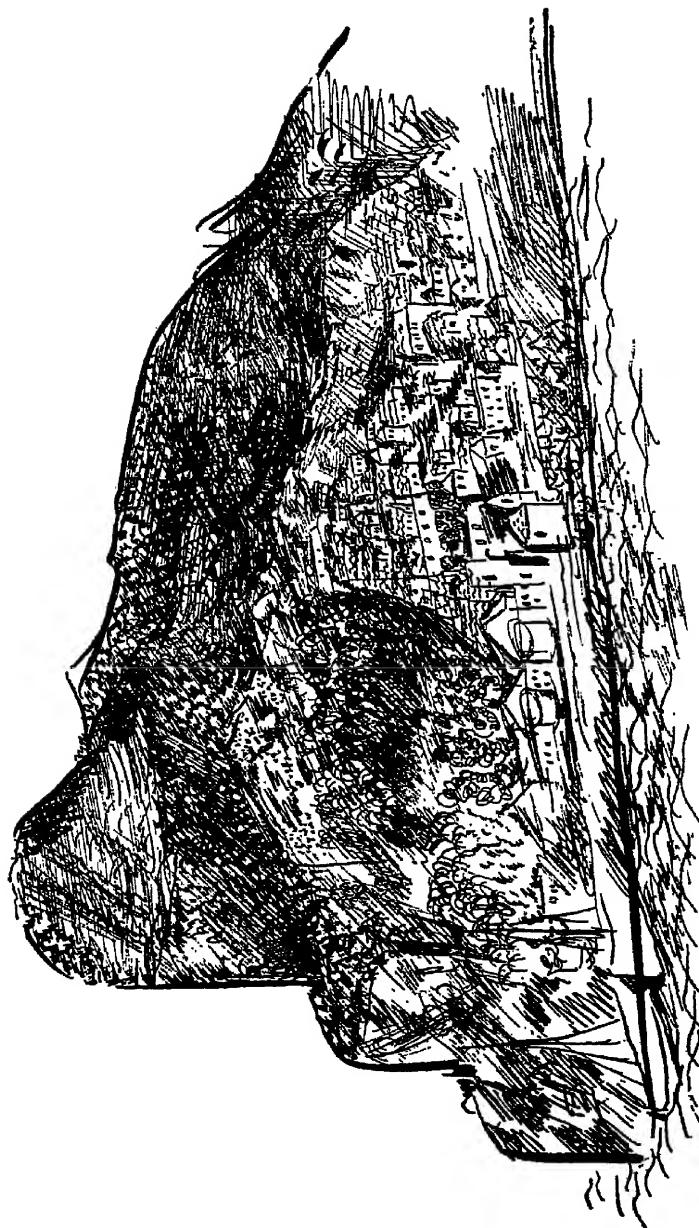
That, he alleges, is because someone was going to swim the Straits with the aid, not of a dolphin, but some new, patent device. The British Fleet had destroyed all the sharks with the aid of under-water dynamite and submarines.

I remark that that is very kind of the British Fleet. But he says: No! It was because an admiral or the First Lord of the Admiralty or a great newspaper proprietor or a multi-millionaire chain-store grocer had ordered or begged or bribed the Naval Authority to destroy the sharks because he had a financial interest in the patent and wanted it to have plenty of publicity.

That is the way Natural History gets written and the world re-made fit for war. Because, of course, we Nordics love the captains of our *Pinafores* and do not like it to be asserted that they or the civilians who are in authority should be accused of venality by dirty foreigners. I was, at any rate, made very sad.

§

I was left so sad that I refused for a long time to land on the Rock with its populations of scorpions and baboons. It is a queer, lunatically cosmopolitan, pretty little door-mat of a place that greets you below the portal of the Road to India. It is so narrow on its strip of beach that the Rock itself seems to be always trying to thrust it into the Mediterranean and so filled with monuments to half-forgotten sea-battles that to walk its narrow streets is to be presented with an epitome of the lugubrious under-side of the progress of humanity towards lunacy. . . . And, having seen it once or twice I did not want to see it again, and so I told my party. I said that foully unchanging and unchangingly foul as was the cooking on our boat, I did not believe that you could find anything better to eat in that fragment of Southern rock held by the iron claws of my Nordic fellow-countrymen. . . . And, though I was over-persuaded, it did prove impossible to find a decent-looking restaurant in all Gibraltar. The last time I had eaten there had been in the mess of my



"THAT FRAGMENT OF SOUTHERN ROCK"

regiment a battalion of which had occupied the barracks near the harbour. But they were now occupied by Gordon Highlanders or Buffs or people of that sort, with whom one could not be expected to consort.

The patient New Yorker and his friends from Montenegro and Jewry said that we could eat in Algeciras, or Ceuta, or Granada, or Xeres where the wine comes from, or Cadiz . . . and eventually in the white blaze of Algeciras the patient New Yorker and I each had the two radishes I had predicted and a very pleasant little meal, mostly hams and sea-food, without vegetables, in a little patio which suggested a marionette show—and a microscopic glass of a sherry-miracle, drinking which was like being born again. Before you set it to your lips the world was the same old place; afterwards, it was all new . . . and such a good new world. I understood at once why the Spaniard is content to go on inhabiting his aridities and why, sometimes for quite goodish intervals, he consents not to persecute or be persecuted by the Moors. . . . After all, if in that white sunlight you can go on sipping microscopic glasses of that fluid, why should you want to do anything? Until, by its cumulative effect on your liver, you find yourself moved by an inexplicable ill-temper to cross the Straits and take by the throat some circumcized dog or other . . .

II

TO MALAGA

IT is obviously a little profitless to speculate about Spain. One knows nothing about her . . . except her Arts. . . . Which are perhaps the best guides to national character. . . . Though in the case of Spain, one almost hopes they aren't. . . .

She lies there, right across the Great Route. Silent. Arrogant . . . or not arrogant. . . . Arrogance is an active quality which pushes you off sidewalks, say. Ironbound would be a better word. . . . Except that this ironbound immobility is a quality that almost molests you. . . . But, again, it is not that. It is a quality that challenges you to molest it. . . . But "challenges" is again not the word since she completely ignores you . . . "makes you want to" would be the exact wording. . . . As if she were some colossal being, for ever looking into distances and taking no notice of your agitated questions. . . . As if you must shake her head in the desperate determination to make her answer you. . . . Sphinxlike. . . . But then, no, she has none of the qualities of the Sphinx . . . except the recumbancy. . . . When you look at the Sphinx you do not want to ask questions. . . . You would be afraid to. . . . She is a divinity, infinitely remote.

But Spain, too, is remote. . . . Or then, again, she isn't. I had, a little time ago, a letter of admiration for my work from a young lady at Melbourne University. I wrote back saying how pleasant it was to get admiration from somewhere so remote. . . ."Remote from where?" she replied on a postcard.

§

And Spain is not remote. She is actually right in the middle of things.

She is the Most Christian Kingdom. . . . That is it. . . . Of course, the Communists and the Mass of the Right alternately burn churches and convents. But it will probably all

come back. And being Most Christian she belongs to us. . . . A little more to me, perhaps, who am a Papist. You may be a Seventh-Day Adventist or a Rabbi. She would probably burn all of us. Very likely, if you are a Rabbi, she has burned several of your ancestors already. Me she would certainly burn. Not as a heretic, but for being gay . . . as gay as Africa seen from Algeciras. She would probably suspect me of calling the Church *puta* in a dingle, as Borrow puts it. I shouldn't . . . but she would not take any chances of my missing heaven.

§

The cathedral of Malaga is a black immensity. It stands there sombrely in the shining streets of a very prosperous city—a city of broad modern streets and admirably shaded boulevards and parks with tall palm trees and bright suburbs along the sea. The cafés are full; the admirable, swift tramways are overfull; the innumerable little shoe-blacks who chase you about beg, not for cents, but for cigarettes, laughing all the time. . . . I don't know why, but Malaga reminds me of Brussels. . . . Only everybody laughs in the streets and there is a perpetual clicking of women's fans. . . . And, of course, the—eh—comforters are clean and shining . . . more clean and more shining than the bath-rooms of Park Avenue.

§

As to whether in the rabbit-warrens of narrow streets with the heavy iron grilles before the windows it is all as gay, as prosperous, as besprent with fan-clickings and laughter, who am I to say? I understand that six men were killed in rioting three days ago (1935) in the Calle de Something and one walks the streets with a certain trepidation. . . . In between the admirable boulevards with the great, splendid trees there are the rabbit-warrens. . . . An absolutely naked, but extremely fat and clean, laughing child runs out of one door and holds out a podgy hand, laughing fit to split and crying:

“Pen . . . nees! . . . Pen . . . nees!”

And an iron-jawed Business Man going back to the ship on the rolling tender over the laughing waves, exclaims:

"What a lamentable spectacle! . . . Enough to make you cry. . . . Not a store open and the caifs absolutely crammed with people. . . . Complete idleness. . . . What you'd expect of Dagoes."

As a sanitary measure, out of regard for the health of employees . . . and because it is the sempiternal reasonable custom all along the Mediterranean shores, in the summer months the shops are shut from noon till four. . . . That gentleman had been in Malaga from half-past one till half-past three.

On the other hand, an iron-jowled, black-avised, scowling Andalusian begs us not to believe that that is all Spain . . . the fan-clickings and the corridas and the castanets and the swing of the hips. Spain is real; Spain is earnest; with Moscow at the heart and Chicago on the brain. . . . Not even New York or New Orleans. They are frivolous. . . . Chicao. . . . On the other hand, every shop window is filled with picture-postcards and large photos of "Typical Andalusian Fiestas," with lace-covered women riding pillion or, with hand on hip and fan elevated above the mantilla, glancing—apparently lasciviously—back at you over the shoulder. . . . I beg pardon. . . . The naked little boy was at Algeciras, not Malaga. . . .

So what would you make of it all, if you wanted to? . . . I don't want to. . . . In spite of everything, the sempiternal and unchanging fact is that the climate here is ideal. . . . So ideal that they don't have to trail their vines over trellises; they just let them run along the dry, red, iron rocks. . . . Think how lazy you can be here, O luxuriating part-timer. . . .

When I was a boy at school we used to say one to the other:

"Can you say three sentences after me?" And then to the affirmative answerer: "Then say: *Malaga raisins are good; raisins of the Sun are better . . . No, that's not it. . . .*"

Anyhow, Malaga raisins are good. . . . We must have eaten five pounds of grapes that afternoon between Malaga

and the little suburb with the admirable restaurant on the shore. . . . A Place sanctified by the memory—and the admirable baths—of St. Theresa. . . . The great St. Theresa, the mystic. . . . Not St. Theresa of the roses. . . .

§

I am sitting in the dim Jewish quarter of the immense, heaving, roaring, hysterically screaming, pushing, shoving, stinking ship. It is the only quiet spot. . . . A great slice of the ship's hold, dim light coming through rare port-holes . . . part synagogue, part adult school, part drawing-room, and part railed-off quarter where the ship-stewards eat . . . the whole caboodle speeding towards Palestine.

There are exhausted Jews sitting back in deck-chairs, their eyes closed; there are lean, bearded Jews telling off, with their fingers, points gained in fiery arguments over doctrine . . . over immensely fat, bearded Jews. . . . All in skull-caps.

There are a company of them leaning over a table squinting breathlessly at Hebrew texts under the eye of a contemptuous school-teacher with a face like Savonarola's . . . breathlessly learning modern Hebrew for use in Palestine. . . . The Holy Land, we used to say.

There are Jews like nothing on earth and Jews like Wall Street bankers; and Jews like medieval scholars; and Jews like scarecrows raked off a Lebanon vineyard; and Jews rufous, like foxes; and Jews with faces agonized as if they were corpses fresh come from a pogrom. And daughters of Jerusalem as slim as laughing reeds; and daughters of the Bronx and the East Side as slim as ravishing willows with powdered faces and slashed pomegranate lips. And daughters of Riverside Drive, who are mothers and run to fat; and Jews like Princes of the House of David; and old, lean, bearded Jews who must have been made in the image of the Ancient of Days; and Jews like English country gentlemen, and Jews like French deputies. . . .

A number of them are singing with an elation exceeding that of Welsh Revivalists singing "Onward, Christian Soldiers" . . . are singing something that sounds like

"*Ahbah ahbah ahmen rah:*
Ahbah ahbah ahmen rah:
Ahbah ahbah ahmen rah: h.h. . . .
Something or other very quick."

I never heard anything so triumphant.

Biala and the patient New Yorker in the days of our early acquaintance used to puzzle me by saying that what made Judaism lovely was the triumphant, the gay, or the intimate joy of the Jewish feasts and holidays. . . . Whereas Christian Church festivals were dim, depressed, mortified, or cruelly Puritan celebrations befitting the followers of the figure of an agonized, wounded, blood-streaked Jew screaming on a wooden cross . . . hanging, as it were, on the wall at a Church Sunday Social.

It used to puzzle me. I could gather from their dim reminiscences of dim Polish or Ukrainian pasts that the life in ghettos of the orthodox Jew of the Northern Rite must have had its muted, candle-lit *Gemuethlichkeit*. . . . I'm sorry, there's no other word. . . . A sort of homely, warm, relaxed domesticity in the shadows of great danger . . . with a certain wealth of food and sacramental wines and citrus fruits and spices, underlaid with the gleam of illuminated scrolls of the law. . . . And I had even heard them sing the *Kol Nidrei* and the *Ha Tikva*—the latter the Jewish National Anthem. Neither was what you would call exactly gay . . . and the *Ha Tikva* no more inspiriting than the National Anthem of the South or that of the French Royalists or the *Wen wlad wy Nadhau* of the conquered Welsh. . . .

But when I thought of Easter Sunday, which has always seemed to me to be the gayest day of all time in all the regions of the earth . . . and the most peaceful and the most sunny and blessed. . . . I thought they were talking rather nonsense. . . . The heart knoweth its own bitterness; it knows also what makes it glad . . . but not what rejoices the heart of any other soul. The Provençal will always be thinking that all North Americans are Sadic gangsters or Big Business Men. The North American will always think the Provençaux are all dirty and lice-covered and stinking of garlic. . . . And it can't be helped and does not matter

too much as long as it does not come to what the French call *vies de fait*. . . .

But, when I heard those mostly young, fresh voices, chanting their laughing, fierce: *Ahhah, ahbah, ahmen rah*, and, still more when it came to the sudden hastening crescendo of the words that I have rendered by *Something or other very quick* . . . then I understood a little of what those young Jewish creatures meant by the gaiety of the Jew of which the Goyyim knew nothing. . . . I have heard other peoples sing on occasions of triumph or relief. I have been in a London theatre when the audience with one accord rose and sang *Now thank we all our God* . . . twice. Once when it was announced from the stage that Edward VII was pronounced safe after an operation and then when Mafeking was relieved. And I have been among Westminster boys when they sang *Vivat Rex Georgius* at a coronation. And I have heard doughboys sing *Over Here*, marching to the Argonne. And the Welsh—you should have heard those half-religious-mad backwoods mountaineers and miners—sing the Doxology on the first November 11th. . . . Oh, yes, and the Marseillaise sing the *Marseillaise* when it was announced that two of their aviators had crossed the Atlantic. . . . They hadn't, poor dears; they were drowned in it.

But I never heard anything that had the fierceness, the as it were pushing forward quality of the voices of those young Hebrews in the hold of the ship that was hastening to Palestine. . . . As if they had been marching with vine-leaves in their hair over the sapphire waves in the sunlight —Jehovah helps them to do that sort of thing when He remembers—to the taking of a for ever purified Jerusalem. . . . And it was anyhow only a rehearsal for some later event. . . .

And, in spite of their voices and the contemptuous one of the schoolmaster teaching Hebrew, and the noise of all the skull-capped bearded men wrangling over commas and semicolons in the *Thorah*, and the Riverside Drive matrons telling of the troubles they had had when little Franklin D. was coming . . . in spite of all that, when I

was allowed to sit in the dimnesses of that buzzing hold it was as if the peace of God of which the priest . . . I beg pardon, the clergyman . . . speaks in the blessing at the end of the Anglican Church Service . . . as if that peace had descended on me. . . . I don't mean spiritually, I mean just so.

§

That came about this way. Somewhere in Tennessee I had received a telegram from the patient New Yorker, who had not been able to face the idea of the Deep South and had gone back with Biala to Manhattan. . . . I had intended to go by way of Norfolk, Virginia, or Baltimore, to where I am at this moment. . . . But the telegram said imperiously that I must return at once to New York to sign the agreement for this book and to take ship. . . . The agreement was all right. . . . You must, as I had told my seething opponents at Baton Rouge, have a distributing centre for the book trade . . . and it had got me by the neck. . . . But the shipping part of it was bitter. . . . It was the end of June. The schools all over America were breaking up and, so I was told, all the school-teachers in the Continent were making a break for Europe. That was reason for congratulation in its way. It meant the further travelling backwards and forwards of culture all along the Great Route. . . . But what was bitter was that it meant that only one passage remained for the whole of Europe in all the shipping lines that turn the Atlantic into a sort of Pulaski Highway. That reservation was being held for me against a clamouring horde of the too late. If I did not take it up I should have to wait two months for another. . . . that seemed incredible; but it turned out to be true.

§

Now I ask to be believed when I say that I am no sybarite. I can't hope you to believe that I temperamentally dislike comfort, but I make the statement all the same. I dislike cushionings and waddings and the frame of mind that goes with English housemaids. I put up with army life between '14 and '19 with equanimity, and my idea of enjoy-

ment is to sit on a hard, hot rock over the Mediterranean and to meditate on the wanderings of Ulysses or the futility of written Constitutions. . . . And doesn't that get driven into your mind when you think that the city of Florence had fourteen written Constitutions between the eleventh century and the date of the final occupation by the Austrians? . . . One of them was composed by Macchiavelli himself. And with each one that amazing centre of an amazing intellectual hegemony of the world sank deeper and deeper towards ruin. . . .

But hitherto I have always contrived to achieve some measure of privacy. Always—for an hour in the day; for half the day; for days on end. And to be deprived of that must be what hell is. . . . It is indeed hell. I think that is why I dislike the long-distance trains of the United States and am glad they are disappearing, along with the class that can bear them. At nights you are conscious of people breathing all round you; almost touching you. That is unspeakably horrible.

The bus is better. It is more physically insupportable. But it has not, at nights, the stupid remorselessness of trains. You may have the head of a woman from Falls River untidily almost in your lap . . . and for hours you may want to scream. But you can always say to yourself that you can hold on till the next stopping-place and get out and stretch your legs and be for ten minutes by yourself. Or at the very worst you have the feeling that you could ask the driver to stop and let you get out. You can't do that in a train.

§

But to travel without privacy is—let us be exact—Purgatory. To be condemned to live without it for your life must be hell. . . . And that would seem to be the final condemnation of the industrial city. Even in the u.s.s.r. it must be difficult, in the cities, to get apart and think. In Leeds, or Essen, or Tourcoing, or Pittsburg it is impossible. . . . I don't think that money has anything to do with it . . . or very little. You can live very happily in pleasant places

on astonishingly little, supposing you have some similarly circumstanced friends to make a little society. I have lived for years, different times, on considerably less than the wages of a New York street sweeper . . . and with some dignity and leisure . . . travelling on it too. I once lived for a long time on five shillings a week for food and clothes and four for rent. That was in England in the nineties. In the United States to-day you would have to call it about ten dollars a week. But I guess you could still do it at the old figure in England. Not in France, perhaps . . . though I know people who have to.

Of course, I have always had large vegetable gardens and usually rabbits, cows, or goats for milk, and poultry.

You did not, perhaps, think that was coming. But it was. It is the moral of this book, and the fruit of all my observations of life. So I do not forget it long, and it will keep creeping in.

§

Well, then, here on the Mediterranean, in Malaga bay, as it has been for nearly a fortnight crossing the Atlantic, it is simply Purgatory—with a few dashes of hell to larn us to be toads. If God's Head Steward or whoever it is that manages those places had set himself to devise the insupportable he could not have done it much better. . . .

I don't know if I shall be acquitted of snobbery if I say that I have never travelled third class on a ship before. . . . I don't care if I am: there are worse crimes. . . . And I don't know that I have ever been treated as not a member of the governing classes. . . . I mean, called "Sir" by policemen and tax collectors and mayors of small towns and people like that. It is a small thing, but one that one misses because it is one's right. . . . No, I don't mean what you mean. I mean that it is we who pay those fellows and they ought to behave as our servants. And, indeed, in most of England, that sort of person when he is on duty, is instructed to say "Sir" to the humblest member of the public, and mostly does so . . .

I will interpolate that when Marwood and I in the *English Review* days set about constructing a Tory Utopia

we began by postulating—the industrial system had not then broken down—that every manufacturer when applying to open a factory or to be allowed to keep going one that was in existence must sign an undertaking to pay every one of his employees a real wage of four hundred a year . . . that is to say a wage that rose with the rise and fell with the fall of prices so that it always had the same purchasing power. . . . *And* provide him with enough garden land to supply his family with all their vegetables. . . . No, Tories do not love manufacturers. They want to get rid of them.

In such communities the functionaries would damn well have to be-Sir every member of the public or lose their jobs and no one would eat anything out of a can. . . . Four hundred a year was what my father had when he married. . . .

§

Well, on this boat the officials treat the passengers like dogs . . . and there are no vegetables, even out of cans. . . . The food is fantastically barbarous ; the purser who invented it must have had an imaginative genius. When you look at a specimen bill of fare provided by the publicity department of the company you see that you are to have a wide variety of dishes . . . roast beef, navarin of lamb *printanière*, *blanquette de veau*, *gigot de pré salé*. . . . The proper middle-class household food. You think it looks all right and wonder how they can do it for the money. . . . They don't.

You sit down to your first meal and discover that the roast beef is braised silverside . . . which is not too bad. Silverside is not a roasting joint, but it does pretty well for braising, and the cook is pretty good. What follows is not his fault.

For when you come to the next meal and your navarin of lamb you start with amazement at the first taste. It is a sort of navarin all right . . . but the meat is the same sort of silverside of beef that you had at lunch. And the meat of the leg of mutton is silverside of beef, and the veal is the same thing and the ham with madeira sauce. . . . All the meat to the end of the voyage.

§

That seems to me to be fantastically stupid. Almost anybody knows that to eat the same meat for thirty meals running must nauseate you. . . . There may have been some job about it. Someone may have bribed someone to buy thirty thousand pounds weight of silverside. Of course, that would be unanswerable. You can't expect any ship's victualler to resist a job.

But I don't believe it was a job. I believe it was just languor. It was languor that, in all other departments of the ship, made it insupportable. They gave you an apple a day . . . no doubt to keep the doctor away. But the apples were those immense Californian things smelling so strong of disinfectants that you puke when you hold it near your mouth. Occasionally there would be a perfectly admirable orange. Where that ship came from, oranges are infinitely cheaper than even Californian apples in New York. . . . That may have been a job again. But I rather think not. I think not. I think it was just languor. . . .

You never saw anything like the commissariat department of that vessel. One of them was epileptic or syphilitic in some stage. He could not speak any known language; he couldn't write with his shaking hand; he couldn't count coins . . . an immensely long young man . . . apparently gentle. The second in that purser's office passed his whole time lamenting about his love for a young American school teacher. The purser occupied himself with combing his astonishingly golden hair. If you complained to him gently about the howling boys he shrugged his shoulders slowly and said he had no powers. If you went on complaining he went away to comb his hair somewhere else. If you complained very loudly and rudely he reminded you that he was one of the coloured shirts of the glorious days of 1920. . . . That was it really. . . . They were, all those officials, heroes of 1920. Apparently you could get any job on that ship if you were a hero; you could not get any if you weren't. . . . And apparently the effort of having been heroes had exhausted them for ever, in body and brain. I

imagine the heroic purser asked to order the victuals for his part of the ship. He combs his locks for a long time, looking at the food schedule with exhaustion. He puts at the end of a line asking for thirty thousand pounds of some sort of meat the words: Silverside of beef. The pen falls from his powerless fingers. Someone tells him he has not yet filled in the fruit order. He groans and at the third attempt succeeds in again grasping the pen and writes: "Or . . ." But finding that he cannot remember how to spell oranges, he crosses that out and writes "Apples." . . . And then with immense, heroic effort, remembering that his passengers ought to have some change, writes: "Some oranges too," and falls asleep.

§

The effects were pretty lamentable. A pleasant young Italian priest attempted to commit suicide on the tenth day. . . . Because of the noise. The cheerful, rather jocularly philosophic Montenegrin not very elderly lady, who by the workings of destiny has become as it were the Fuerhrerin of our by now largish party, interrupts herself in giving me lessons in her language to groan that she will never see again her home in the Bronx . . . the lovely home where in presses she has three hundred sheets all embroidered by her own hands. And she curses the day when she permitted her Italian son and his lovely Jewish partner in life to persuade her to take this voyage to the home of her birth and ancestors. . . . And the howling boys rush round the dining-room screaming at the tops of their voices.

§

They are the guests of the dictator of the land we are approaching. . . . We are going to Naples, meaning to take there another coasting boat that will run along the whole water-front from Pompeii to the place from which we started. . . . Of these young hundred-per-centers there are two hundred on board . . . invited to visit the home of their parents' birth. When they came on board they were told to remember that they were under the control of nobody;

that nobody could say a word to them. They were accompanied by two priests who passed their time in another part of the vessel and whose only contact or control of those boys was once a day for an hour to make them rehearse a hymn of adoration to the dictator of the land we are approaching. . . . I was astonished to discover how American I had become when I found hot indignation filling me at the thought that American boys should be taught to sing hymns of adoration to a foreign dictator . . . and should be exposed to such corruption. Because it was a scandal.

§

So here I sit in this Jewish Heaven—a large, grey, empty cavern whose only occupants are two very old, bearded rabbis disputing in whispers in the shaft of strong light falling from a scupper on the other side of the ship . . . disputing over the colons and full stops of the *Thorah* . . . and hastening to lay their aged bones somewhere within a mile or so of the Wall of Weeping. . . .

In the end it is they who are responsible for the few glimmers of civilization that here and there gleam weakly in our comity of nations. It would probably be too much to concede the claim that my young friends set up . . . that Christendom exists because an old rabbi in a shawl, like those two old fellows over there, disputed so long over the law that he arrived at the conclusion that mankind will not be saved until every man of it is convinced that he must bestow as much affection upon his neighbour as upon himself. . . . Yet that piece of illumination that came to the Rabbi Hillel two thousand years ago remains the only glimmer of light in the darkness that surrounds humanity . . . surrounds Christendom. Nothing else but the complete adoption of that maxim can save us.

I'm not writing as a Christian . . . not, I mean, trying to convert anybody. I'm not even writing as an altruist. I don't much care what happens to the world if only I can get off this floating hell and live to get to my garden and plant a row of peas and see their green heads push through

the Mediterranean earth from which sprang all that is good in the world.

§

Up on a hatchway in the sun on the deck sit, hand-in-hand, two old people who have been expelled after forty years from the country we have left . . . and where they have left every soul of their kin and every soul that they know in the world. . . . They sit there, puzzled, silent, blinking their eyes a little in the whiteness of the sunlight. The howling boys rush all round them, barge into them now and then, stumble yelling over their poor old feet. . . . It is quite illegal, their expulsion. But some body of officials has arrived at the conclusion that the expulsion of such people will save the country and they have had no one speak for them. They are so old and so cleaned that their skin has a slight lavender tinge, and they have lived so long together that it is as if they had become one person . . . sitting hand in hand, close together . . . like the things called lovebirds, an emblem of complete, faithful marital felicity. . . . Such objects are rather rare in the world . . . and rather pretty . . . and very educational.

They are expelled whilst the howling boys will be welcomed back after they have sung their hymn of adoration to the dictator . . . to perpetuate a strain of murderers and degenerates. . . . That, at least, is what I am told they will do . . . by a school-teacher who has some of them in his class in New York. It is lamentable the tales that he tells of his proletariat pupils.

I am not criticizing in particular the country we have left. The whole world is doing the same sort of thing all the time. . . . Expelling its images of virtue and breeding such proletariat children. . . . Even England, which is the only country in the world with a population of any political intelligence, will, at the dictate of some swine of a permanent official, let into her shores and admit eventually to her citizenship any thief, sodomite, gangster, or criminal lunatic who has a thousand pounds in his pocket—that is the regulation—and send back home to be murdered

any thinker or honest working man who hasn't. I don't say that that is wrong, but it seems to me to be impolitic. If the country of my birth is strong, splendid, inspired to the marrow of her bones with the instinctive love of freedom . . . if she is all that . . . and she is and takes it all in the day's work . . . and if she is the only country in the world except Palestine and Estonia who has balanced her budget and emerged from the Crisis and invented a process of canning peas that is really admirable and without chemicals or colouring; and bears written on every second wall and every public convenience, as the patient New Yorker lately remarked when visiting London, the chalked inscriptions: *God is Love . . . and Have you seen Jesus?* . . . if, then, that is the country of my birth she is that because in the past she welcomed every kind of refugee. She learned weaving from Flemings who fled from the Spaniards, lacemaking from the Huguenots, traditions of Protestant uprightness from the Anabaptists of Westphalia . . . and from a crucified Jew who certainly never had a thousand farthings or any pockets, she learned to write those things on her walls and public conveniences. . . .

So it would seem to be impolitic nowadays for her to exclude Einsteins . . . and, at the instance of another official, to take upon her to exclude them from part of the Mediterranean littoral. For ninety per cent of the Jews who with songs of triumph are here hastening to Palestine will not be allowed to settle there, and a few will not even be allowed to land. . . . I think Freedom must have shrieked a little when that temporary official wrote "Parmoor" at the end of that decree. . . . Peers temporal do not sign their Christian . . . or even their Fabian . . . names.

§

Lord Parmoor issued that decree in the name of the land whose very bones are instinct with the love of freedom. Because Lord Parmoor does not approve of the multiplication of small nations (I presume I may criticize the internal and mandatory politics of my own country) . . . I do.

I believe that the infinite multiplication of small units of

populations alone can save the world. . . . The whole united in such an immense Zollverein or Customs Union that there won't be any more customs duties anywhere . . . and only custumals instead of laws and only world conscience to influence the trend of custumals.

§

There are Christendom . . . and Jewry. I am sitting in Jewry watching two old Jews dispute. An hour ago I was in Malaga Cathedral—a black place—watching a lot of black, unbelievably immobile female figures, kneeling on the stones, telling their beads and now and then fanning themselves. A prosperous gentleman in black, looking like a banker or factory owner, hurried in, genuflected before the blazing altar, sat down at one of the half-dozen masses that were going on and with his lips moving in prayer, pulled out a little folding fan and continued fanning himself with his lips moving. . . . For a long time. . . . And then hurried out. . . .

Malaga Cathedral is a fantastic place. It is immense. Still more, its builders had the skill to make it seem infinitely more immense than it is. Michelangelo or Bramante, or whoever designed St. Peter's at Rome, is usually praised because he has so proportioned that immensity that it seems quite small. That always seemed to me to be a silly sort of trick. The builders of this place knew better. They so builded that the pillars of the great place, soaring into invisibility, seem to enclose the night. . . . The whole of the night that spreads over the earth. . . . The whole of human life. . . .

§

The doors of the cathedral are blocked by crowds of cripples so deformed in hideousness that the spectacle is insupportable. They command you to give them alms and they are regarded by the worshippers of God with indulgence, almost with affection. They appear to like to have the poor thus always with them.

The exhibition of modern Spanish art is a shambles. The pictures are without exception literal renderings of

sores, bleeding wounds, torments, tortures. Every one of them resembles the Flemish pictures photographically rendering flayings alive, breakings on the wheel, mere beheadings and hangings. Those last were commissioned by Spanish buyers in the days when the Flemings fled to England to make her more moral. . . . That is perhaps why Malaga suggests Brussels. If one digs below the surface to-day in Spain, one comes on incredible tortures enacted on men and beasts . . . more on men than on beasts . . . enacted and then regarded with absolute composure.

I don't say these things in condemnation. It is not reasonable to condemn the necessary expressions of whole regions of men. All one can do is to regard them as phenomena . . . and speculate about them. It is impossible to regard this type of cruelty as Sadism. Sadism is quick in action and gets joy out of cruelty. And it would be absurd to put them down, *à la Freud*, to sex expression . . . or perverted expressionism. Those manifestations are always either secret or emotional. Spanish inflictions of suffering are like acts of faith performed in public by passionless executioners who are doing their duty. They are the manifestations of tradition, of education . . . of religion, perhaps.

§

Is it possible, then, that St. Dominic and Torquemada were, in the last resort, inspired by the Rabbi Hillel? It seems difficult to believe, though reason almost insists that you believe it—just as, to reverse the case, reason may insist that you do not believe that there are ghosts in a dark room, or in the immortality of your own soul, yet in spite of yourself you will find it impossible not to believe that a ghost has got in with you or that in your flesh shall you see God.

§

It is not, I think, from the Old Testament that the Spanish Inquisition took its tradition—though St. Dominic un-

doubtedly did. There was about him a little of the breezy rejoicing in destruction that inspired the prophets of Jehovah . . . just a little of the gaiety that underlies Jewry.

But the Spanish Inquisitors did not rejoice; they were educated men doing a duty. They descended, then, from Christ . . . which is what makes it all so queer . . . and despairing. We have, as I have already said, got men about to the stage when men of all forms of religion can live peaceably side by side. We have at any rate along the Great Route . . . and indeed in some Nordic parts. Except in Boston, in the Northern States, people do not bash each other much in the name of the Almighty; nor do they in England south of Edinburgh. In Soviet Russia Christians, Jews, and Mohammedan are all equally at a discount—but not because the Soviet authorities prefer Jehovah to Adonai or Allah.

Jews are murdered and mutilated in Rumania, in the Balkan States they are oppressed and hooted at in the streets like Catholics in the Northern Athens; they are murdered by process of law by Mr. Hitler. But there is this advantage about that. When Mr. Hitler had murdered his twentieth thousand Jew quite a dozen Christians wrote to the papers about it. I did myself, but no one printed me. And England actually took action about it—letting the relatives of murdered Jews enter if they had a thousand pounds to show. And on this screaming boat Jews—as perhaps will prove to be the case in Heaven itself—are given a little heaven of their own in which a miserable so-called Christian can take refuge from his young co-religionists. . . . And don't forget that Mr. Hitler had to write himself down, by implication, a Jew . . . as we have seen in the third chapter. He was losing too much money on his ships.

Some sort of World conscience was, in fact, evoked all along our Route—some sort of protest against Mr. Hitler's breach of the sort of half-law the world has there evolved. The clause of a custumal recommending that all men shall live in peace side by side in spite of their religions!

§

We have just heard (1936) that sixteen men have been killed in the streets in Barcelona, and we are rather glad to be moving out of Malaga harbour instead of walking the streets of the laughing city.

I am sorry for having been forced to write about religion because it will no doubt seem a digression just to get in Malaga Cathedral or to hurt the feelings of some kindly people. I am tired of pointing out that there are no digressions in this book. Even the passages of relief that from time to time I have inserted, all have their place in the progress of a pretty close-knit argument. It was necessary to get in Malaga Cathedral since it is as much an expression of the Black department of Papistry as the meeting of Intelligentsia at Baton Rouge was of the Deep South.

And we had to examine that form of Papistry because it is the only form of the cult that is completely without gaiety. It is the cult that still finds expression in the black gondolas of Venice and the pictures of flayings alive in the Flemish Galleries. It is, if you like, the expression—the only possible expression—of the Catholic Reaction after Luther. So Mr. Symonds says in his *Renaissance in Italy*, and, though I do not agree with him, I don't want to argue the matter. . . . But it is certain that when you enter that cathedral you come, if you have never before been in a Spanish church, in contact with a form of Papistry such as you will find nowhere else in the world. Catholicism, of course, differs widely and evolves national types in every nation. But, for Catholics at least, it is everywhere distinguished by one thing . . . by, precisely, a sort of gaiety. It is a religion for the lousy, untidily thinking, goodish man in the street . . . so he be of good will. . . . Only not in Spain. It strikes you at once like a wind on the forehead that here your faith burns with a black, icy flame that consumes all life. Those women near the side altar, like cones of black sugar, haven't life outside the church. They perform their mundane functions against the grain, in a sort of daze, protesting, as it were, against Destiny that

III

TO NOWHERE

LET us imagine that, by a sort of coincidence, we are living in an allegory . . . of the Golden Age; of the Great Route. . . . We are in the very centre of the Route midway between Pekin and Memphis, Tennessee. We are seated on a hard stone above a tideless and shining sea in the chalk-white light of a meridian sun. Around us flourish the olive, the date-palm, the banana-palm, the orange, the lemon, lianas, agaves, hundred-year aloes, tube cactuses. The rocks behind us are purple with bougainvillea; down the pathways between them stagger the cautious pack mules beneath their loads of grapes.

We are in a country that is without laws or law-courts, politicians or parliaments; without arms except for show, without boundaries or customs services . . . in a country that welcomes with open arms the citizens and subjects of all the races, the devotees and creeds of all the world; a country where there are no factories and that lives by flouting Nordic virtues . . . the only country in the world that has no war problems; where the inhabitants are paid instead of paying taxes; the only absolute monarchy. . . .

Yes, say you, that is the sort of country one imagines you inventing. . . . "Quoth heart of neither maid nor wife to heart of neither wife nor maid; *Lead we not a pleasant life, between the shine and shade.*" . . . The sort of thing one expects you to look for half-way between Cathay and the Cherokees. . . .

§

Less than a mile to our left is a limited monarchy. You see its headlands jutting out into the sea. Much less than a mile to our right is a republic; you can see its mountains tower above the idyllic little white palace of our benevolent prince. Three hundred feet below us is a little proletarian unit ruled over by three dictators with no power to do anything.

Oh, say you, we see what you are getting at. You are projecting your Utopia. . . . The one you were talking about last night. States so little that if you don't like their forms of government you can step into the next State and try another. . . . It's rather mechanical. . . . We suppose that just over the mountain there is a federation of sovereign States all of whose laws are made by referendum.

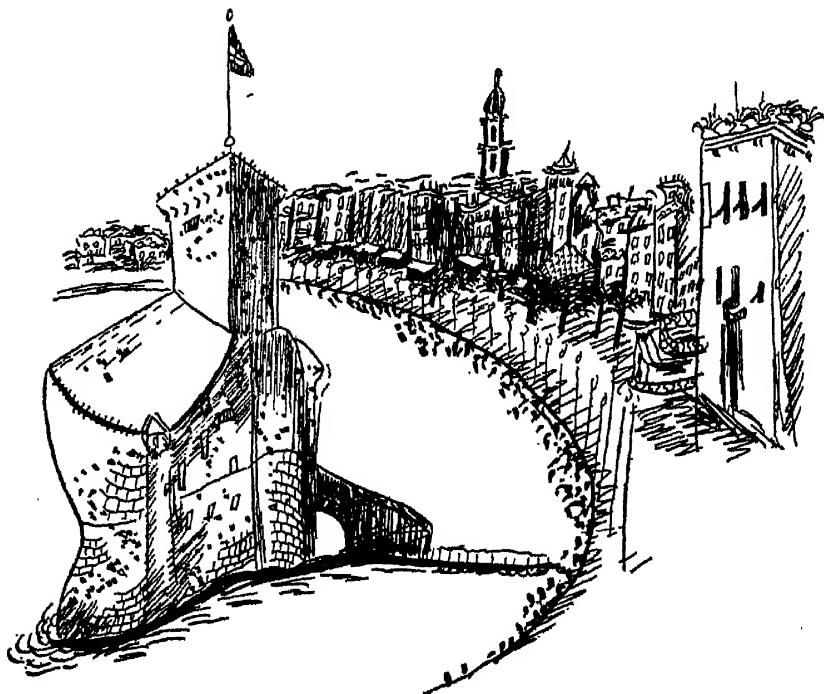
There is, I answer. . . .

§

It is a coincidence caused by one of the howling boys at the end of the corridor in which was my—perfectly clean but quite airless—cabin taking it into his head to practise *Giovinezza* for the ultimate delight of Mr. Mussolini . . . on a key-bugle from two a.m. to six-thirty. The purser, taking a moment off from his hair, shrugged his shoulders very carefully for fear the physical exercise should over-exhaust him, and said that he had no powers. One must understand that this was a free country—the proud vessel of a free country—where youth was worshipped—the youth of a sovereign proletariat, shining and untrammelled guests of a beneficent . . . His eyes closed slowly but irresistibly. From far below the key-bugle began once again to send out the thrilling strains of the song of shining youth. . . . So we are not going to Naples. . . . Or Genoa. . . . Nor ever to Rapallo where Columbus landed and Ezra lives like Bertran de Born of Altaforte. . . . All the passengers who can afford it have gotten off from that free proletariat unit onto the soil of this absolute monarchy and the rest have telegraphed a petition to Mr. Mussolini, asking him to have his guests disembark at Genoa so that there may be one night of sleep out of fifteen. So we shan't go along the fabled shores that Columbus walked, looking at the bathers. And I am not really sorry, because I don't want again to see Genoa, which is the least sympathetic city in all Italy and has a bad record . . . worse really than Boston's. For Boston only developed the slave trade which, as far as the Atlantic is concerned, Columbus invented. But Genoa produced not only Columbus but the banking system.

§

And I am really tired. Hideously tired. . . . You must remember that I had had thirty-eight hours in a bus as a prelude to those fourteen nights of complete sleeplessness and disspiritude. Modern travel has its disadvantages. Indeed, if any man of Columbus or Hawkins, or indeed



"RAPALLO WHERE COLUMBUS LANDED"

any slave, for the slavers really seem to have made some attempt to look after the healths of their valuables . . . if any of them had a much worse time, *pro rata*, than the unfortunate passengers on that boat, they are to be pitied indeed. . . . I say *pro rata* because the voyagers were toughs and the slaves not used to the contemplative life or quietudes. Whereas the greater part of our passengers were tired school-teachers or tired Jewish scholars . . . with a few tired old people who were going to visit the homes of

their youths, and a few tired and bewildered peasants who, like the two very old people, were being deported to homes that they would probably find not too sympathetic. It was, that proletariat, made up of just the classes that should be treated with tenderness. . . . Old people and the unfortunate. . . . And school-teachers should particularly in all ways be heartened for their dreary work since their hands have the task of moulding whatever is civilized in our life. . . . And so should Jewish scholars. . . . For who knows when, if they are properly treated, they may not produce another Rabbi Hillel?

So I don't want to make any song and dance about my own sufferings. I ought to have had sense enough, hardened traveller as I am, to make my reservations in time. Or I ought to write my books sufficiently attractively for me to be able to afford the best extra silvergilt sundeck suite on the *Normandie*. . . . I am told many writers can.

But what dreadfully depressed me was the thought that, if that is the best that our miraculous machine age can do in the way of material comfort, for its proletariat and the teachers of the children of its proletariat, our miraculous machine is a lugubrious monster, and the sooner we get rid of it the sooner we shall be able to hold up our heads.

§

I don't profess to know anything of poverty—or of even the relatively comfortable industrial classes—in towns. I have tasted of want—or what would be called want by the majority of the people I know—in the country and I have seen poverty there. But I never felt poor, and I do not think that real country people ever feel poor—more particularly part-timers. If you have no money with which to buy things from outside you say: Oh, well, and go to your garden or your rabbit-hutches and get yourself a meal and go back to your book or your picture or the chair you are making. And money comes along from somewhere, sometime. Indeed, if you own your own plot with, if possible, a spring, and are below the level of the income-tax collector and can manage to scrape together enough to pay your electric

light bills—or better still, can ram your spring and run a dynamo . . . why I don't see why you should ever feel poor.

§

But the lot of the wage-slave in a city. . . .

I don't *know* anything about it. But there are certain passions and anxieties that are shared by all humanity. . . . And then I am a novelist and it's part of my job to work myself into the minds of all sorts of people. . . . And then one has glimpses. . . .

§

When I had the *English Review*, one day a tall fellow came in and told me I had made a mistake in something I had written—about Workmen's Insurance—in my last editorial. I don't know whether he convinced me, but he was very intelligent and well-read and he sat down and we began to chat. He had been a skilled artisan, doing well. . . . Nice house, wife, and children. . . . And if England is politically intelligent it is that class who make her so, and if the English at home are—as they are—attractive and kindly, it is because England more and more assimilates her manners and thoughts to those of that type amongst her inhabitants. . . . It can't be otherwise. Public education has taken that country in hand after three-quarters of a century, and don't you forget.

Well, that fellow chatted, and I happened to say something. . . . I suppose about Progress. . . . He was well dressed in a sort of blue reefer, naval type thing. . . . And he sprang up and shook his fist at the ceiling . . . at God, I suppose . . . and shouted:

"Progress. . . . By God, if I could have been born six hundred years ago and could have been a serf with an iron collar round my neck I ought to have gone down on my knees and thanked the Almighty who made me with the tears streaming down my cheeks. . . ."

He had been some sort of master artisan. . . . I think a combmaker with four or five hands under him. . . . But machinery had bankrupted him. He could not get taken

on in a comb factory because his knowledge of his craft was of no assistance to him. He had been taken on eventually as a jam-jar labeller and heavy porter in some conserve factory in the East End. And then as something strong and unskilled in a soap works in the Lee marshes. And in work for a week, and out for three. And in for three months and out for a month. And the wife getting thin and losing her looks, and the children's shoes letting the water in and they not getting proper education because of change of schools. He had been in work then for thirteen months . . . and he shuddered when he said it:

"Makes you think the time's all the nearer when you'll be out again," he said. He wasn't begging or anything.

It seemed to be a waste of good material.

§

It wasn't a new thought to me—that the medieval serf was better off than the industrial worker of that day. I was pretty convinced of it. Or that even the negro slave was. You were valuable cattle. It is abhorrent that one man should be the property of another—spiritually degrading. . . . But if you have to waste your whole mind on agonies at being out of work or on agonies at the thought that to-morrow you may be out of work—with all the concomitant agonies for your dependents—it does not seem to me that you are spiritually better off than serf or slave. . . . And it could not be very good for the world if it succeeded in breeding men who were indifferent to those conditions.

§

I don't write as a communist—or that may possibly be reactionary. . . . I don't care. I write rather as a man who should go along a road and see some sheep over the hedge who were not doing well. . . . And I should go to the farmer and suggest his throwing a little sorghum cake on the meadow morning and evening. The cake would increase the nitrates in the dung; and the improved dung would help the grass in the meadow. . . . And so on. . . . Talking like that.

§

I will tell you a secret. . . . For years and years I have been cherishing that idea for a Utopia . . . that of units of population, rather small than big, who should live side by side as the churches do, and each have their own methods of being governed or governing. . . . But I have always been too shy to write it down. I am not an economist or a scientific historian . . . or in the least inclined to interfere in the affairs of my kind. What I wrote would raise a howl . . . as what I am writing will, from the economist, the scientific historian, and the people who interfere professionally in world affairs. They will say I know nothing about it. But really it is they who know nothing about anything. They have never sat on rocks over the Mediterranean and thought . . . and felt. . . .

But years ago . . . years and years ago . . . I was in a long valley in Hessen Darmstadt. . . . A long open valley with basalt-pyramids rising up all over it—each one like Mont St. Michel or St. Michael's Mount in Cornwall. And on the top of one, the village would be nothing but Lutherans wearing the local costume; and on the top of another nothing but Jews, some of whom still wore the long yellow gabardine. The next would be all Papists dressed like shabbyish townspeople because the priests would not let them wear costumes—and the next, Huguenots wearing the costumes of La Rochelle in the seventeenth century. And they were all perfectly friendly when they met in the markets, and laughed and drank together and shared each other's church feasts . . . and went home and did a little backbiting to keep things healthy.

It was rather a heavenly place and time; I hear it is not so good now. That was in 1894.

§

Well, ever since then I have at odd moments been thinking that it would be a good thing if that religious arrangement could be translated into politico-social terms. I don't suppose that politicians have more corrupted the inner

minds of men than priests did in their time, and it ought not to be more difficult to draw their teeth. It merely needs a little elevation of public world opinion. . . . I have been thinking thoughts like that for forty odd years but, as I have said, I was always too shy to put them down. . . . Not because I was afraid of raising a row, but because I was afraid of being confuted owing to my want of polemical practice, so that I should put things back.

§

And this morning I was walking the wet decks before dawn to the faint strains of *Giovinezza* on the key-bugle far below. . . . And gradually the Narbonnais and Provence began to exist as Africa had begun to exist the other morning at dawn. . . . And I could have thrown myself into the sea and swum to the shores that I love best in the world. . . . Only I should not have got there, which I could do if I waited an hour or so. . . . And, of course, there are so many shores and cities that I love best in the world. . . . There is Paris when you see from the Pont des Arts the île de la Cité standing up like a galleon; or Lexington, or Washington welcoming its Nobles, or Annapolis, or Wilmington, or Paoli with Esherick working in the studio. . . . Well, you know. . . . Or even poor old London, the charwoman of the great cities. . . . I wouldn't mind standing in Coventry Street with the theatres coming out towards half-past eleven. It isn't Nîmes with the Maison Carrée standing up in the middle of the town. . . . But it can be a little bit of all right now and then.

In short, there is no place along the Great Route to which I am indifferent and many I love very much. And if I can do it most people can; and if everyone did there would be an end of most of our troubles. . . . There would be an end at least of patriotism and that would be a great help.

§

It is a queer idea of serving his country that the patriot has. He loves his land. Therefore he proceeds to make himself as disagreeable as he can to every other land. When he has

made himself sufficiently disagreeable to other lands they all fall upon his country and gore its gentle bosom with the shards of war. Patriotism doesn't pay. . . . Did any other Nordic ever think of that?

§

In any case there, to the faint strains of *Giovinezza*, I was on the wet deck, being drawn along past the extraordinary pageant of Provence and the Narbonnais. . . . Because it was an extraordinary pageant.

I have been carried along past other lands. . . . Spain, say, from Lisbon to Gibraltar; England, as the other day, from the North Foreland to the Land's End; the East Coast from Portland, Maine, to Sandy Hook. . . . And they were just land. . . . Spain, piles of iron pyrites, rusted; England, wet, greenish water-colour; the United States the same but with more hardness and larger fringes of tossing white where the sea hits it. . . . But Provence is a living thing, tossing in a dance. . . . The *Primavera* of Botticelli.

You see, from high on the ship, you see right into the land—the foothills running up to the great Alps; the towns shining in the dawn sun; the mists rolling themselves together—and you see the whole of the country at once—from Aix to Perpignan. Because, of course, the Narbonnais and Provence only run from the sea to the foot of the Alps up the inverted V of the Rhône—so you see right over both lands.

And, I suppose, because of the motion of the ship or perhaps my state of mind, the whole land seemed to rush along, like a school of dolphins, at the feet of the mountains. . . . I don't care what those young Jews may say. . . . Palestine was never so gay. . . . Not even when they took them the little foxes, the little foxes that eat the grapes. . . . And I charge you, oh, you daughters of Jerusalem and everywhere else, that you come and do homage at these shores. . . .

That, of course, is patriotism. . . . Because Palestine from the sea exactly reproduces Provence and the Narbonnais; it is all one Mediterranean system; all part of one Great Route.

And I said: Damn it all one must try and do something to keep the gentle bosom of the Earth that is so beautiful from being gored with shards . . . which must be very unpleasant.

§

So here I sit on the hard stone of a carved seat, in the white sunlight under the carvings of the most preposterous building to be found outside Coney Island . . . and release my Utopia.

Biala and the patient New Yorker are down on the harbour getting their pictures past the douane of the neighbouring Republic. It will take hours. Isn't it preposterous—this Protection of your Country from civilizing influences? I wonder they do not put duties on the brazen strains of the New York key-bugled *Giovinezza* that is blaring from that unfortunate proletariat unit. Or measure our heads so as to tax the thought with which one may benefit their lands. . . . Taxation at the source that would be. . . . England indeed puts an income tax of 25 per cent on all thinkers that live in the foreign. It would probably be better protection for English Thought if she put a prohibitive tax on all brains above standard boys' size. . . . Or the United States. . . . Or any country. . . . It might keep their races clean.

§

But isn't it a queer coincidence that I should have been driven by that key-bugle to take refuge in a tract of the world where my Utopia actually exists—where an autocrat without parliaments or politicians or protection or national barriers touches hands with a Republic, a limited monarchy—under a dictator—and a federal union of sovereign States, all of whose laws are subject to a referendum? . . . Because that is actually the fact. The boundaries of Monaco, France, the Helvetic Republic, and Italy lie here all so close that you could cover them with a man's hat. Or at any rate you can go in and out of the lot of them between lunch and dinner. . . . And they have lived peacefully side by side

for generations. The only group of people who have. . . .
But to-day. . . .

§

It is curious—it is depressing to think that I shall probably never again see Siena . . . because a relatively Northern nation has decided to purge of the peculiar institution called slavery a nation living to the South of it. We have had no news on the boat and that is the news that reaches us here. It would apparently be dangerous for me to go even to San Remo where my uncle came out of the bathroom looking like a Moor, though from here I can see it at the bottom of that purple cliff.

Stupid. Stupid. Stupid. . . . And think of the endless reverberations of tragedy that will go on all over the world . . . when Africa takes her next revenge on humanity.

She will. And generations yet unborn will be gassed. . . . And more generations and more beyond them. . . .

It won't pay. . . . Anybody. Ever.

§

I put that last reflection in for the sake of us Nordics. We have been made, apparently, middling honest by the reflection that honesty pays. We may divest ourselves of other of our vices if we can be assured of the fact that War does not.

And that all our virtue-vices are not profitable any more. Not courage; not endurance; not the pioneering spirit; not thrift. The only thing that could pay us would be for all of us to crowd into this Principality and spend our time for years over the green cloth. . . . The only thing that could save us is degeneracy. We must become lazy, shiftless, languid, disloyal, cowardly, unadventurous, undisciplined.

Our virtue-vices are all devoted to training us for acquisition. . . . Self-help they used to call it in Victoria's spacious days. It was considered virtuous then to rob—deprive—your fellows. And all our training, all our idealism, since then has been devoted to making us more deft at robbing our fellows. For do not forget that every penny

you make by your honesty, endurance, courage, cleanliness, technical instruction has been taken from a starving child. . . . It might have saved a child from starvation. . . . But you have it. There were last year 270,000 starving children roaming one country in bands.

§

There is only one virtue-virtue—hundred per cent. It is charity. I did not, of course, invent that statement, and I do not mean exactly what you think I mean, though that is part of it.

§

I was talking the other day to a worker in a Charity Organization Society. She assured me modestly that it was amazing the good that Society did in the great cities. She knew of ever so many families who had been thriftless, idle, unproducing, dirty. . . . And they had been helped and instructed until they had become self-respecting members of Society. They could stand on their own legs, they could earn; they could even save. . . . I said that she was making murderers out of them and breeding the wars of to-morrow and she was quite hurt. She said that she was sure that not a penny she had expended had gone into the hands of the thriftless. . . . But it is not the thriftless that make wars. It is the acquisitive.

I shall probably die of starvation because I do not write books that people like. I do not say that I shall be proud of it. . . . But at least at the moment of dying I shall know that I have not lately taken the bread out of anyone else's mouth.

§

I wonder whether we progress more, or more degenerate towards savagery. Since the seventeenth century we have had no wars of religion and for the last two or three years it has been generally accepted that if a State permits citizens to be born it must provide for them. . . . Oh, bread and circuses. Not just bread. So we have arrived, after the collapse of the world in the Dark Ages, at about the civiliza-

tion of the Roman Empire in its later days. I cannot see that in any other important division of human activities we have progressed at all and the Romans were at least spared the banking system.

On the other hand we have increased in ferocity and in the power of doing murder—to an incredible degree. On the whole the Romans were pacifists—at any rate they had the ideal of the Pax Romana which covered the whole world known to the Ancients and the bacillus of *xenophobia furens* never, as far as I know, spread throughout their dominions as it has spread through the whole of Christendom in the last five or six years. And the Romans were practically unacquainted with the Theory of Protection. They tried at one time rather listlessly to prevent the spread of the growth of the wine-grape from Italy proper into Provence—so as to protect the Italian wine-grower; but that was as far as they went and the effort was not very seriously pursued.

Yet the race-suicidal ideal of putting all people not of your county or shade of political thought up against the Wall is almost more a product of tariffs than of native malignity. If you like, Protection is a mortal sin, murder being only venal. That is to say that the Protective State of mind does not necessarily call for murder but it is the major cause of the murders of to-day.

Protection in the minds of its upholders seems to be a genteel way of killing a Chinese mandarin on the Hoang Ho and thus gaining a million. You are interested in the clay-pipe manufacturers of the State of Virginia and you impose a duty on clay pipes, hoping to starve the clay-pipe manufacturers of County Cork and the Gironde and so gain an extra million on your clay-pipes. The authorities of County Cork and the Gironde then in revenge place a duty on cork heels which are manufactured over a large district in the Deep South and in Provence. So numbers of people in the South and in Provence are starved. And all these starving people call for the blood of all the other starving people. And more and more duties are clapped on in more and more places and prices rise more and more.

Everywhere. And be-panicked mothers cry to the Lord for vengeance on all foreigners. And industries needing protection need it because their localities are not suited to the production of the protected article, so that the standard of living falls. And the brains of the citizens deteriorate because of the deteriorated standard of living. And the great ports are ruined because there are neither exports to cross the seas nor imports to be brought back. And processions of thousands of seamen join with processions of thousands of railwaymen, all starving and shaking their fists to heaven and calling on their authorities to murder millions of all kinds of foreigners so that their wives and children may have bread. . . . And crowd-manias and mass-frenzies rush in waves from end to end of Christendom. And the Asiatics catch the mania. And populations increase and increase because the citizens are starving; and country after country grows more and more overpopulated with starving crowds —crying also to Authority for the blood of millions of their neighbours . . . so that they and their wives may live. And the whole outside world is barred to them.

§

It does not pay. It really does not.

§

Now every individual of those crowds is not by nature a Sadist religious lunatic. It is crowd suggestion that makes them so—and the larger the crowd the more impetuously does the suggestion run through them—till every individual becomes a Sadist religious lunatic.

What, then, is the obvious cure?

The cure is to reduce your crowds and stop the suggestion being injected into those reduced crowds.

How will you reduce your crowds?

By spreading the individuals over larger spaces; by providing more centres of population.

How will you stop the suggestions from being injected?

By suppressing the orators who sway those crowds.

That, you say, is mere opportunism. It is not, it is symbolism.

§

No one believes that you can break up large populations and spread them about in little towns with corkscrewy, cobbled streets and only one weekly picture show . . . by law. It can't be done. And if by law you suppressed orators, you would raise crop on crop of martyrs. There is only one way by which you can influence the world. It is by educating those that are susceptible of education.

§

You say it takes a long time—generations—to educate the masses of populations. It does not. You can educate the whole world in a year. . . . By means of the afflatus. Peter the Hermit preached his sermon in Provence one year. The next the whole of Europe that could arm was moving against the Holy Land. The Mexican general set his Catholics five deep up against a wall—to the delight of the Technocrat. That was three years ago. To-day the whole world talks of nothing else but setting every one else but their own class up against walls. The mania of closed boundaries covered the whole world in a year. In November 1918 it was unknown. By the end of 1919 all the starving of the world were like rats each within their own traps. Seven years ago the mania of Protection swept across the world. In a year international trade had come almost to a standstill. Immediately came the World Crisis.

§

It does not pay. It really does not.

§

To-day two mass manias are flying across the world. You have the whole world threatened with war. . . . But not merely by war. By civil war.

That is because two manias—two afflatus—are flying across the world, struggling in the air as they go. One is called

Communism, the other Fascism. Both are the products of despair and both transcend all other passions. Even Patriotism cannot stand against them.

I was roundly taken to task a year ago for writing that Protection was a manifestation of a double hate. You hated the foreigner, so you hit him in the struggle with Protection; but you hated the classes in whose name you proposed Protection—you hated a section of your own countrymen more realistically than you hated the foreigner. You knew more about them. They, in turn, hated the foreigner, so they gave Protection their Suffrages. They hated you more. So they prepared War against you.

To-day we see traditional race barriers breaking down in favour of internecine war. . . . All over the world. In Spain at the moment Civil War is everywhere. In England and France the Right call for close union with Germany, the traditional Enemy—because Germany is Fascist; in the same countries the Left call for spiritual and armed union with the Soviet Republic. It can't be long before Civil War breaks out in more of those countries—with the backing of one of those foreign countries. I heard last night a hint of a formidable plot that is to break out next Wednesday. That is to say I was invited for Thursday to visit one of my friends either in prison or in Another Place as they say of the House of Lords in England.

And then the contagion will spread.

§

But it won't pay. It will be bad for Business. Everywhere.

§

How long are we going to stand it—we, the decent, quiet people who desire the goods of no man; who desire—in millions and millions—nothing but to be left in peace on our two or three acres of garden land, and to think our thoughts, and go on producing whatever it is we produce? How long?

You say the affliti of evil fly faster across the world than those of good. It isn't true. We are so frightened to-day that if any really salient good thought could be put into salient

and flaming words it would fly across the world faster than any black magic.

You say; How is it to be done?

Ah, I am not a constructive thinker. . . . This evening I shall be sowing in my own garden my first row of green peas. It is July 13th. In four days' time the first green, living things will be throwing up the earth. To-day week they will all be up three inches. On August 12th I shall eat my first dish of peas. By September 13th I shall be in a position, should war cut off my financial supplies, to support my family indefinitely. . . . Until the War chooses to stop and I can get paid for this book. So I am safe. . . . Why should I bother about you? . . . You have only to do the same thing. And tell your five best friends to do the same thing and tell each one of his five best friends to do the same thing. . . . You know what a chain-letter is? . . . In two months' time all the politicians in the world will be shaking on their thrones. In a year they will all be gone.

. . . And you won't have any more to fear us Nordics who for thousands of years every fifty years or so have had to make raids into the lands of you of the Route. You have only got to get it into their heads that Self Help and Thrift and Courage and Endurance and the Wars and Civil Wars and Public Disasters and Protections that are caused by those vices . . . that they are Bad for Business. . . . And in a month you will have them all round you, on their knees, begging you for a few of your superfluous acres and a hoe. For you don't have to think that we Nordics are intrinsically evil . . . not even those of us who were born in Penn's State. It is merely that we lack the afflatus ; that we live in mists ; that we worship false Gods. . . . And when the half Gods go the Gods arrive. . . . I don't know whose that saying is.

§

And take care that, above all, you get rid of the professional politician. It is as abhorrent that you should abandon your share of responsibility to a paid prostitute as that you should abandon your conscience to a hired lawyer. It is the profes-

sional politician who is responsible for all group ills; for Protection as for Wars. Get rid of him.

You will probably have to have a Federal Council. I should choose them by going up to the top of the Empire State Building or any high place above a city and letting drop a number of parachutes labelled: "President," "Tsar," "Secretary" and so on and anyone who got one would have to take the unpleasant job. . . . Then they would all be shut up in Monaco. They could play at the tables until the rare job of proposing and arguing out a law came along. There would be hardly any laws. You would have to regulate wave-lengths for the radios; airways for planes. Very little else. Possibly the Federal Council, to keep them busy, might settle the price of rare postage stamps . . . in units of commodities. Then you would vote. By elaboration of the mechanism of the U.S. Census you ought to be able to take a referendum of the whole Route in twelve hours. . . . In that way you would have done your duty to the Republic and the world.

§

You will obviously meet with opposition. People will tell you that no one will stand for agricultural calms; cleverer people will tell you that even in Paradise people will sigh for Hell; others will say that the Machine has come to stay; others that there are people who *like* toying with machines.

That is all right. Lots of machines have come to stay. The steam railroad will stay till the electrically propelled train arrives; then that will give way to the automobile. Then it will be all flying. And obviously the machines will have to be made. . . . But by part-timers. . . . That is what you will have to say.

And you will agree that no one will stand for uninterrupted agricultural calms. . . . But for the greater part of the year they will be able to travel; they will be able to freeze off their noses on the North Pole if they like. And to people who object to Paradise you can give a bag of sulphur and tell them to start hells of their own. There will always be scrapes for men to get into. . . . All you propose to do

is to give them Insurance against Machine stoppages, the accidental breakdowns of transport systems; rheumatisms, indigestions, long convalescences, old age.

§

And remember that you will be preaching to the converted and that half the population of the world to-day are part-timers. . . . In Provence, in ten out of twelve of the other departments of France; all over China; all along the Route in the South of England; in Turkestan; in increasing numbers in the United States. . . .

There is indeed hardly a thinking man anywhere who will disagree with you if you get below his upper surface of political jargon. I asked the friend who invited me for Thursday to visit him either in prison or in the Capitol of his city what would be the first decree he would issue if he sat in his dictator's chair . . . which might be coloured scarlet or might be white with *fleurs de lis* all over it. He didn't say what his first decree would be. Instead he outlined a plan for salvation that was word for word that of this book. He would break his country up into small units; he would force the population to become part-time gardeners, part-time craftsmen; he would abolish the professional politician altogether; he would reduce Central Authority to a mere deliberative assembly with only the power to propose laws that would be ratified or turned down by referendum. . . . I seemed to hear myself speaking. . . . To bring about that Age of Innocence I gather that next Wednesday he intends to cut quite a number of the throats of his countrymen. You could do the same thing more directly with your chain-letters. If you do not you will be responsible for much bloodshed. . . . *Giovinezza* says the key-bugle from below.

13. 7. '35

I hear the almost hysterical laugh of the patient New Yorker. This evening he will be eating *jambon à la crème de morilles* on our terrace. "Did you see the Douanier jump," Biala says, "when I told him that the next time he saw

those pictures they would be in the Luxembourg?" . . . "Come on, you," they exclaim in unison. "I suppose you want to make the train. . . ."

In two and a half hours' time: "Who the blank blank blank has dared to take my hoe?" I shall be saying, with a half-pound packet of dwarf, fast-growing peas in my gallon garden hat; "There it is where you put it up against the fountain," will say whichever of those young Hebrews is not unpacking. . . . The day after the day after the day after to-morrow I shall see a line of untidy, brilliant green things pushing through this lilac-tinted soil above the tideless sea. There is no greater joy. Money for nothing. Think about it, Nordics.

13. 8. '35

"You're absolutely right, Little English Girl. We haven't had a dish of peas like this since we left here, eight months ago."

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